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LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

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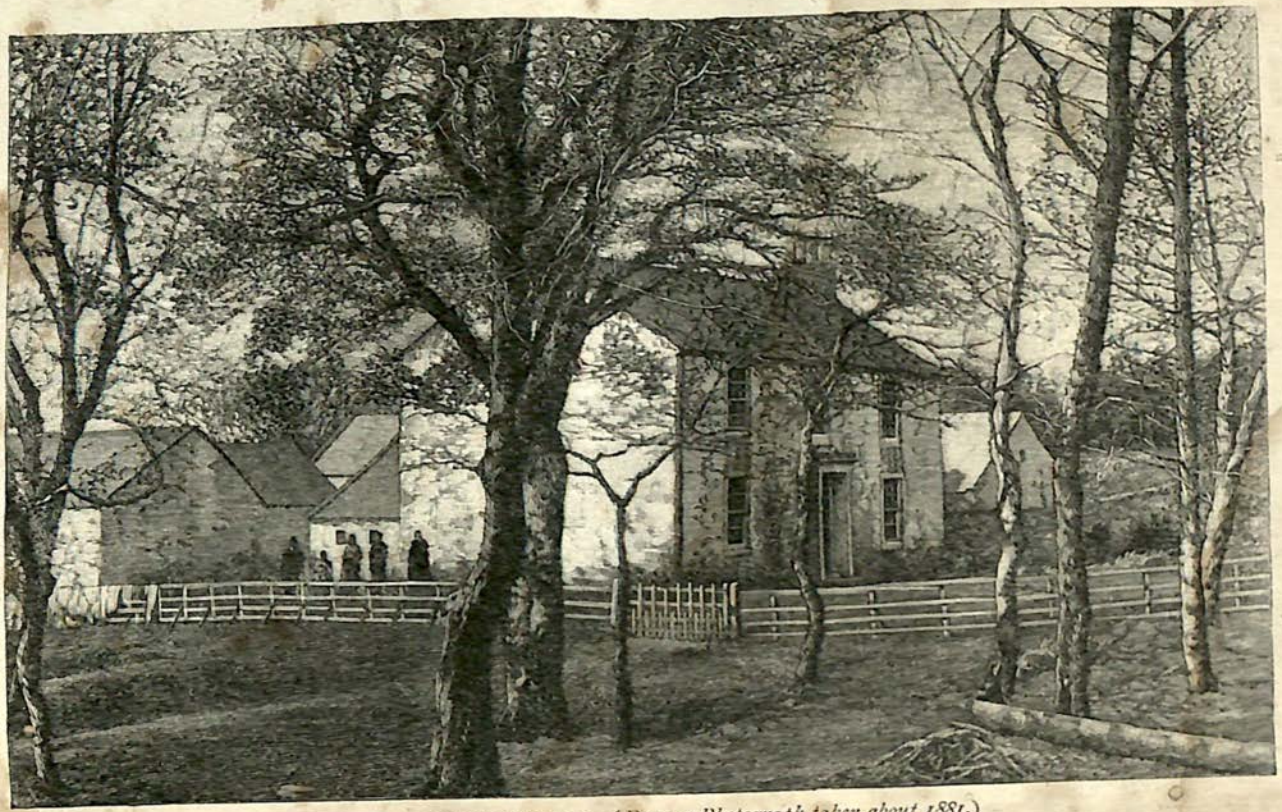
1888

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON



HOUSE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK. (*From a Photograph taken about 1881.*)

LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

1826—1836

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EDITED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

VOL. I

1826—1832

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1888

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE letters contained in these volumes have been selected from a great mass mainly addressed to the various members of Carlyle's family. In the years in which they were written he had few important correspondents in the outer world. The letters as here given afford a tolerably continuous account of his life from his marriage to the period when his fame was about to be established by the publication of his *French Revolution.*

Many interesting letters of these years appear in Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle;* but they are printed with what in the work of any other editor would be surprising indifference to correctness, while the inferences drawn from them in Mr. Froude's narrative

are sometimes open to question, sometimes unwarranted.

In the editing of this series of letters, as in preceding volumes, I have been greatly assisted by Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. A small part of her share in the work is indicated by her initials affixed to some of the footnotes.

C. E. N.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
10th September 1888.

LETTERS

OF

THOMAS CARLYLE

I.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan.

21 COMLEY BANK [Thursday],
19*th October* 1826.[1]

MY DEAR MOTHER—Had it not been that I engaged to let you hear of me on Saturday, I should not have been tempted to "put pen to paper this night"; for I am still dreadfully confused, still far from being at home in my new situation, inviting and hopeful as in all points it appears. But I know your motherly anxieties, I felt in my heart the suppressed tears that you did *not* shed before my departure, and I write at present to tell you that you are not to shed any more.

Jane has run upstairs for a few minutes to unpack the last remnants of our household

[1] Carlyle's marriage had taken place on the 17th.

luggage: I have but a few minutes to spare, and must give you matters in the lump.

Jack would tell you of our being wedded after the most doleful ride (on his and my part) thither; and then rolled off in the Coach towards Edinburgh on Tuesday morning. . . . Our journey passed without incident, and we arrived here in safety about nine o'clock, where a blazing fire and covered table stood ready waiting to receive us.

On the whole I have reason to say that I have been mercifully dealt with; and if an outward man worn with continual harassments and spirits wasted with so many agitations would let me see it, that when once recovered into my usual tone of health, I may fairly calculate on being far happier than I have ever been. The house is a perfect model of a house, furnished with every accommodation that heart could desire; and for my wife I may say in my heart that she is far better than any other wife, and loves me with a devotedness, which it is a mystery to me how I have ever deserved. She is gay and happy as a

lark, and looks with such soft cheerfulness into my gloomy countenance, that new hope passes over into me every time I meet her eye. You yourself (and that is saying much) could not have nursed and watched over me with kinder affection, wrecked as I am, by my movements and counter-movements; all my despondency cannot make her despond, she seems happy enough if she can but see me, and minister to me.

For in truth I was very sullen yesterday, sick with sleeplessness, quite nervous, *billus*, splenetic and all the rest of it. Good Jane! I feel that she will be all to me that heart could wish; for she loves me in her soul, one of the warmest and truest souls that ever animated any human being. . . . Yesterday and to-day we have spent in sorting and arranging our household goods, and projecting our household economy. She calculates at the moderate scale of £2 per week: I am to give her two pound notes every Saturday morning, and with this she undertakes to meet all charges. At this rate, which astonishes myself

far more than her, there can be no fear. She seems Thrift itself as well as Goodness.

Of men or women we have yet seen none except the maid, a neat tidy damsel; so of Tait or any other business I cannot speak one word.

. . . You *may* send the butter and the cheese, and a *firkin* (by and by I think) of your best oatmeal. . . .

Jane would not look at this letter, for I told her you so wished it. She sends her warmest love to you all. Is not mine still with you? I have told her all that you said and looked that morning I went away, and she loves you all, along with me, and sorrows with me for your absence. My prayers and affection are with you all, from little Jenny upwards to the head of the house. Remember me to my Brothers, my trusty Alick (Jack must write) and all the rest. Mag and her sisters are not forgotten either. I will write again, when *I have recovered my senses.* Good-night, my dear Mother. . . . Jane will write to you soon, so also will I; you shall not want for letters; or for love while there is life in me. Again I say

I will write when I have recovered [from] my bewilderment. Tell Jack to write to us in the meanwhile; and fear nothing.—I am, forever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.[1]

II.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday night* [24*th October* 1826].

MY DEAR BROTHER—I write this to-night for two reasons. The first is: I have made Tait pay me £50 of my stipulated money,[2] which sum I forthwith delivered in to the Commercial Bank, with directions that it should there be delivered out again to "Mr. Alexander Carlyle." Scott will have word to that effect to-morrow morning; and Alick, directly after that, will have nothing more to do but show his trusty face at the office, and be repaid

[1] Some parts of this, and of the next letter, are given in patchwork by Mr. Froude, in his *Life of Carlyle* (i. 368, 369). The omissions and changes made by him are not indicated, but the tone of the letters is more or less affected by them, and his comment is misleading. As usual, the passages printed by him are defaced by errors of transcription.

[2] A payment on account, for *Specimens of German Romance*, published by Tait.

his magnanimous advance to me, the nature of which I never think of without affectionate regret. Tell him not to delay in this (you yourself know from experience the way of managing it); then to write to me very largely soon, as he promised; and to believe that I am his true brother, while I live in this world.

My second reason is: that I would give sixpence to see you here yourself at this very moment. I want to speak with you about many things, *ut cum fratre, ut cum medico.* When will you come? Jane will be delighted to see you; and for me your presence would be as a lamp in a dark place. Little *Jean* she does not want for some weeks yet: but there is room enough and to spare for both. You perhaps might walk for economy's sake, and Jane could come in the coach.

To this hour I dare not let myself out about my matrimonial views; for I am yet all in a maze, scarce knowing the right hand from the left in the path I have to walk. To complete the matter I am still *billus*, and imperfectly supplied with sleep: no wonder therefore that

my sky should be tinged with gloom. I cannot explain matters yet; but by and by I doubt not I shall see it all. Meanwhile tell my Mother that I do believe I shall get *hefted*[1] to my new situation, and then be one of the happiest men alive. Tell her also that by Jane's express request I am to read a Sermon, and a Chapter with commentary, at least every Sabbath evening to my household! Also that we are taking seats in church, and design to live soberly and devoutly as beseems us. Our Mother also, Jane says, is to come and see us, and we are not to be divided in heart, though separated in place. On the whole this wife of mine surpasses my hopes: she is so tolerant, so kind, so cheerful, so devoted to me! O that I were worthy of her!

Why am I not happy then? Alas, Jack, *I am billus:* I have to swallow salts and oil; the physic leaves me pensive yet quiet in heart and on the whole happy enough; but next day comes a burning stomach, and a heart full of bitterness and gloom; for I feel well that with

[1] Habituated.

health far more than ever my happiness is connected. Will you come and see me, and let us take counsel together? My little wife will do everything and all; and surely through the strength of Heaven something reasonable, right and happy may be made out by proper regulation among us. Certainly at this moment I should be among the happiest of men, if I were not among the unhealthiest.

In addition to all this, I made a vow some days ago to give up my tobacco for three weeks, a piece of abstinence that afflicts me not a little, and of course still further darkens my views.

Here are Murray and Mitchell come to drink tea with us, and Jane and they are *struggling* for talk. I cannot say another word. Come if you can—riding or walking. May the Great Father bless you all every one with His own blessing! Fear not for me; for I shall soon feel otherwise. Come, or tell me at least whether you are coming. O Murray, Murray!

Good-night, Jack!—I am ever thy Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Tait's Book and mine is to be out in a month—*without* any further addition at all. He knocked under when I saw him, and seemed to admit that in very truth he knew nothing either about Goethe or Richter, or anything connected with them. He is keen for new engagements.

If you cannot come pretty soon, write to me when you are coming. After all it makes little matter; only the sooner you come I think it will be as well, and I shall be the gladder to see you. Adieu. I am in better spirits already, and shall be still better to-morrow.

III.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 16*th November* 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . To-day I have taken Time by the forelock, and begun writing directly after breakfast; and now mindful of your oft-repeated injunction, I will tell you truly how I am, and not hide from you "the very worst."

The chief thing I have to complain of is uncertainty. As usually happens with me, in

all changes, this greatest and most important I have ever made has overset all my accustomed habitudes, and so driven me a good deal to leeward in my whole procedure: and though this is now the fourth week of my marriage, I am by no means "come to,"[1] as you would say, or yet "hefted" to my new *gang*.[2] The consequence is considerable irregularity in regard to health, and of course to spirits and life generally. I have not yet learned to exist here without drugs; and this to you will express the whole essence of my situation. . . . Surely, surely there is nothing so untoward and unmanageable in my circumstances as to excite despair of regulating them into happiness and order! Except this one consideration of drug-taking, I have positively nothing in the world to complain of. My good little wife is the best of all wives: I declare I am astonished at the affection she bears me, and the patience with which she listens to my dole-

[1] Come to myself, recovered.

[2] Settled in my new course; said of sheep or cattle, accustomed to the new place of pasturage.

ful forebodings and turns them all into gay hopes. In *every* thing great and little she gives me entirely my own way; asking, as it seems, nothing more whatever of her destiny, but that in any way she could make me happy. Good little girl! Sometimes too we *are* very happy; in our trim quiet house, sitting by our own tea, with a good book in my hand, and a clear fire on the hearth, I feel as if all would be well, and far better than my best expectations. From her I can anticipate no hindrance in any arrangement of my life I may see good to adopt: I firmly believe, in the poorest cottage of Scotland, with me happy beside her, she would be the blithest wife in Scotland too. Courage, therefore, I say to myself: one way or other, it must and shall be ordered for good! Give me a little time to sift it and settle it all, and then to fasten on it with rigid perseverance, and the evils of my lot will at length lie beneath my feet! On the whole I ought to be ashamed of complaint: a hundred times in my life I have been far worse in health than I am, and never half so well

in all other particulars. In spite of my drugs, I sleep quite passably in our giant bed; and were it not that I am so over-anxious to be *well* I should not let my *illness* discompose me.[1]

Now this, my dear Mother, is the worst and the very worst; and so having told it you, my conscience is at rest, and I beg very earnestly that your *imagination* would be kind enough to exaggerate no whit of it, for in very truth if you saw me you would think far *less* evil of me than this letter will give rise to. Fear nothing, my dear Mother! We are all living and life-like, and honest and true, having injured no man, fearing or hating no man, and owing no man anything but love. By

[1] These minute details as to his health were naturally and kindly given by Carlyle to still his Mother's anxieties. She was extravagantly apprehensive and pitying, and always full of needless solicitude concerning her absent children. On a wet night, she would give a sigh and say "*Sirs*, what a night! What will become of poor *so and so?*" and if her children were all safe within doors, and she knew of no person likely to get wet, she would begin to compassionate the cattle and worry her heart about them.—This disposition of his Mother's had undoubtedly an ill-effect on Carlyle in confirming his tendency to dwell on the conditions of his health.

and by it will all be right and well, one way or other; for I feel within me strength to regulate a destiny twenty times as complex and perverse, when once I have seen clearly *what it is.*

Of my employments I can tell you little: sometimes I read, sometimes I write a little (generally burning it in disgust soon after), often I walk; for they are on the starving system with me, and in truth I find it better than any other. . . .

The Book is not yet published, though I have nothing more to do with it. Tait does not seem to have made up his mind completely as to the time, though I suppose it will be shortly. You shall have a copy by the earliest conveyance. When it is published I purpose sending copies of it to some of the *literati* here, and perhaps procuring their acquaintance. I have more than one scheme of employment; but I suppose none can take effect till after the "German Romance" is out. Tait is very fond of a Literary Newspaper [project], but I have given him small encouragement.

Brewster is not yet come to Town. Of other visitors we have not wanted plenty; but except news from James Johnstone (who seems to be doing very well), they have told us nothing of any moment.

I despair of getting from my Mother any as satisfactory account of her affairs as this I have now sent of mine. Will you make Alick write.

But I must end: I promised Jane a post-script, and you see how little room is left. Good-bye, then, my dear Mother; consider this as a *bilious* letter, and you will find the purport of it not *black* but *whitish*.—I am forever, your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

(We go to church, and read a sermon to the household every Sabbath.)

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

MY DEAR NEW MOTHER—Every day since we came here I have purposed writing to you, and every day have put off till a better morrow. I wished to send you glad tidings of great joy; that your Son was well and happy beside me, and that we had got all the burble

of this life unravelled and adjusted. But alas! Man proposeth, God disposeth, and we are still, some of us, in the Slough of Despond. Nevertheless you must not let your kind heart be troubled, for with all its drawbacks, our lot is far from unhappy. We love each other, have done ill to no one, and one of us at least is full of hope. How few in this vale of tears have it in their power to say as much. After all, then, there is really nothing to complain of; and it is not impossible, nay highly probable, that we shall yet have great cause to rejoice. Hope with *me* then that all will ultimately be well. And love me as your own Daughter, which I [now am].

JANE CARLYLE.

IV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, *9th December* 1826.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I am getting more and more habituated to my new condition of life, and discovering more and more how much reason I have to be thankful that my lines have fallen to me in such happy places. My health,

which for the first few weeks had suffered considerably by the agitations and disquietudes of such a change, seems now to be restored to something like its former state; at least to a state quite as good. . . . Doubt not, my dear Mother, that all will yet be for the best, and that the good purposes of Providence shall not fail to be fulfilled in me. I feel as if I had much to do in this world; not in the vain pursuit of wealth and worldly honours, which are fleeting as the breath that can bestow them; but in the search and declaration of Truth, in such measure as the All-wise shall see meet to impart it to me, and give me means of showing it to others. With such views of my vocation, I have good reason to rejoice in it, and often instead of envying the blind slothful comfort of the men of the world, I bless Heaven that I have had strength to see and make choice of the better part. Why should we be troubled about many things, when there is but one thing needful? This *one thing* you and I call by different names perhaps; but the meaning of both, I have always asserted, is the same.

Jane continues generally well, and we live in peace and unity, so that it were a pleasure for you to behold us. . . .

We have had immense quantities of visitors here, all calling down upon us with one accord the most unexampled blessings of Heaven: some of them are agreeable persons, and with these we purpose keeping up some little quiet intercourse; the rest are of the butterfly tribe, and these we dismiss with fair speeches to flutter forth into some more genial climate. Dr. Brewster I have seen more than once; he and his wife were even civil enough to call for us here. The Doctor is in the blackest humour about the "badness of the times"; as in truth he has some reason to be, being involved in lawsuits with his booksellers, perplexed with delays in his Encyclopædia, and finding publishers so shy of embarking in any of his schemes. These things do not distress me very much: when I hear people mourning over the gloom and misery of the times, I think: Poor fellows, there is a far more pitiable stock of material within ourselves than in the

times; of which so long as we get food and raiment, we have no right to complain. Is there not "aye life for a living body"?

In fact, however, I am rather ill off for something to do at present, and I feel convinced clearly enough that this is the great evil I have at present to complain of. I read and study, and keep myself from being idle; but this is not the kind of thing I want; and to *do* what I want, or even to commence it, I find to be no easy enterprise. Tait also encumbers me a little: the body lingers and hangs off in publishing this Book, which is now quite ready, and waiting only for those everlasting "better times"; and till it come out there are several of my projected enterprises that cannot take effect. However I suppose he *must* move in a little while; and then I shall move too. Perhaps it is better as it is: for if I could heartily commence some *book of my own*, of the sort I wished, it would do far more for me than any mere publishing or editorial engagement, how promising soever. Brewster still talks of his Literary Newspaper; but I somehow feel as if

it would never take effect. I have two or three other things in my eye: of these you may hear more as they assume a clearer shape to myself. . . .

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

My dear Mother — I must not let this letter go without adding *my* "be of good cheer." You would rejoice to see how much better my Husband is, than when we came hither. And we are really very happy; when he falls upon some work we shall be still happier. Indeed I should be very stupid or very thankless, if I did not congratulate myself every hour of the day, on the lot which it has pleased Providence to assign me: my Husband is so kind! so, in all respects, after my own heart! I was sick one day, and he nursed me as well as my own Mother could have done, and he never says a hard word to me—unless I richly deserve it. We see great numbers of people here, but are always most content alone. My Husband reads then, and I read, or work, or just sit and look at him, which I really find as profitable an employment as any other.

God bless you, and my little Jane whom I hope to see at no very distant date.—Ever affectionately yours,

JANE B. WELSH[1] [*sic*].

V.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

EDINBURGH, 21 COMLEY BANK,
11th January 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—I stand indebted to you for two Letters, to say nothing of the ample supply of kitchen ware which attended the last, and of which we have all this very day been enjoying portion. The tardy resolution of Mr. Tait at length enables me to acknowledge your claims: our wavering Bookseller has determined on publishing on the 15th January; the Books are all shipped for London, and I have brought over one to-day to send down for the amusement of your Winter evenings at Scotsbrig. My sincere wish is that you may find in it twenty times the satisfaction its intrinsic worth can give you; of the writer, I know, you

[1] This postscript by Mrs. Carlyle is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 377.

will not fail to think with all the favour he can desire. . . .

Of my own proceedings here I have little that can be considered definite to tell you. I am not unwell, not worse than I used to be in health; and my good helpmate is all to me that I could wish. But as yet I have no occupation! There lies the rub: and truly if you heard the Bookselling tribe talk about the "badness of the times," you would think there was never more to be any occupation for literary men in this world. . . . Nevertheless I am not a whit downcast in spirit: employment I firmly believe will come some time; in the meanwhile I study *not to idle*, and determine like a wise Christian man, to cut my coat according to the cloth; and hard it will go with us, if even from this scanty web sufficient covering for all *real* uses cannot be found. In a general way I am comparatively very much at my ease here; when *billusness* allows me a respite I am even happy. For I have long learned to cease expecting what I once thought *happiness* on this earthly ball; long known

that there is a root of bitterness in the bottom of our cup which all the honey in the Earth cannot hide from the experienced palate. Happy he who learns to drink it without wincing! Happier and wiser who can see that in this very bitterness there is a medicine for his Soul, far better than the bitterness of gentian or bark or any of Jack's many bitters for his body! There is much true philosophy in Dermot's remark to his unruly neighbour: "I say, Paddy Blane, *will* ye compose yourself to your *pratees* there!"

Such is a sketch of my philosophy of life! But could you not come up hither some frosty week, and learn it all far better by word of mouth? I assure you we could accommodate you very prettily, and depend on it, your new Sister would give you the heartiest welcome. Positively there is a spare bed here! And you would see Edinburgh, and Macwhirter and all of us, and might stay at Hawick the first night, and walk hither so neatly before the next. Really if you are doing nothing for a week, what might hinder you? And I and all of us

would find it so pleasant. Think of it before the Spring, and the busy seed-time when you cannot come. . . .

I have many things to ask, far too many for the *selvage* of a sheet. Have you sold Larry yet? There is a horse I often meet here which recalls the wild beast to memory. And is Keevil[1] still with you? I positively intended buying him some snuff, but feared lest it might interfere with the other wares in the parcel. Will you give this half-crown instead, secretly, as a new-year's gift from me to the trusty marine; to buy him awls and darning needles, and otherwise keep his pocket? His heart would rejoice in the prospect of war; but there is to be none. Do you get the newspaper regularly? It is meant to come to you on Monday morning.—Up to this night I purposed to give *you* this Book, my dear Alick; but recollecting that our Father had never got aught of the

[1] "Richard Keevil, a wandering, innocent creature from the Gloucester cloth-countries latterly, who came to my Father's in a starving state, and managed gently to stay five or six months,—a favourite and study with us younger ones."—*Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, i. 97 *note*.

sort from me, I seemed to feel it my duty to give it to *him*. He will not read it, I know, but others of you will, and he will like better to see it. For a new-year's gift *you*, therefore, have nothing, my dear Brother, but a new assurance of my love. But this I know you will not reject. Be content with it; come and see us if you can; and believe me always, your true Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

The *Ham* seems to be of the very best Dumfriesshire species; we have hung it up to dry. The meal also is excellent: many thanks for all! The *ham* really *ornaments* the pantry.

VI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *3d February* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—My conscience had begun to reproach me for my long silence, and I was about to write this day, without regard to the commercial principle of Debtor and Creditor, well knowing your bustle about this season, when to quicken my resolve your gratifying Letter came to hand. . . .

Jane said, "How cleverly that Alick writes; but I suppose he must have learned from you." Thus I get the credit to myself, which belongs to Nature. But do you never mind whether you write "cleverly" or not; but continue to tell me of all and sundry in the old style; remembering that it is not the cleverness but the copiousness of your intelligence that chiefly concerns me. Word that all is well in Annandale, though written with the end of a burnt stick, is better to me than all the wit of Poets. . . .

Next Letter you must tell me what you are ploughing and sowing, building and pulling down, what you have bought and sold; in short, give me a full-length picture of Scotsbrig as it is. My Mother cannot write currently, or I am sure she has a hundred things to say. But tell her there is a good time coming, and Summer will give us all full tidings of each other. Are you sure she is as well and comfortable as of old? Does Mary still mind her with the same steadfast fidelity? Tell that kindest, *glegest*,[1] and shortest-tempered of

[1] *Gleg*, acute, alert.

Nurses that I shall owe her a *buckling-kame*[1] of the best quality, if she prove true till I come down. Poor thing! I know she needs no bribe to be so; for a truer-hearted soul never breathed in this Earth; and to me her short temper was many times converted into singular patience and long-suffering.—I heard some talk of Jane's coming up hither, as was long since arranged: but the "sister" will write a postscript herself.

Our situation here at Comley Bank continues to be unexceptionable, nay, in many points truly enviable. Ill health is not harder on us than usual, and *all* other things are almost as one could wish them. It is strange too how one gets habituated to sickness: I bear my pain as Christian did his pack in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, strapped on too tightly for throwing off; but the straps do not gall me as they once did, and I wander on, enjoying in my walk the beauties of the road, like any other green-wallet. In fact I believe I am rather better, and certainly I have not been

[1] A *back-comb*, for fastening up the hair.

happier for many a year. Last week, too, I fairly began—a Book! Heaven only knows what it will turn to; but I have sworn to finish it; and I hope it will be something praiseworthy at last, and though only a nov*ell* may be one of those that are read by "Some in Middlebie Parishin." You shall hear about it as it proceeds; but as yet we are only got through the first chapter. You would wonder how much happier steady occupation makes us, and how smoothly we all get along. Directly after breakfast, the "Goodwife" and the Doctor evacuate this apartment, and retire upstairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady's work-box; where a "spunk of fire" is lit for the forenoon; and I meanwhile sit scribbling and meditating, and wrestling with the powers of Dulness, till one or two o'clock, when I sally forth into the city, or towards the sea-shore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton-chop at four. After dinner, we all read learned languages till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and

so on till bed-time, only that Jane often sews; and the Doctor goes up to the celestial globe studying the fixed stars, through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dropping at the extremity, and red as a blood-pudding. Thus pass our days in our trim little cottage, far from all the uproar, and putrescence (material and spiritual) of the reeky town, the sound of which we hear not, and only see over the knowe the reflection of its gas-lights against the dusky sky, and bless ourselves that we have neither part nor lot in the matter. I assure you many a time on a soft mild night, I smoke my pipe in our little flower-garden, and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends, and feel that I *have* good reason to "be thankful that I am not in Purgatory."[1]

Of society we might have abundance, People come on foot, on horseback, and even in wheeled carriages to see us; most of whom Jane receives upstairs, and gladly despatches

[1] Richard Keevil's advice to persons complaining of trivial vexations.—M. C.

with assurances that the weather is good, bad or indifferent, and hints that their friendship passes the love of women. We receive invitations to dinner also; but Jane has a *Circular*, or rather two Circulars, one for those she values, and one for those she does not value; and one or other of these she sends in excuse. Thus we give no dinners and take none; and by the blessing of Heaven design to persist in this course so long as we shall see it to be best. Only to some three or four chosen people we give notice that on Wednesday nights, we shall *always* be at home, and glad if they will call and talk for two hours with no other entertainment but a cordial welcome and a cup of innocent tea. Few Wednesday evenings, accordingly, when some decent soul or other does not step in, and take his place among us; and here we converse, and really I think enjoy ourselves far more than I have witnessed at any beef-eating and wine-bibing convention which I have been *trysted*[1] with attending.[2] . . .

[1] Afflicted.

[2] The last two paragraphs are given in Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, i. 379; incorrectly.

I had almost forgot to tell you that I have in my pocket a Letter of introduction to Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review:* it was sent to me from Procter of London; one of these days I design presenting it, and you shall hear the result. . . . —Believe me ever (my dear Alick), your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

VII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Saturday,*
16th February 1827.

. . . I told Sandy that I had a letter to Jeffrey the Advocate. Last week I went up one evening and delivered it. The little man received me in his kindest style; talked with me for an hour, though very busy, on all possible things; and really proved himself by much the most agreeable citizen of Edinburgh that I had ever met with. I am sorry the man is so immersed in Law; otherwise it is possible enough we might even become *friends.* He invited me repeatedly to come to the "Court" any morning, and he would introduce me to

various people, among others to Sir Walter Scott. I have not gone yet, being little careful of such introductions. He also spoke about writing in his Review; but I told him he must first read the *German Romance* to see what manner of man I was, and then we might determine if I could suit him. We parted in the friendliest style, mutually tolerant of each other. In a week or two, we may perhaps meet again.[1]—The German Book is getting praise rather than censure: I was about sending Alick a copy of the last Examiner Newspaper, where it was rather sensibly criticised. The man praises me for this or that: but then, it seems, I am terribly to blame for condemning Voltaire and the Sceptics! This is exactly as it should be. But what care I for their reviews? I have begun another Book, which if I had rightly finished I would not give a fig for them all! It is to be a curious book this; but I hope a good and

[1] It is of interest to compare this contemporary account of Carlyle's first acquaintance with Jeffrey, with that given by him forty years afterwards in his *Reminiscences*, ii. 235.

even moral one! It proceeds slowly, yet constantly day after day.—Now, my dear Mother, I really *must* stop: I have not room to write one half of the questions I would put to you about your health and habits and welfare. Is there *any* thing that I could do for you? I know you will answer Nothing; and yet it is not so; but till Summer I shall hardly see.—My kindest affection to all, from my Father down to Jenny, name by name, for even now I recollect them *all*. If Alick do not write soon, I will write again. The selvage as usual belongs to Jack.[1] Good-night, my dear Mother; I am ever your affectionate and grateful Son,

T. CARLYLE.

VIII.—To his FATHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday* [*End of March*, 1827].

MY DEAR FATHER—I need not say how gratified I was to see your handwriting, after so long an interval, and communicating such pleasing intelligence as your little letter brought

[1] *i.e.* Jack is to fill up the margins of the paper.

us. Let us all be thankful that we are still spared in the land of the living, to be a comfort to one another in our pilgrimage, where so many, perhaps more deserving than we, are left desolate and friendless! While we are preserved in health and peace, and food and raiment convenient for us is provided, with kind friends to love us and be loved, what more have we to ask?

I should have a long string of news to send you, for it is a great while (too great, had I not been so busy and uncertain) since I wrote: but by this time, as I calculate, Jack must be in the midst of you, explaining everything by word of mouth much more satisfactorily than it could be done by pen and paper. To his tidings I have only to add, bringing them down some thirty hours later, that we are still all well, and going on exactly in the same style. He will have told you of a notable project we have formed of coming down to live in Dumfriesshire by and by; not frightened by the wildness of the Dunscore moors, but preferring the free life of the country, on any terms, to the cage-like existence of the city, even here on its outskirts.

Both Jane and I are very fond of the project;[1] and if Alick dare venture going with us, I think the whole affair may be most *beautifully* adjusted. Jack we would set up as a doctor in Dumfries; the rest of us would farm, and write, and labour each in his sphere; peaceable and well, and living almost in sight of one another, at least (allowing fleet horses) within half a day's riding of each other. If all this take effect, I shall have cause to bless this application of the London Booksellers to me as one of the most providential occurrences in my life. For though not positively *ill* in this place, I can rationally entertain very little hope of ever getting completely *well;* and Pain, however one may learn to bear it quietly, is no such desirable companion that one should not long in any honest way to be rid of it. I am waiting, with considerable hope, to hear more definitely from these London men, to consult the landlady of Craigenputtock, and settle a great many other *etceteras*, in preparation for this enterprise. The whole, I think,

[1] "To his wife he did recognise that the experiment would be unwelcome," says Mr. Froude, *Life*, i. 386.

looks *pretty fairish*, as Keevil says: but so soon as anything definite is done, you shall hear from me again.

Meanwhile it is comfortable to think that we are all going on so tolerably, even without any change. Happy that you are now free of General Sharpe,[1] and independent of all men! The gallant General has poured out the whole vials of his wrath, and this same whole amounts to very little. For my own share, I have only to pray that Heaven would be kind to both him and me, and give us both some increase to our little fraction of wisdom, which, in the one case as in the other, does really seem too small.

I expect from Jack a long narrative of all that is going on at Scotsbrig; of your ploughing and your sowing; the sheds you are to build, and the whole import of your proceedings there. The Corn Bill, it would seem, is to do you no ill; and certainly, taking one thing with another, there is every reason to hope

[1] See *Reminiscences*, i. 49. General Sharpe, of Hoddam, afterwards M.P. for the Dumfries Burghs, had shown himself an unreasonable landlord in dealings relating to the lease of Hoddam Hill.

that henceforth you will get along as comfortably in that concern as you have done in any other. With myself too, I am confident the worst is past, let things turn as they may. My little wife truly loves me, and will be happy sharing *any* fortune at my side; a blessing, when I consider it, which may pass almost for the half of the whole matter of life; and certainly without which no comfortable life would be possible. She thanks you for your blessing, and returns it with hearty sincerity. By and by I hope we shall all be acquainted, and united, and far happier than we could ever have expected.—My paper is done: my truest love to *all*, from Alick to Jenny!—I remain, my dear Father, your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

IX.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 29*th March* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—It is long that I have partly been owing you a Letter; and last time when Farries[1] was here, with his eggs and hen, we had so short an allowance of time, that ex-

[1] The carrier between Ecclefechan and Edinburgh.

cept two little notes to my more immediate creditors (which with one from Jane to Mag, and a small cubical junk of some less intellectual substance, I hope you properly received), I could not afford my valued husbandman a single word. It was the less necessary, as Jack was proceeding homewards, or rather had arrived at home, and so could communicate to you all our ordinary news, as well as some other schemes of ours, which required your more special deliberation. I am now to write to you farther on the same subject.

We have had a Letter from the Hunts[1] in London since Jack left us; and this of a much less promising texture than its predecessor; for the people now talk of risks, and great sales that will be necessary to "cover their outlay," and seem to indicate that for six months at least they would not only not wish to "undertake," as they call it, but also not even to make a formal bargain of any sort. This, I have written to them, will by no means answer me, who desire to put pen to paper forthwith;

[1] The London publishers who had made overtures to Carlyle.

and accordingly, I have stated that I would wait *other ten days* before coming to any conclusion; but that, if within this period, it was not settled at least that there *was* to be a bargain betwixt us, I should hold myself no longer bound to them, but at liberty to accept or reject any future offer of theirs, as they were at liberty to make or withhold it. Next week, about Friday or Saturday, I expect to hear from them again, or to infer by their silence that nothing, for the present at least, is to come of their speculation; which latter result I cannot but reckon as probable as any other.

Thus then, so far as aid could come from Covent-Garden, our notable project of deliverance from city imprisonment, into mountain freedom, were at a stand-still, or perhaps as good as overset; and the hope of cultivating the *Craig o' Putto* must be left to other hands. But there has come help from another quarter; and we are now at liberty to deliberate that scheme on more certain grounds. Jane's Mother, whom Jack must have met journeying towards us at Noblehouse, not only warmly

approves of our project, but has also offered to procure for us (which she can do without much difficulty) the sum necessary for starting it under fair auspices. The present Tenant, it appears, has paid *no* rent, and is like to pay little for some time; neither has there any *Tack*[1] been signed in regard to the place; so that his hold on it is extremely slender. Let us now consider, therefore, what is to be done.

For my own part and the "goodwife's," we are very strongly bent indeed upon the scheme. Town-life, though it is without many of its annoyances here, is still extremely little to my mind; and many a time do I regret the liberty and safe seclusion which the country affords one, under many attainable forms of it; nay, which I had attained not so long ago on the top of Repentance Hill, tyrannical Squirelets, and unjust stewards to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed it seems plain enough that I have very little chance of ever getting completely well here; and though I bear a hand, and try to stave off the Devil as I best may, and sometimes

[1] Lease.

not without considerable success, my whole hopes and wishes point to a life in the country as the only scene where I might by and by get delivered from disease, and so have room for my strength, any little fraction of strength that I have. Craigenputtock is wild enough; but the house could be brushed up and rendered water-tight, and elegantly furnished (with the ware we have here), and for the land itself much might be done. At all events, it is the country, and *our own*, which latter point in itself might overbalance twenty others. As for Jane, I think there is little fear that her tolerance would be less than mine: in good sooth, she is a *true* wife, and would murmur at no scene or fortune which she shared along with me.

Now the next thing is for you, Alick, to ask yourself, whether you could think of pitching your tent there, and durst undertake the tenanting of these stern moors beside us? If you answered yes, there were nothing to hinder us from beginning to calculate the details of our enterprise forthwith; nay, for aught I know, it might not be impossible for *you* to take posses-

sion of the place the very *first* Whitsunday, and so having it all ready for us the *next!* Of the terms we could live together on, I shall say nothing: you recollect The Hill,[1] and how quietly and amicably all was managed there, without ever a jarring word; a result in which many times since, I have had reason to admire your prudence and tolerant conduct, often much wiser than we fully gave it credit for being. All the farm-produce that we would need, horse-keep and hen-keep, etc. etc., would be easy to manage. If you continued *single*, you might live with us, and the kitchen and back-parlour would be your own sphere and domain; or if you thought of wedding (in which, however, I need not tell you, it is good to look before you leap), you might have a house of your own, either the one at the road, or some other that we might contrive for you nearer the offices. Jane and R——[2] could live near each other, I do believe, on a very comfortable footing. And

[1] Hoddam Hill.

[2] This initial stands for the name of a girl in whom Alick Carlyle was interested at this time.

then we should so improve those bogs, and clear out those plantations, and form hedge-rows and cabbage-gardens, and live under the shadow of our own beech-trees, and none to put us in fear!

I desire you to consider all this matter with your calmest judgment, and if you are inclined to engage with it, say: Done! Yet let not my eagerness sway you, for I can only estimate for myself; and on you would lie a responsibility, which I cannot pretend to direct you in. I confess, however, I am very fond of it; and not the smallest of my reasons is that in this manner the whole of us might still be *kept together*. From all that I have learned, there seems to be a fair opening for our Body-curer[1] in Dumfries; nay, I think he has a *good* chance to succeed, if he tried it rightly; and then do but think how pleasant to be all planted down within sight of each other; our Father and Mother and all that we cared for in the world within a half-day's journey!

As I am only scheming this business afar off,

[1] Dr. Carlyle.

I cannot propose to you any definite arrangement; not till I have first heard your general feeling, and whether you think it feasable or not. You might cast up in your mind what sum it would take to put *you* down there, in addition to the stock you have already (for repairing of the house, and settling our *plenishing* in it, I have reckoned about £100); what rent, deducting pony-grass, etc. etc.; and above all, whether you would care to let the Lady-Wells stand for this season, and take as a grass-farm, to "keep your stock together," those "excellent pasturages" at the Craig o' Putto. In the latter case, as perhaps in any case, it would be better for me to come down, and settle all by word of mouth. You will write to me frankly and at large, as soon as you possibly can. . . .

Of my Mother I must not begin to talk: I am sure she will rejoice in this prospect of having me near her, and drinking tea and consuming tobacco-smoke beside me as in times gone. Tell her that I am not ill at present, and shall certainly one way or other get com-

pletely well. I have not abandoned the *Book*, which has long ago been christened "Wotton Reinfred": only these Hunt people have knocked me sadly ajar ever since they started their scheme, and poor Reinfred has been living not growing for the last three weeks. Nevertheless, I spend my forenoons, till two o'clock over him; and Jane reads my writing when I have gone out to walk; and you will be happy to learn, *always* "approves of the Essay." If these Hunts do not give me their Translation, I expect to have Wotton in print before quitting Edinburgh; and that will be as well or better. . . .

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

Meditate all this in the profoundest silence; if our scheme get wind before the time the man[1] will be "*gey ill to deal wi'*."[2]

[1] The tenant of Craigenputtock.

[2] "'Thou's gey' (pretty, pronounced *gyei*) 'ill to deal wi''—Mother's allocution to me once, in some unreasonable moment of mine," is Carlyle's note on this phrase (which, indeed, is an old-fashioned country formula), cited by his wife in a letter to his mother in December 1835 (letter printed as No. 11 in *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*). The readers of Mr. Froude's *Life of Carlyle* will remember that he harps

X.—To his WIFE, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, *Saturday night*
[16*th April* 1827].

DEAREST WIFE—What strange magic is in that word, now that for the first time I write it to you! I promised that I would think of you *sometimes;* which truly I have done many times, or rather all times, with a singular feeling of astonishment, as if a new light had risen upon me since we parted, as if till now I had never known how precious my own dearest little Goody was to me, and what a real angel of a creature she was! I could bet a sovereign that *you* love me twice as well as ever you did; for experience in this matter has given me insight. Would I were back to you. . . .

But I have no leisure for investigating these *égaremens du cœur*, which may be discussed much better by word of mouth. The house is smoking, and I am tired to death; having slept

upon this phrase, using it as a sort of refrain, but always with the significant change of the word "deal" to "*live*"—"gey ill to *live* wi'." At least six times in the course of his narrative does he repeat it in this form.

only four hours since Alick and I returned from Craigenputtock, this morning between three and four o'clock; our cattle and ourselves uninjured indeed by a ride of 70 miles, but all heartily saddle-sick.—"Well, Sir, and what did you see at Craigenputtock?"—I saw green fields far greener than I had anticipated; Nature doing her part to maintain her children; and such a scene of human sloth and squalor as I scarcely think could be paralleled within the county. Mr. Blacklock we did not see: he was down on a pleasure excursion to [Glenessland] Distillery, with certain of his womankind mounted on two shelties! Better, I thought, if he had taken a rake and scraped away a little of the filth and *glar* with which all parts of his premises, from the cow-stall to the parlour (literally) were inundated; better if he had been thatching his stript mill-shed, or mending one of the many holes and gaps in his stone dikes! In fact, Jeannie, I must rejoice particularly that I have taken this journey; for I came upon the people unawares, and all the nakedness of the land was revealed to me. It is my decided opinion that

this Blacklock will *never* pay any proper rent; and if the Craig o' Putto were mine, I really think I would almost rather build a ring-fence round it, and leave it gratis to the *tee wheets*,[1] than allow such an unprincipled (I fear this is the word, unprincipled) sloven to farm it for money. I spoke of thinning the plantations! By Jove, they have rather need of thickening: at every gap in the dikes you find somewhere between a dozen and a score of young trees cut down as if they were so many broom twigs, and carelessly dashed in to stop the gap, in place of building in the stones! Nay, Alick and I computed some two hundred yards of wattle-work (vulgarly called stake and rice[2]) absolutely formed entirely of young firs, some of which were as thick as my leg at the butt: the whole number of them we reckoned between two and three thousand. I should add, however, that *most* of this must have been the work of Tom Macqueen; only some twenty or thirty yards seemed to have been repaired (with rather thicker trees, I thought) by Blacklock. But what totally took

[1] Lapwings. [2] Brushwood.

away from me all pity for the man, and made me use the harsh word *unprincipled*, was this fact, palpable beyond discussion, that the scoundrel had actually wintered his cattle (I mean had them lying over night through winter) in the heart of that long strip of planting that runs transversely from the height down towards the water! The fence had been broken down; and there had the kyloes been ranging and rubbing, and eating and breaking! Had he taken a furnished house in Herriot-row and driven in his cow to eat her draff and dreg on the Brussels carpet of the drawing-room, I could sooner have forgiven him. It was altogether damnable. We tried to ascertain by inspection whether the gaps by which his bullocks had found access to this comfortable shelter had been accidental or intentional: one of the places was half and the other three-fourths filled up; so that we could judge but vaguely; and all the charity we had corroborated the evidence for the milder hypothesis. The damage done extended indeed only to a score or two of yards; for the cattle had been of Christian

spirit: but the spirit of their owner was too well marked by it.—But why dilate on these things? The man is an utter and arrant sloven; and had simply gone upon the principle that most probably no mortal concerned in the farm would ever see it during the lease. . . .

Old Nanny came and pressingly entreated us to have some tea; nay, attempted to allure us with the offer of *clean blankets*,[1] and excellent horse provender, to tarry with her all night. She sent you and your mother about a hundred sets of compliments, and inquired again and again if she was not to see *you* before Whitsunday? Poor Nanny has been ordered to flit, it seems; and "'tweel,"[2] says she, "I'll be very wae." She walked with us to the gate; insisting much on the propriety of seeing everything with one's own eyes, and of the greater and *greater* propriety one would find in it the longer one looked; and hinting at last with much circumspection that all was not as it should be

[1] *Sheets* are even now an almost unthought-of luxury amongst the Scotch peasants.—M. C.

[2] *'Tweel* (*that well*), indeed.

with Blacklock; "and wiser folks than me will be cheated," said she, "if *he* can do any good in it." We cut short poor Nanny's innuendoes; and with great cordiality wished her a thousand good-nights, the voice of her "compliments" still sounding "over the heath," when herself was out of sight.

Now *quæretur*; what is to be done? I think, on all accounts, even if it were not on our own, these men are to be got out; nay, if they will not go peaceably, packed out. . . .

You will write on Tuesday night "to lie till called for"; and tell me all you think and feel and know. On Wednesday you send the *Examiner* hither, where it is too likely it may still find me.

I scarcely know what I have written; for my eyes are half-blind; and I am wearied and fond and wae, and bewitched and bedivelled, and "feel a kind of inclination *to bark*."[1]—Good-night, good-night, my darling wife, my dear wee wife! . . . Be sure to write. *Adieu!*

[1] *Letters and Memorials*, ii. 322.

XI.—To Mrs. WELSH, Comley Bank, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, *Thursday, 19th April* [1827].

MY DEAR MOTHER—Had there been a moment of time left me last night, I would have written to you from Dumfries, and informed you four and twenty hours sooner of the happy issue of our tedious negotiation: but it was towards eleven at night before the higgling ceased and the papers were fairly signed; and then Alick and I had nineteen rough miles to ride, and moreover were afraid of being robbed by rascally Irishmen in the Trench[1] of Lochar Moss, for we were carrying money in our pockets.

The two Blacklocks were at their post waiting for us; and after between eight and nine hours of incessant discussion, varying through all stages, from "An please your Honour" to "Damn it, Sir!" we settled with them, and they are to travel at Whitsunday *first*, on what I conceive to be pretty equitable principles for all parties.

[1] A squalid hamlet, near Dumfries.—M. C.

On the whole, I feel much mollified to these Blacklocks: the William one in particular (him of the *trees*) I absolutely pardoned, nay at one period felt a real pity for. A poor innocent, timid, underfoot body, that could not hurt a fly! He winded and twisted under my accusations; and at last all that could be brought home upon him was that he had little money, little wit, less malice, and was nowise fit for farming Craigenputtock. I declare, my heart warms yet to the poor soul when I think of his long nose and cowering attitude and meek submissive aspect. Nay, towards Ready-Money Jack himself, though he shifted first from *nothing* to a *hundred guineas*, and then to *sixty pounds*, I bear no sort of spleen: on the contrary, I think him a most stout sufficient fellow (who would have farmed your land well had he resided there himself), and for a cattle-dealer, honest and direct. We all parted in fair spirits, and fine fellowship, with cordial shaking of hands: your health was drunk in fiery punch, and I upbraided for my *whiggism* because I joined not beyond tea-spoonfuls in that noxious

beverage. We left them drinking lustily with another man from Closeburn, heedless of the "lang Scots miles": "I was fu' when I got it," said Jack; "and by —— I'se be as fu' when I qu*u*t it!"—The crop business (the only knotty point of the arbitration) can hardly be more than a matter of £30 or so; and really I think if the judges do *not* give it against us, we ought almost to give it (or the value of it) *against ourselves*, that is, in case the Drovers behave themselves, for really they have had a poor year.

And now, my dear Mother, let me congratulate the whole household on this auspicious result, which I hope in God will be good for us all. To me it gives the fairest chance of recovering health, the *only* thing I want for being the happiest man this sun shines on: my dear wifie's happiness is bound up in mine, and yours in that of us both. To thank you for your care of us would be but useless: the temper of mind it displays was not unexpected, but is still infinitely precious to me; and for the present I shall only say that it shall go *very* hard with

me, if you have ever reason to repent of what you did. May God bless us all, and keep us all united in affection and true conduct to the end!—But I must not grow too serious here: besides I am encroaching on poor Goody's sheet, which is but *tirling the kirk to theek the choir*:[1] I will not tell *you* but *her* when I am coming; but I daresay you will work the secret out of her by and by.—I am ever your affectionate Son,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

To *the* WIFE.[2]

Not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame, was my dearest Goody's letter to her Husband yesterday afternoon. Blacklock had retired to the Bank for fifteen minutes; the whirlwind was sleeping for that brief season, and I smoking my pipe in grim repose, when Alick came back with your messenger. No, I do not love you in the least; only a little *sym-*

[1] A Scotch proverb, stripping the church to roof the choir.

[2] Part of this letter, written on the same sheet as the preceding, is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 390.

pathy and *admiration*, and a certain *esteem;* nothing more!—O my dear best wee woman! —But I will not say a word of all this, till I whisper it in your ear with my arms round you.

Such a day I never had in my life; but it is all over and well; and now "Home, Brothers! Home!"—I have meditated all this morning whether I could get back on Saturday, by galloping up to Beattock to catch the Mail; but at last I have decided that it will not do. So many things are to settle with all parties; even William Graham I cannot see till to-morrow evening, and Alick and I have yet agreed, indeed I may say talked, on nothing specific. So I have settled that Jack and I are to ride off to Templand on Monday morning (Jack talks of proceeding farther on a visit to Kirkchrist), and on Tuesday evening I will bring you news! This night I am sending off a letter for that purpose to little Auntie.[1] Grandfather too I may front, now that the whole business is adjusted.

[1] Miss Jeannie Welsh, living with her father at Templand, "so lovable to both of us."—*Reminiscences*, i. 157.

O Jeannie! How happy shall we be in this Craig o' Putto! Not that I look for an Arcadia or a Lubberland there: but we shall sit under our bramble and our saugh-tree[1] and none to make us afraid; and my little wife will be there forever beside me, and I shall be well and blessed, and the latter end of that man will be better than the beginning. Surely I shall learn at length to prize the pearl of great price which God has given to me unworthy; surely I already know that to me the richest treasure of this sublunary life has been awarded, the heart of my own noble Jane! Shame on me for complaining, sick and wretched though I be! Bourbon and Braganza, when I think of it, are but poor men to me. O Jeannie, O my wife, we will never part; never through Eternity itself! But I will love thee and keep thee in my heart of hearts!—That is, unless I grow a very great fool—which indeed this talk doth somewhat betoken.

For thou see'st, Goody, I am at the bottom of my paper, and there is no room for any

[1] Willow-tree.

sentiment whatever. Well, I come on Tuesday night and tell you all. The kettle will be sighing wistfully on the brazen *winter*, and tea of choicest flavour, and kisses sweeter than ambrosia will greet my arrival! Unless—the coach be full! But do not let this disturb you; I will come next night; and that is "all the same":[1] is it not? No, nothing like the same, Sir!——*Be good bairns till my arrival.* Let the needlework be ready: would I were there to see it! God bless thee!—Ever, ever thine,

T. CARLYLE.

Jack is dunning me fiercely to get ready for drinking tea with Dr. Arnott, my neighbour, the Doctor that got Napoleon's snuff-box;[2] a man whom you and Mother may see soon, and both like.—Alas! Alas! Poor Gilbert Burns![3] Are not our houses built on ice?—My Mother has come up with best wishes from all and sundry.

[1] A phrase sometimes used by Dr. Carlyle, but generally when it was "all quite different."—M. C.

[2] Dr. Archibald Arnott, of Kirkconnell Hall, had been Napoleon's physician at St. Helena.—M. C.

[3] Died 8th April 1827. Mrs. Carlyle had mentioned his death in the letter, to which this is an answer.

XII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 10*th May* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . The most important part of my present commission is to direct you to call at Annan on Thursday for Fifty Pounds which I this day paid into the Commercial Bank for your use,[1] the further supplies not being ready yet for a few days. . . .

I know not whether you immediately require a larger sum; but if you do you have only to speak; for after Monday £100 will be lying at our disposal here: Tait having paid me the residue of my debt, by a Bill convertible (at his expense) into Cash in the course of four days. I was not bound to take a Bill at all, but hard money, the sum being due on the 15th of April; but the poor man put on such a rueful countenance, that I could not in common charity refuse him. My assent to this harmless measure seemed to roll a mill-

[1] In stocking the farm of Craigenputtock; Alick Carlyle (having taken a lease of it) went, along with his sister Mary, to reside there at Whitsuntide.

stone off his heart; and in the excess of his gratitude he even made me a present of another Copy of the *German Romance*, which I am about sending off to Mr. Robinson[1] of London, who had right to expect one of me. I hope, with this, therefore, that for the present I have done with Tait, and that my next Bookseller may be not worse but better than he. . . .

My pen is very bad; I am in a hurry too, and can write to no purpose, except as Dr. Ritchie said, "on the point—and the bare point." I have not told you of my journey, which was tedious but safe, and brought me to this "*bit hadding o' my ain, fra that*"[2] before late night. Since then my days have flowed along as quietly as heretofore; after rather too large an allowance of idleness, I again betook me to my Book; in which though making but sorry progress, I am *determined* to persevere to a conclusion in spite (to use the words of Landalls) "in spite of the Devil and all his

[1] Mr. Crabb Robinson, one of the few Englishmen who at this time had some acquaintance with German literature.

[2] "*Bit* dwelling of my own, for all that."

Angels" (Bile included), who I cannot but suppose must naturally be rather anxious, for their own sake, to stop my progress. Of adventures with men or things I have had none worth mentioning: indeed often enough I visit not the town all day; but turn my steps in the opposite direction towards the Frith, where I have already bathed four times, with great brevity; and I hope more profit than pleasure. I wish to Heaven only, I were not such a blockhead, but could either write better at my task, or be satisfied with worse. In the meantime we must just do the best we can, boy.

. . . Tell my Mother that we will certainly come and see her, whether the *reek* is cured or not, though surely it would be no worse if it were. Tell her also that she *must* be prepared to spin socks at the Craig, otherwise things will not do. Meanwhile I am going to ask her for a box from Scotsbrig the first time Farries travels hither. For she must know our oatmeal went done last night, and there is nothing here of that sort to be compared with yours.

. . . Jane sends her best regards to one and all: tell my Mother that she had actually made me a *waistcoat* (I have it on even now) during my absence, and the prettiest in my possession. Good-night, my dear Alick!—I am ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, *4th June* 1827.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Of my own history here since I wrote last I need mention only one or two particulars. Everything goes its course; I fight with dulness and bile in the forenoons as of old; I still walk forth diligently; talk *de omni scibili*, when I can find fit or unfit audience; and so live on in the old light-and-shadow fashion, much as you knew me before, only with rather more comfort and hope than with less. Jane too is well and good as ever; and within these few days has set to studying German *in earnest*. Mrs. Welsh is still with us; but about to

depart, the pleasures of Edinburgh being indeed evidently exhausted for her at present. Our evening parties still continue their modest existence. . . .

Poor Wotton[1] has prospered but indifferently since I saw you; though daily on the anvil; the metal is too unmalleable, often indeed quite cold, and the arm and the hammer have so little pith! At present his further history is altogether stopped by a new enterprise. One day I resolutely buckled myself up, and set forth to the Parliament House, for the purpose of seeing our Reviewer.[2] The little jewel of Advocates was at his post; I accosted him, and with a little explanation, was cheerfully recognised. "The Article? Where is the Article?" seemed to be the gist of his talk to me; for he was to all appearance anxious that I would undertake the task of Germanising the public, and ready even to let me do it "*con*

[1] The hero of the novel then in hand; "the work proved to be a dreary *zero*, and went wholly to the fire."—T. C., in an unpublished manuscript, written in 1869, intended for an introduction to the *Letters and Memorials* of Mrs. Carlyle.

[2] Jeffrey.

amore," so I did not treat the whole Earth not yet Germanised as a "parcel of blockheads;" which surely seemed a fair enough request. We walked on to his lodging together; discussing these matters. Two days after, having revolved the thing, I met him again, with notice that I would "undertake." The next Number of the *Review*, it appeared, was actually in the press, and to be printed off before the end of June; so that no large Article could find place there, till the succeeding quarter. However I engaged, as it were for paving the way, to give him in this present publication some little short paper; I think on the subject of Jean Paul, though that is not quite settled with myself yet: and thus, O Jack, thou see'st me busily occupied with a new trade! On the whole I am rather glad of this adventure; for I think it promises to be the means of a pleasant connection: certainly Jeffrey is by much the most lovable of all the literary men I have seen; and he seemed ready, nay, desirous, if time would but permit, to cultivate a further intimacy. We were to discourse together

at large some day, he projected, at Craigcrook ;[1] and I was to call on *him*, as (depend upon it) I had more time than he. *Es ist ein gutiges Wesen.* But enough of him for once.

To-day I had such a packet of letters all in a rush! A letter from Mrs. Montagu; and enclosed in the same frank, a sublime note from Edward Irving, full of praise and thanks expressed in the most wondrous dialect; and last, or rather first, for that was the paper we pounced on most eagerly, a dainty little letter from—Weimar! The good man has Knighted me too! Did you ever see so polite, true-hearted, altogether graceful a note? At the same time there is a naïve brevity in it which, in admiring, almost makes me laugh. Read and wonder. ' [Here followed a copy of Goethe's letter of 17th May.]

And now we are all impatient to know what that *paquet* that is coming "over Hamburg" will bring us. You shall know so soon as

[1] Jeffrey's delightful summer home, "one of the prettiest places in the world." "Craigcrook was within a mile and a half on our own side of Edinburgh: always humanly *open* when one liked."—T. C., *MS.* 1869.

the new-made Knight or Baronet receives it. "With the truest wishes *recommending* myself!"

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

BELOVED DOCTOR—Sir Thomas has left me but little space for a postscript, knowing that this was the *second* day of a nice plum-pudding and my condition of course such as to *you* I need not explain—very unfit for writing to any purpose. Why do you not keep your word with me? I have been long waiting the promised letter, but I suppose every time you take out your paper and pens, you bethink yourself of the furious quarrel about the roses, etc. etc., and resolve anew that you will have nothing to say to so cross-tempered a creature. But I am greatly improved in that item, as you will soon have an opportunity of convincing yourself,—so soon as this article is off *our* hands. Poor Wotton. Dear Wotton! He was growing such an angel of a Hero. But Sir Thomas has given me his hand that "*it shall be done*." You will observe we are all getting titles now, my dear Moon.—Evermore yours, J. W. C.

XIV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday*
[*20th June* 1827].

MY DEAR ALICK—Not without some difficulty I have contrived to raise the wind; and here you have a receipt for another Hundred Pounds, which as I understand it, you have only to present at the office of the British Linen Company Bank, and indorse (I suppose with your own name, but they will direct you at the Bank, for perhaps there is *no* indorsation needed), in order to get the cash paid down to you. . . . On the whole the place must before all things be *stocked;* so I think you ought to proceed forthwith to the outlay (in cattle, etc.) of this sum; at least so soon as you see any right opportunity at Bucklivie or elsewhere. . . .

If you want a little more money for that purpose, I think I can still command it even on the spur of the instant: but unless these hills be a better bargain than I wot of, you will not need *much* more, I think, immediately.

I grieve to think that the House must be standing untouched, and the season so rapidly hastening away. I am making what speed I can; and I think by the end of next week I shall be about ready for meeting you, perhaps shall have already met you. . . .

I reckon myself about half done with this *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, which I regret to say, pleases me only indifferently the length it is gone. So soon as it is done I shall have nothing more to detain me; unless perhaps the correcting of the *proofs*, which however can be sent after me. This is not to be the *great* "Article"; which does not follow till next Number of the *Review*. We had a call from Jeffrey the other day, in person; one of the daintiest little fellows in this country. I will describe him at large when we meet. . . .

Will you write to me as soon as possible, and at full length: we shall want much to hear from you before setting out for the South; and much is to be considered which I have no time for considering. Employ your own head and hand, my good Alick, and get us

nicely through these entanglements. I think there is no danger of our speculation [not] prospering. I often wish I were at the Craig even now; for living here, I do not think I shall ever be healthy. Perhaps I shall never be healthy anywhere; but at all events I will "*try all things;* never cease "though I should go to Jerusalem seeking health, and die by the road!"[1]—Courage! Courage!—Present my best brotherly affection to Mary, of whom I hear so much good; write to me the first hour you have leisure "a broad let*ter*."[2]—Believe me always, your true Brother, T. CARLYLE.

XV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday*
[26*th June* 1827].

MY DEAR ALICK—You must not quarrel with this shortest of letters, for I am in the heat of a hurry; and this writing is to let you know that, for some time at least, no more writing will be needed.

[1] A phrase of his father's changed for the occasion.—See *Reminiscences*, i. 49.

[2] Broad let*ter*, pronounced thus in Border ballads.

I have got done with my Article, which is to be printed, I believe, this week; Jane and I are going out to Haddington, to arrange with Donaldson[1] about *moneys* (at least that is my errand); and on Monday morning first (we come from Haddington in a day) we set out for Templand, and the Craig o' Putto.

I know not what sort of a shop you keep there; but Jane as well as I must come and see. Did they send you a *bed* up from Templand? If not, never mind; our stay (or rather *her* stay) must only be the shorter. Do not discompose yourselves about this invasion: who cannot take such as you have, should apply elsewhere. But, indeed, I doubt not, as in most other cases, everything will be far better than it seemed through the medium of timorous imagination. Where you are with those that *love you*, if you cannot put up with all mere *wants* of comfort, you must be a very odd fellow. . . .

But the cream of the matter is this. Can you send two horses (of almost any kind) over

[1] A lawyer, the Welshes' man of business.

to Templand on Tuesday first (this day week)? If not send me *one* on Monday night, and I will come over with it myself next day. I know not whether Larry is with you, or how to do in the arrangement of the thing. But you will see how it stands, and to your direction I will leave it. *One* horse to Templand on Monday night to bring me; or *two* on Tuesday night to bring us both.—Templand is within three bowshots of the Cample bridge (farther *down* it is) on the road between Thornhill and Dumfries,—some furlong or two from it.

Dear Alick, excuse this incoherence, for you have *no* idea how I am beaten about at present by haste. My kindest love to Mary; who, I know, *arie*joices[1] at the thought of seeing me again. Tell the good soul that her Sister is no Lioness, and will not eat her, but likes her very well.

Appoint our Uncle John to come up when you please, according to these "regulations."

[1] A Scotch preacher, in a sermon which Carlyle had heard, so pronounced *rejoices*.—M. C.

We go to Scotsbrig after leaving you; perhaps we may *come* and *go* for a time. My soul is longing for the Country and Larry. I have written to Jack that I am coming. Adieu, my dear Brother!—Ever yours,

T. CARLYLE.

XVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, *Monday night* [*27th August* 1827].

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Almost the only really good thing I have ever done in this world was the helping you forward to knowledge; which, believe me, you will yet find to be no worthless or sorrowful attainment; for however human nature may cavil and complain in its impatience, this culture is and continues the one greatest blessing which can fall to the lot of any man. Nay, I may say, if we speak of true culture, which, however, does not always dwell in colleges nor is always excluded from poor moorland huts, it is the *only* blessing which an immortal mortal would strive for.

But I must pause. The tidings of Alick's

intention[1] do not surprise me much, and certainly do not grieve me in any wise. If it make himself happier, it will make the whole arrangement lighter to us all. Jane, too, is very glad at it; for the difficulty of settling Alick's manner of existing in the house had not a little perplexed her. I shall expect to hear from him, and soon to see him.

Of our ownselves expect nothing strange. All is as it should be, at least as it was. Jeffrey has sent me a note requesting the *Opus Majus* by the middle of *next* month, and enclosing a draft of twenty guineas for the article on Richter. You may conceive whether I am in a hurry, for I have not yet put pen to paper! I have merely been reading Horn, somewhat of Fichte, Schelling, etc., and have not yet shaped the thing into any form. Jeffrey is to call here one of these days: I saw him at Craigcrook for a few minutes, and found the little fellow friendlier than ever. I have written the *Erwiederung* to Weimar,[2] and by this time I suppose it is in

[1] Of marriage.

[2] See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 13.

the middle of the German Ocean, if not already at Cuxhaven.—You see I am over with it! Excuse abruptness, error, and even stupidity.—I am ever your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, *5th September* 1827.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Since all matters look so towardly, I think certainly you ought to go, and look at this Munich,[1] and acquire this Surgical Knowledge, the want of which forms such a "bar of obstruction" to your contented settlement in this country. I myself am by no means blind to the advantages likely to result from such a journey; and though I doubt not you very greatly overrate them, perhaps after all they may more than repay you. For one thing, you will return home with another sort of reputation than you can look for at present: a Doctor all

[1] Dr. Carlyle had been invited by Baron D'Eichthal (uncle of Gustave and Adolph D'Eichthal, the young St. Simonians, of Paris), whose acquaintance he had made some time previously, to come to Munich.

the way from Bavaria, *jette poudre aux yeux;* for most people are not so convinced as I that the great school for learning both Medicine and every other thing is the brain itself of the learner. Unspeakably the greatest advantage I anticipate for you is the intercourse you are likely to have with cultivated men, and the improvement in regard to polish of manners and what the Germans call *Welt*, which you are almost sure to derive from such a society as Eichthal's must be. He himself seems one of the best bred persons extant. By all means, therefore, bestir yourself, and set forth *getrosten Muthes*. . . .

Of course you will not come to Edinburgh till you come *for good*, that is, I mean on your way Munichward. You will need a suit of clothes, unless you should prefer employing a German *Schneider;* with various other *etceteras*, the preparation of which will consume some time. Meanwhile would it not be highly useful to lay about you for some statistical books and histories, and other representations of the country you are going to; that so you may not

visit it an entire *novice*, but in some degree prepared to expect what you see? I would have some History of Germany by hook or by crook; though in your case, I confess, I know not directly how it might be come by. Perhaps even Coxe's *History of Austria* is not at Annan. Do what you can: the best can do no more.

There is one consideration which must not be kept so in the background, but brought forward to the front of the stage, and rigidly overhauled: I mean the consideration of what in the English language is called *Money*. Sorry am I that than at this moment I was hardly ever poorer. Jeffrey's draft I have not yet discovered the proper bank for, that circumstance being omitted in the letter, and he himself having never showed face since. Were it not for that body of reserve, I believe about *seven pounds sterling* would exhaust nearly all the house could muster! . . . Nevertheless, surely, Jack, thou shalt not be *fast* among us all for such a sum as this. Tell me, after due computation, how it all stands; and the sum must be raised one way or other. . . .

In fine, my dear Jack, I take my leave, in the deepest distress of body and mind because —tea is not yet come. Compose your agitated spirits, my dear Doil; and let me hear from you, with your first convenience.—Ever your faithful Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XVIII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, 11*th September* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . I suppose he [Jack] has mentioned to you that I had thoughts of starting as candidate for one of the London Professorships.[1] This must be kept among ourselves as much as may be; for it seems nearly certain that I shall actually make a trial; though the thing as yet is full of perplexity. *Rhetoric*, the class I once thought of applying for, has, I now find, as yet no existence; and I hang for the present divided between *English Literature* and *Moral Philosophy;* with a considerable leaning towards the latter. I wait for advice

[1] In the London University, recently established by Brougham and other Liberals who were now seeking for Professors.

from Edward Irving, and Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, to both of whom I have written. (Duncan's letter goes with yours), and both of whom know much more of the details than I do. For one or other of these classes, it is almost certain that I shall become a competitor. Jeffrey, whom I talked with at large of the matter, seems to augur rather favourably of my success in Moral Philosophy: both Jane and I dined with him at a country place of his called Craigcrook last night, and had a really pleasant five hours of it in such fine society. Jeffrey evidently has a high opinion of me, and even seems to like me well; though he thinks I am a little extravagant or so; or, as he calls it, "too German." We shall see what comes of this; it is all to be settled in November.

If I go to London, the mansion of Craigenputtock and its silent moors are likely to see much less of us; only, at most, some two months yearly. On this, however, it were very rash to calculate at present; for that I shall *not* go is certainly by much the likelier issue of the business: indeed, the good and evil of the two

are so very nearly balanced, that I really care very little whether I go or not: on healthier days, I am clear for going, and teaching all the Earth to be wise; but again on bilious days I care not one straw what becomes of it; for I think that in the wilderness of Craigenputtock I should be stronger in body, and I feel that the thing which lies in me *will* be spoken out, go whither I may. Surely, surely, it were good for a man to have some anchorage deeper than the quicksands of this world; for these drift to and fro so as to baffle all conjecture! We will leave the issue, as should ever be done, with the higher powers.

Meanwhile you do well to get forward with that House on the Moor; and glad am I that the ticklish part of it has been got so softly over. It will be a home for us at least in all weathers, and a kind of grim stronghold, betide what may. I long to hear how it is all going on; how your crop stands these rough winds, what hay you have collected, how your peats have proved, and all other *etceteras*. Jean, I suppose, is with you by this time, and, as I

suppose further, heartily satisfied with the Pleasures of Solitude, which thereabouts can be so plentifully commanded. My best love to her, and hopes of seeing her here ere long. . . .

Jack speaks of your coming in October by Langholm, and bringing Jean and our Mother with you. Do! Do! Our good Mother *must* see Edinburgh, and when can she do it so well? Of course you will *warn* us duly. Write if you have any leisure, though there should be "nothing" to say. Good-night, my dear Brother!—I am ever yours, T. CARLYLE.

XIX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

21 COMLEY BANK, 20*th October* (*Saturday*) [1827].

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER—I know not that my month is yet expired, or you [are] expecting to hear from me: but I am well assured that you will be glad of this letter; for it brings you welcome news. Jack is arrived in Holland; has the dangers of the German Ocean behind him, and his broad foot on the fog[1] once more!

[1] Heath.

I had a letter from him two hours ago, which has travelled with, to me, an almost inconceivable rapidity, having been written in Rotterdam, only last Tuesday morning. The Doctor, it appears, had a roughish passage; was becalmed in the Frith here, lay four and twenty hours at anchor in Yarmouth Roads, and then was blown with a vengeance right over to Holland. On Saturday morning (only this day week), he saw the Dutch coast, "like whin-bushes rising over the edge of the sea"; then a pilot came on board, with a *petticoat* on, a little squat fellow, whose "voice was like lead-drops falling on a dry *wecht*";[1] and he, with his petticoat and *six* pairs of trousers beneath it, led them all safe into Rotterdam harbour on Monday morning. Doubtless I was very glad myself to hear of all this: for though I believe there was no special danger, I was not without my own anxiety.

I know not whether Alick told you that on board the packet Jack had met with an old

[1] A farm implement made of dried *pelt*, used for carrying grain; not unlike a large tambourine.—M. C.

class-fellow on his way to France, one Dr. Laing from this neighbourhood. They two were to set out on foot together as far as Leyden, where the Doctor expected to get *steam* to convey him on to Cologne, the regular boats from Rotterdam thither being all engaged for a week by the Queen of Wirtemberg and her train. I calculate that the Doctor is already far on his journey; and enjoying himself not a little by the way: he was well furnished with letters of Introduction to people of consideration and kind feeling; so that for the present we may dismiss him, with the hope, grounded on all sorts of probability, that he is well and doing well. He did not fail to send his most affectionate remembrances to all and every one of you. In a day or so I must write to him; that a letter of welcome may be waiting for him at Munich when he arrives. . . .

I had some expectation myself of seeing you shortly; but that is passed away now. Brougham is gone from Penrith to London; and Jeffrey writes to me that he could get no

certainty out of him about this Professorship; on which, indeed, he did not like to press him, till Brougham should have seen more of my writings. I have accordingly sent off to him last night my last long Paper, which is to come out in the next *Edinburgh Review;* but what effect it may have on the result of this business may still seem very uncertain. Jeffrey appears to think that for the present *no one* will be appointed; but that the thing will be left open for months, perhaps for years, to take what turn circumstances may give it. I myself am half inclined to think so too; and certainly it seems as if I had no right to put any great faith in it as it now looks. There is one great thing in my favour, however: I positively know not yet whether I should wish it or not wish it! This is the simple truth; so that equanimity regarding it is easily enough preserved. But in two days I expect to see Jeffrey, who returns from Harrowgate to-morrow, and he will tell me more.

Meanwhile I am going to begin another *Paper* for a new London Review, also on a

German subject; and after that, I purpose writing another on some Italian subject for Jeffrey. Money will come in, in this way, and my mind will be more and more spoken out. It is surprising to see how much stir these bits of writing cause here in Edinburgh: the people seem to think that I am a genius perhaps, but of what sort Heaven only knows. They will learn better by and by, if I be spared among them, either at Craigenputtock or anywhere above ground. In the meantime I am content enough; certainly no worse in health since you saw me; but on the contrary sometimes of opinion that I shall in the end get *quite well;* a result which I anticipate the more, the less I really care about its happening. O my dear Mother! it is not a healthy body that is the best, but a healthy soul: this I hope I more and more see into. Have we not all our crosses, each his burden in this pilgrimage; and is not the best blessing his who bears it most wisely? Often the whole thing seems to me a cloud and air-image, which in the eye of our immortal spirit will melt into

nothingness, like the morning shadows before the Sun!

I am truly concerned to learn that you are not all so well as you should be at Scotsbrig. Alick tells me that your foot is better, and that Mag is quite recovered: but how is my Father? Will you beg him or Jamie to take the pen and let me know, never so shortly, how it stands with him? This foggy weather too is doubly ill for rheumatism; and doubly vexatious for one that has still *stuff* out, which, however, I hope is not your case. I must again entreat some of you to write.

And now when are we to see you and Jean? My coming down has become uncertain, and at all events distant by several weeks: but why should you wait for me; why not step into the Coach yourselves, and I will wait for you *any* afternoon, at the Coach-office, and show you all the wonders? We have really set our hearts upon your all coming hither; and for us, the sooner the better. I wish much you could tell us something definite about it soon. On the whole, I almost fear you will be for waiting

till I come down to Puttock, to see about the "house and cow's grass"[1] there. This cannot be for six weeks, and then it will be winter. I think I must send Alick to stir you up: I am to write to him on Wednesday, last week being barren of news.—I send my best affection to every one of the good souls at Scotsbrig: forget not to insist on my request to my Father. And why should not Jean write? Tell her that *we* will take it very handsome if she do. Does Jenny bring home her medals yet? Does Mag keep well?—I am ever and always (my dear Mother) your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

. . . Jane gave me a *ring* on the anniversary of our marriage-day; which you will see on my little finger; and truly well it looks!

XX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

EDINBURGH, 25*th October* 1827.

MY DEAR JACK—I begin at the very top of this long sheet, being minded to write to you at

[1] A common addition to the wages of farm-servants, especially shepherds, in Scotland.—M. C.

large. Your most welcome letter found us last Saturday morning; sooner than was confidently expected, and the more pleasant that it came rather unexpected. Some "Mr. Bright" had benevolently franked it too; so that we could hardly look upon the thing otherwise than as a voice from some kind Genius, bidding us be at peace, and no longer heed the roaring of the elements, for that the good Doctor was already on shore. I sent off word instantly to Scotsbrig, and yesterday to Craigenputtock: we are all much lightened in spirit; for to have had so much honesty, love, and physic and logic drowned on the Dogger Bank would have been a thing never to be got over. Seriously let us be thankful in heart, and hope better and better; for much good have we seen in the land of the living.

I am trying sometimes to follow you with my imagination, up the fair *Rheingau*, and through the *Krönungsstadt*, on to your home in München; but it will not do; for all that region is to me unpeopled space. Where art thou, Jack, this very night? Surrounded by what aproned *Kellners*, or well-booted *Schwagers*, or whis-

kered *Mautbeamters*, or other men of strange speech, art thou living and looking even now while I write? Heaven guide thee, my dear Jack; and bring thee safe to Munich and safe back to us! My duty in the meanwhile is to write a full narrative in due season, and to hope that it may be lying ready for thy arrival in that temporary home, and all that is wanting for the present to content thee there. . . .

From Scotsbrig no letters; but yet a token, worthy of all acceptance, a firkin of special butter. . . . I could have liked well to hear how our Father was; for it seems his rheumatism, which had been almost removed, had again returned upon him; and . . . he was nearly confined to the house. In his agricultural anxiety, he had ventured out among the damp stubbles too early. I hope and believe that he is better, at least no worse, or they would have written to me; for I particularly pressed it. The rest were all got well again: the shearing done, great part *in*, and all things moving on, though with many joltings, as they usually do. I suspect you will hear little of

Scotsbrig except through me; for they are lazy penmen. What I can learn I will send.

But I am forgetting that you want to know about the Professorship, and are yet ignorant of its having come to nothing, or at least having been removed to an uncertain and uninteresting distance. I heard nothing of the matter for two weeks, and not then till I had applied by letter to my kind little spokesman Jeffrey. He wrote to me by return of Post that Brougham was already gone to London; and that when he saw him, the "Politician" fought extremely shy; seemed alarmed somewhat at my exotic predilections; and withal of opinion that it might be judicious to postpone the appointment of Moral Philosophy altogether, till the Institution had taken root on the more fertile soil of Medical and other practical Science. He said, however, that further than "speak of me some half dozen times to Brougham," he could not press the business; my last Paper on "German Literature" not being in readiness for inspection. This he advised me to procure

from M'Cork,[1] and send off to Brougham; to whom in the meanwhile he himself would write. The *Article*, which has been printed with scarcely any alteration, I accordingly sent off: but no answer can yet be expected; nor has Jeffrey anything new to say on the affair; for I saw him to-day, and walked from the Dukedom[2] to the City with him, discoursing of various matters in the most edifying way.[3] I myself believe that no appointment whatever to that Chair will take place for some time, perhaps for some considerable time; and that in the meanwhile Brougham will keep his eye on me, and if he finds that I prosper, may apply to me; if not, will leave me standing. At all events, the thing is right: I am before these people in some shape, perhaps as near my real one as I could expect; and if they want nothing with me, the "Devil b' in me," as daft Wull said, "if I want anything with *them* either." I am still as undetermined as

[1] M'Corkindale, the printer. [2] Otherwise, *Craigcrook*.

[3] The remainder of this paragraph is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 413.

ever, whether even their acceptance of me would be for my good or not.

Meanwhile I am beginning (purpose seriously beginning to-morrow) an Article on *Zacharias Werner*, for the *Foreign Quarterly Review;* concerning which I have had another application from a dirty Cockney, one of the publishing Booksellers, whom Tait sent hither. They have "gat," he says, "s'ch a *fell*enx of ta*l*ent"; and partly expect an "Article" even from "GUTTA"![1] Jane and I laughed outright at him.—I design afterwards, if Jeffrey is willing, to give a Discourse on Tasso, as I proposed; after which I daresay I shall have to visit Craigenputtock for a day or two; and farther than this, my view extends not into the Future with any certainty.

For the present there is no change in our position, except such as the course of the Earth round the Sun produces, in the shape of horrid deluges of rain. Jane, poor wee thing, is not got well yet, though I think she is a little better. In Science, Art, Politics and Manufactures

[1] Goethe.

there is nothing singular; except perhaps that "Professor" Macculloch has been presented with the freedom of the Burgh of Dumfries. . . .

Becker sometimes comes hither, and seems to have far more to say than he can find words for. No bad youth, I believe; but, as Packman Saunders said of the London people, "*terribly aff for a langitch!*" Mitchell also we see: he is just finishing his *Geography*, a laborious bead-roll, which I wonder that he has had patience to go through so honestly. Williams, he says, is writing a History of Alexander the Great! John Wilson has not been down to us; nor though he volunteered a fresh promise when I saw him last, do I very confidently expect him. I suspect he feels a sort of division from me: for hitherto at least I am an honest "striver after the *Idea*," and he has in a great measure renounced it, and between *Blackwood* and the Scotch Kirk-session, has almost degenerated into Fichte's "Mongrel." Walter Scott again is no mongrel, but a sufficient "hodman"; and his hod indeed is filled with good ginger-bread and "black-

man"[1] to satisfy a hungry and discerning public. May Heaven be merciful to us all; for Matter presses down Mind in the most lamentable fashion; and the poor Sons of Dust hardly know in these times to what hand to turn them!

Now, Brother Jack, it cannot be doubtful to thy mind, that if thou hadst desire for a letter to Munich, we may naturally have much more for one from it. How many hundred thousand questions could we ask already and you answer! How fared you on your journey; how found you the Baron and the Fräulein; and did their welcome prove what you expected? Present our regards to the worthy gentleman; and say that if there be aught he would have us do, it will be a kindness to mention it.—Have you yet found any comfort in speaking German? Did you see Schlegel, and find him a "puppy"? Is Schelling at Munich, and accessible? Are you like to be happy there? If not, bolt, and come home to us again! There are "meat, clothes and fire" to be had in old Scotland yet, for all fencible men. In short, Jack, no body

[1] A coarse kind of toffy made of treacle.—M. C.

of news, no largeness of paper, or smallness of type will entirely content us.

Jane's best affection accompanies mine: she has missed her Review; and says you will bring it back to her. Alison[1] herself shed warm tears that day you went off; she evidently has a secret respect for her Physician, though she admits that in *orderliness* he is inferior to "the master";[2] which latter, for instance, always gives his coat "some kind of fold" when he lays it off, while the former often leaves his "like—fishguts"! This *Kraftspruch* of the fishguts must be forgiven her; it was worthy of Annandale itself.—In conclusion, dear Jack, think often or rather always of us, and repay our love with love. Study, like a man of true head and true heart: you have much to learn, but will learn it all. Endeavour to see Germany and German men as they are; and learn by whatever good is to be found amongst them. *Geradheit, Urtheil und Verträglichkeit!*[3] were

[1] The maid-servant.

[2] This spirit of "orderliness," inherited and learned from his mother, was characteristic of Carlyle to his latest days.

[3] Integrity, decision, and compatibility.

my last direction to you, on that *wae* enough day. They will carry a man far either here or there.—Good-night, my poor old Tongleg! Love me always, as I on my side am always—Thy true Brother, T. CARLYLE.

. . . . . .

XXI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, 30*th October* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK—I received your 'Letter this morning, and must not disappoint you of an answer, though it be a brief one. I am as usual in violent haste, being busied with that scribble for the London people, and in some danger of being belated.

To proceed to business then. Jane and I are of opinion that if the floor of that little backroom, which is or was to be yours, be considered sufficient as it now stands flagged, you should let it stand so: but if, as we partly suppose, the flags of it are all broken, and it will require to be renewed at any rate, then we think, considering the small difference of price, a *wooden floor* will be decidedly preferable. With

regard again to the mantel-piece of the room which is now kitchen and is to be dining-room, I recollect speaking once to our Uncle on the subject; and if I mistake not, he said that a mantel-piece of black marble might, in his opinion, if cunningly bought, be procured for some five pounds. If he can get such a thing anywhere about that price, by all means take it. If it cannot be got for *six* pounds, on the other hand, we think it would hardly be worth while. Tell our worthy Architect this; and do you and he exercise your best judgment on the matter. As to the width and other dimensions of the thing, our Uncle will just follow the common standard; for the grate to go there is yet to purchase (a sort of polished-bar grate, I expect, with hobs); the grates we have here being destined, the larger one for the drawing-room, and the smaller for the Library. The larger is the one you saw with fire in it; the smaller at present stands upstairs.

. . This is all I can think of about that House in the Moor, at present; only further, with repetition and re-repetition, will

you beg the Architect to look strictly on all hands against my two old enemies, Reek and Damp! I hope the new kitchen does not smoke: if it do, it must be cured, can man's wit do it. Are they putting up the *spout* this winter? I think the sooner the better. And trying, if possible, to regulate that foundation, which must somehow or other be prolonged a few inches deeper into the ground? But enough for once!

What a hubbub and a hurlyburly you must all be in, and poor Mary lying ill of cold! I hope the poor lassie is better, or even well. *Salts* are the best recipe; and care against wet feet. She must not get sick over winter in that wilderness.—Have you got any new light on the *road?* By all means, make every effort: it is indeed an indispensable business.—In fine, let us hope that this Craig will repay us all for the trouble we are at with it; and be a sort of covert from the rude weather, let it blow from what point it will! Were we once there and settled! For change, of any sort, totally deranges one: be the place and the state

what it may, if the wise man is once there and fixed, he will fit it to him or himself to it; but of this wayfaring work comes no good.

I wish you could have written to me that our Father is recovered: I have my own doubts; and long for some word, which however, so stingy are the Scotsbrig penmen, I have little hope of getting except through you. Write to me the moment you can learn.—It was a relief to me to learn that your crop was under thatch: in my ignorance, I was pitying you and Scotsbrig in that spongy weather, which is now, however, as good as gone, I hope.

We are glad to hear that R. saw the Craig, and think it a favourable circumstance. Jane thinks she must be a "bit of a flirt (coquette) that R."; and advises you, as the *best* remedy, to stand *aloof* rather, and let her *be* for a time. I rather believe this a wholesome advice; and worthy of attention, coming from so experienced a source. One way or other, I trust, all will be well. So be it!

I have written an immense letter to the Doctor: by this time it is on the German

Ocean I suppose; an answer may be back in three weeks or so, not sooner.—Not another syllable about London: I saw Jeffrey at large; and he thinks with me that it may stand over for a good while.—You will write soon?—Jane's best regards to you and Mary.—I am ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XXII.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

COMLEY BANK, 15*th November* 1827.

MY DEAR JANE—I will not keep you another day in suspense; being indeed well aware that you have been kept too long so already. To tell you the truth there was a letter as good as ready for you last night, chiefly from the pen of your Sister; but by some malarrangement it was not sent; and now I think it may be as well for me to write myself. If *she* have leisure, I suppose she will add a postscript.

In the first place, however, thank Sister Mag very particularly in my name, for her share in concocting that Letter; which really might be called a labour of love between you, to relieve me from

a multitude of anxieties. Alick, poor fellow, had made what inquiries he possibly could at Dumfries, and sent me the result; but little was to be gathered from them; and the state of our Father's health might still have been uncertain to me. Alick thinks, as I do, that it is a "black burning shame" no one of the Scotsbrig people will undertake to write regularly; but I hope that now, a beginning being made, there will be no falling off, nay indeed that *Maister Cairlil*[1] himself will be aroused to a sense of his duty, and join his Sisters in so good and brotherly a work.

As to thy own little self, we are perfectly of opinion that it is every way advisable to put an end to *talking* about this journey, and now in Heaven's name to get it *done*. There is nothing in the world to hinder such a shifty little *Craw* to travel twenty times as far; and help herself through twenty times greater difficulties. Come, then; set about it, and let us see thee here in a few days! Tell my Mother that I do think she must not stand in your way; but if she will

[1] His brother James.

not come herself at present, no longer hinder you from coming. Nay tell her I have sometimes been of opinion that it might even be *better* if you were here some little while before her, and so partly knew Edinburgh when *she* arrived in it. At all events there is not a particle of risk, come when you will. . . .

Tell us what day you are coming then; and come speedily and safely, and be happy beside us.—Poor soul! It is needless "dashing the cup of fame from thy brow," as Tommy Bell said: otherwise I could predict to thee that Edinburgh is not half so grand a place as thou supposest; and Number 21 will be found to be like all other numbers and tenements on this lower Earth, at best a mixed place you know not rightly whether good or ill. Nevertheless come and try it, my little Jean, and we will be as good to thee as we can. Thou wilt learn something; and if thou do not like it, good old Annandale is still behind thee.

Tell my Mother that I am very busy, and as well as usual, or perhaps better. I will write to her specially, the day after you arrive! There

is no word of news from Jack; indeed I do not expect any for perhaps a fortnight: *my* letter will be just in his hands about this very time. The only dangerous or indeed unpleasant part of his journey was over at Rotterdam.—I am coming down by and by (though it must be some weeks first); and then *to a certainty* I will fetch my Mother up, and my Father too (or at least *he* will come himself, and fetch *her* home again!) and show them all the wonders. . . . Bring me special word how my Father is: I have a capital pair of gloves lying for him, if I knew how to send them. Does Jenny still keep her medals? Tell her that I still love her, and hope to find her a good lassie, and to do her good. But I have left Jane no room. Good-night, my dear Poetess!—I am ever thy Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

MY DEAR JANE—I find Mr. Thomas has left me nothing to say except merely to add my supplication to his, that you will *come* without more ado. There is nothing in the world to

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hinder you; and you have already been kept too long in expectation. My only fear is that the hopes you have all this while been pleasing yourself with, will hardly be realised, for I do not recollect that any hope of *mine* ever was to the full extent, but *you* perhaps will be more fortunate. Any way you are sure of one thing —the heartiest welcome. My kind regards to your Father and Mother and all the rest. Tell them we will take the best care of you, so they need not fear to let you.—Your affectionate

JANE WELSH [*sic*].

XXIII.—To Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE, Grammar School, Haddington.

21 COMLEY BANK, *Monday* [19*th November* 1827].

MY DEAR JOHNSTONE—Alison Greave, our worthy maid-servant, is leaving us (in bad health); and so affords me a hurried opportunity of writing you a line, which otherwise were not by any means worth postage.—I promised to send you word about that London Professorship; and truly I should have done so, had there been

any word to send. There was not, there still is not; except that from the general aspect of the case I augur with considerable certainty that, for me at least, *nothing will come of it.* Jeffrey supports me warmly; but Brougham, it would appear, fights shy: delays have intervened; they feel it to be "a most important Chair," and are "alarmed at my German predilections," and in short know not rightly what to make of me. Last time I saw Jeffrey, they were busy following out some quest of Dugald Stewart's; that is, inquiring after some *Frenchman* or other whom Dugald had recommended, and who I suspect must be a certain M. Cousin[1] that takes all opportunity of lauding Dugald. They wished to see whether he could speak any English; truly an essential point.—But on the whole, for many weeks the thing has died out of our thoughts: and the truth of the matter is and was, if they should appoint me to-morrow, I should not know positively whether to laugh or weep. Meanwhile I am not a Candidate and yet before them; entitled also to *refuse*, if I think good and have

[1] Victor Cousin (born 1792, died 1867).

occasion: on which footing I am content enough that the business should continue to rest. I myself am of opinion that *nothing* will be done for a good while; and for *me*, most probably nothing at any time.

I wish we had you here at present: for I am to be idle by to-morrow afternoon, and have a day or two of relaxation; having been busy for several weeks.—There is a paper of mine in the next *Edinburgh Review*, which is all printed, and will be out in a day or two.[1] I propose now to quit the "German line" for a while, and try something else.

John wrote to you before he went away. Yesterday we had the *first* letter from Munich, where the poor Doctor arrived in safety about the first of November; and seems wonder-struck and thunderstruck with the novelty of his situation. He had talked one hour with Schlegel, seen the steeple of Frankfort; and, in a word, scarce knew *what end of him was uppermost* for very confusion. By degrees the wool-gathering wits will rally round their old

[1] *The State of German Literature.*

flag, and the Doctor write to us in peace and composure.

How are you and my Cousin, your wife? Will you send us word; or shall we not see you soon? O poor life, where sixteen miles divide as effectually as the Atlantic Ocean! Good-night, my old Friend! Do not forget me, and the wayfarings of *Langsyne!*—I am [ever yours],

T. CARLYLE.

(The *pen* is very condemnable.)

XXIV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, *26th November* 1827.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . During the late frost, I very much regretted that you had not taken this Great-coat down with you. I have very seldom had it on since you were here; it being out of date for street wear: besides at present the tailor is making me a new one. I design shortly, if I have no other opportunity, to send this old servant down by the Carrier. I will direct it to our Uncle John's, probably in some sort of box or gray-paper parcel; and if

I can manage adroitly enough, you may have it in this way about to-morrow week. It will serve you many a day as well as a better; and for me, at least in this city, it is well-nigh useless.—I have long forgotten to tell you to call at Johnstone the Bookseller's, and order, for my Mother, a certain Religious Magazine (called the "Monitor" or some such thing), which you will easily discriminate by this circumstance, that it is published *monthly*, and costs one shilling per Number. Jack and I tried to get it here, but could find no way of having it conveyed to Ecclefechan. Will you see after it; and pay *six months* of it in advance, and direct him to give it regularly to Nottman?[1] I think it may prove serviceable at Scotsbrig, and it costs but little. Do not forget; for I have already forgotten too long. . . .

Can you tell me precisely when is [the] rent-day? Now, or at Candlemas? For we wish to be particular; standing on so curious a footing as we do. Has Blacklock come for his money yet? If a loan of twenty or thirty

[1] The Carrier from Dumfries to Ecclefechan.

pounds, or even of a far larger sum (for we have now money, like Schmelzle and his wife), would be of benefit to you, it can be had without any trouble; so you can let me know. Of course *I* will pay this rent; for you will have other outlets for yours among Masons, etc. etc., and this perhaps before I see you.—On the whole it is a most comfortable fact for me to find that, sick as I am, and indisposed to insinuate myself anywhere, I can still *live*, independent of all persons whatsoever. At the Craig, if we stick together as we have done, we may fairly bid defiance to the Constable. Praised be Heaven! For of all curses, that of being baited for debt, or even frightened for falling into it, is surely the bitterest.—If you see the last *Edinburgh Review* you may read my Article in it, on the "State of German Literature," some time when you have opportunity. The people here seem to think abundantly well of it: I am in fact becoming a sort of *Literary Man* like my neighbours, and the people wonder at me more than enough. Jeffrey I saw two days ago; I fear the little

fellow is losing his health.—Another long *paper* I sent away last night to London, where they seem waiting for it with anxiety: and already I am making preparations for a third (not on a German but on an Italian subject) for the next *Edinburgh Review*. By the blessing of Heaven two good things shall happen: I will get my mind spoken out, and have a trade to follow in this Earth like others! Never fear, my good Alick! Long it is since I have known that life for one man is just like what it is to another; and that neither height nor depth, nor principalities nor powers, nor what is more than all—the extremity of biliousness—shall part a wise man from his purposes of wisdom. —Ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Remember me to the good little *Missus*,[1] and tell her to keep good fires, and beware of sore throats on that wild wintry moor. You will write when the Great-coat comes? I have a thousand things to ask; but you will answer the best of them unasked.—Did you ever see

[1] His sister Mary.

Galloway, the logical Mathematician of Fife? He is here in bad health, poor fellow, and without a situation. A very *raised*[1] man!—Jane's best love to you and Sister Marry.

XXV.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, *12th December* 1827.

. . . With a happy surprise, our Mother and Jane popped in here upon us last Wednesday night! They stood their journey well, and are doing well; only that the boisterous weather is against seeing sights, and my feebleness[2] prevents me somewhat from officiating as Guide. Nevertheless to-day I had them in the Castle, etc.; and by degrees, I suppose we shall get the whole city mastered. They tell us that all is well at Scotsbrig, only our Father still a little weak. . . .

All good wishes to you and your little *Missus* from all and sundry here assembled! The whole three are sitting sewing in the most peaceful manner at my hand: our Mother has

[1] *Raised*, excited to the verge of madness.

[2] From recent illness.

been reading the *Man of Feeling* and my last Paper (with great estimation) in the *Edinburgh Review*. God bless you and poor wee Mary.—I am ever your affectionate Brother,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXVI.—To his FATHER, Scotsbrig.[1]

21 COMLEY BANK, 22*d December* 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER—My Mother will not let me rest any longer till I write to you: she says it was promised that a letter should go off the very night Jane and she arrived; and nevertheless it is a melancholy fact that above two weeks have elapsed since that event, and no better tidings been sent you than a word or two in the blank line of "The Courier." I would have written sooner had I been in right case; or indeed had there been anything more to communicate than what so brief an announcement might convey as well as a much larger one.

The two Wayfarers did *not* find me waiting for them at the Coach that Wednesday even-

[1] Most of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, i. 416, 422.

ing: unhappily it was quite out of my power to keep that or any other appointment; I had been seized about a week before with a most virulent sore throat, which not only detained me close prisoner in the house, but incapacitated me from speaking (except in a pitiful, humming, snivelling tone of voice), and for three days even from *swallowing*. . . . All that I could do, in these circumstances, was to send out a trusty substitute, a Mr. Gordon, who kindly undertook the office; but he, mistaking one coach for another, went and waited at the *wrong* inn; so that our beloved Pilgrims were left to their own resources, and had to pilot their way hither under the guidance of the Porter who carried their box. This, however, they accomplished without difficulty or accident; and rejoiced us all by their safe and, in part at least, unexpected arrival.

Since then, all things have gone on prosperously: my sore throat has been slowly amending; so that, though still rather weak, I can now venture out (well wrapped up) at any hour, and am in all points about as well as when the

thing began. Jane has been busy, and is still so, getting ready suitable apparel of bonnets and frocks: my Mother has heard Andrew Thomson (not much to her satisfaction, in his "braw kirk," since he "had to light *four* candles before ever he could strike"); she has also seen old Mrs. Hope,[1] the Castle of Edinburgh, the Martyrs' Graves, John Knox's House, and who knows how many other wonders; of which, I doubt not, she will give you a true and full description when she returns. As yet, however, the half has not been seen: the weather has been so stormy that travelling out was difficult; and I have been in no high condition for officiating as Guide. In stormy days, she *smokes* along with me, or sews wearing raiment, or reads the wonderful *Articles* of my writing in the *Edinburgh Review*. She has also had a glimpse of Francis Jeffrey, the great Critic and Advocate; and a shake of the hand from a true German Doctor![2]

Nevertheless she is extremely anxious about

[1] A Glasgow lady, who had lived at Ecclefechan.—M. C.

[2] Dr. Becker.

getting home; and indeed fails no day to tell us several times that she ought to be off. "She is doing nothing," she says; and "they'll a' be in a hubble of work" at home. I tell her that she was never idle for two weeks in her life before, and ought therefore to give it a fair trial; that the "hubble" at home will all go on rightly enough in her absence; that, in short, she should not go *this* year, but the next. So I am in hopes that we shall get her persuaded to stay where she is till after new-year's day, which is now only nine or ten days distant, and then we will let her go in peace. The two Janes and she are all out in the Town at present buying muslin for sundry necessary articles of dress, which we have persuaded the Mother to undertake the wearing of: these may keep her, I hope, in some sort of occupation; for idle, I see, she cannot and will not be. We will warn you duly when you are to expect her.

Of news or speculations here, excepting these things, we are very nearly barren. I have not yet got my work resumed, but I am coming on towards that point. Meanwhile there has been

a fresh enterprise started for me: no less than the attempt to be successor to Dr. Chalmers in the St. Andrews University! He, Chalmers, is at present Professor of Moral Philosophy there, but is just about removing to Edinburgh, to be Professor of Divinity: and I have been consulting with my Friends (Jeffrey and others) whether it would be prudent in me to offer myself as a Candidate for the vacant office. They all seem to think (sincerely) that if the Election proceeded on fair principles, I might have a chance of rather a good sort: but this proviso is only a doubtful one, the custom having long been to decide such things there by very *un*fair principles. As yet nothing is determined, but my Patrons are making inquiry to see how the land lies; and some time next week we shall know what to do. Most part are inclined to think that I *ought* to try. At all events, if I do try, it will be several months before anything decisive is known. You shall hear regularly as the business proceeds. The London People, meantime, seem to be altogether at a stand.—John's *second* letter (from Munich) I have sent

down to Sandy, wrapped in the heart of a great-coat, which I hope he has some time ago received from the Dumfries Carrier. By some opportunity or other, I think he will contrive to send you over the Doctor's Letter, that so you may see with your own eyes how it stands with him. He has been kindly received by the Baron, is living in a strange castle of a house, with marble-covered stoves, and heaps of strange servants, who however carefully respect *his* private apartment. The Doctor is confounded and astounded at the strangeness of everything: next time he writes (which should now be rather soon, for I answered his letter almost three weeks ago) he will tell a straighter and clearer story.

I had no notion, till my Mother told us, how very ill you had been. I do hope and trust the disease has left you, or at least by care may be kept at bay. Doubtless you know by experience that cold in every shape, especially all manner of *wet*, must be carefully avoided. I trust you will soon be well enough for a journey hither; for *you* too, my dear Father, *must* see

Edinburgh before we leave it. I have thoughts of *compelling* you to come with me when I come down. Meantime excuse this letter, so hasty and so *thin;* it is a poor return to *yours*, which I was more than usually glad to see after so long an interval.—I am ever your affectionate Son, T. CARLYLE.

Mag and Jamie and Jenny are warmly saluted by one and all here assembled. Will Mag tell the woman of *the* Myer that her straw-bonnet arrived here without any damage, and was pronounced by judges to be one of the very *finest* that could be made *in* Leghorn or out of it? I got it deposited in the Highland Society's rooms by the *Laird* of the Isle of Harris, a leading man among them. I accompanied it with a proper narrative.[1] It seems there properly *is* no prize offered except for Orkney: yet the great Laird thought something still might be done. Adieu!

[1] Mary Grahame, a worthy young woman living at Myer, not far from Scotsbrig, had made straw into bonnets in the way recommended by Cobbett in his *Cottage Economy*,—using *rye* instead of wheaten straw. A prize of £5 from the Highland Society enabled her to carry on this industry on which she subsists to this day (1887).—M. C.

XXVII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

COMLEY BANK, *Tuesday* [29*th January* 1828].

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . Grievous is it for a man of spirit to be so poor as you are at this date: yet so long as the Constable is fairly excluded from us by solid smith-work, one ought in this world to be patient. I hope, another year, Craigenputtock will not be so hard run upon; for, this time, it has had *more* than its due produce to yield. Meanwhile I have paid the half-year's *rent;* and I must again repeat, that when you need more money, for *any* purpose that you reckon essential, you have only to let us know. . . .

We were thunderstruck to hear of that terrific visitation of smoke! Gracious Powers, are we doomed then to the everlasting curse of choking atmosphere, and sulphurous vapours, which, it is taught in Scripture, are the portion of Devils only, not of still-living men? I vow and swear that it is not so; that free air is the birthright of every free man. This Kitchen-

chimney *must be cured*, my dear Alick; I say, *must* be, come of it what will. Surely we will try every expedient that man's wit can devise: old-wives' boxes, cans, contractions; and if we cannot cure it, we will blow up the whole concern with gunpowder rather than leave it stewing there; for *there*, as our Father says, it *cannot* be.—I am much inclined to think with you that lengthening the chimney-head will be the only effectual cure: if so, do for Heaven's sake get it set about and tried: a cart-load or two of bricks will do the whole matter; and if it be still smouldering and fumigating when I come down to stay with you, it will quite depress my weak heart, I fear, with anticipation of coming woes. Speak to our Uncle on the subject, with the tongue of an eloquent orator: tell him that we are *undone*, undone, if that reek continue! Let all the soothsayers and astrologers and smoke-doctors and cunning-men of every sort, therefore, turn out with one accord; and, through the strength of Heaven, allay this pest, and finally sweep and garnish that fireplace, and let us live in peace! . . .

XXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

COMLEY BANK, *1st February* 1828.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have much to tell you about our proceedings here; so must avoid preambles. In the first place, I *was* very ill, the cold I last time spoke of having grown into a violent suppuration of the throat, and kept me for several days living "in an element of slime." In the second place, Becker cured me, in the most cunning way, and I am now as well as ever. In the third place, I am at this moment a formal Candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the College of St. Andrews; Chalmers, as you know, being bound for Edinburgh! Is not this a novelty? A week ago I sent off my formal application (Jeffrey having previously written to smooth the way); and yesternight, as I compute, the Packet containing my Testimonials would reach Principal Nicol and the other Professor-Electors. Chalmers, it is said, lingers unaccountably in giving in his resignation; so that the matter

may hang in the wind for many months; nevertheless, I have hopes that it may be in part decided before Whitsunday, which is all I want; and what is more, it seems even possible that it may be decided in my favour. At least I am recommended and witnessed for as few men can be: by Brewster, Leslie, Wilson, Procter, Irving, Dr. Irving,[1] Buller, Jeffrey, etc.; and all in such terms that if I cannot carry the place, I think it may seem vain to attempt carrying *any* such place by means of Testimonials to *merit* alone. The dear little "Duke"[2] (Jane says, she could *kiss* him) has written me a paper, which might of itself bring me any Professorship in the Island. Irving also spends *five* heroical pages on my merits; and Wilson says there is no man known to him fitter for the office. So what more can I do but let the matter take its course, and await the issue "with indescribable composure"?

[1] Author of many Legal works, also of the *Life and Writings of George Buchanan* (1807), *Lives of Scottish Writers* (1810), and of a *History of Scottish Poetry*, edited, after his death, by Dr. Carlyle (1861).

[2] Nickname of Jeffrey.—See *Reminiscences*, ii. 259.

The truth is, I hardly care sixpence myself which way it go: a *man*, if you give him meat and clothes, is or ought to be sufficient for himself in this world; and his culture is but beginning if he think that any outward influence, of person or thing, can either make him or mar him. If I do not go thither (which after all is very likely, for a certain Dr. Cook, an "old stager," talks of applying), why then, *I* shall not go, and *they* will not get me; and the Sun will rise and set, and the grass will grow, and I shall have eyes to see and ears to hear, notwithstanding. Do *all* that you can in honesty; and reckon the result *indubitable*; for the *inward* result will not fail, if rightly endeavoured after; and for the outward, *non flocci facias*, "do not value it a rush." Between writing Wotton Reinfred in the Dunscore Moors, and teaching Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, I would not at this moment make a choice, but rather leave Destiny to make it for me.—I must not forget to say that I have written to Goethe also for a Testimonial; and may expect his answer in some two weeks.

You and Dr. Boisserée were alluded to,[1] and much talk there was about the *Wanderjahre* and *Faust*.

In fact, dear Doctor, I cannot but think that you have lighted on your feet at Munich. So many kind and courteous acquaintances; such opportunities for scientific improvement, and such a lordly world of Art laid open round you. Would I had Dr. Boisserée[2] for my Cicerone, and the King's Galleries for my place of study! Jane and I are actually talking of a visit to Germany for the study of music and painting (*artes perditæ* in this political and economical and man-of-business land), and of spending six months (in an excursion from the Craig) at Weimar itself! We *will* do it, if the Fates forbid not.—Your description of Schelling interested us much; and warmly do I commend your purpose of studying Philosophy under

[1] In the letter to Goethe.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 63.

[2] The eminent archæologist and art-collector Sulpice Boisserée, who sold his collection of pictures to King Ludwig of Bavaria, in 1827, and went to Munich to reside. Best known through Goethe's Correspondence with him.

such a man. For Heaven's sake get some *real* knowledge of this high matter: be not disheartened with difficulties, for all things are possible to all men, if they but will them stoutly; and let us "wash away" the insipid *palabra* which for the present disgraces Britain in this matter. Have you heard of Cousin's *Fragmens Philosophiques?*—a pragmatical creature, I fear, who arrogates to himself the opinions which he is hardly able even to *steal.* Stewart thinks him a high Philosopher, and he thinks Stewart the highest (it would seem): so of two tired *garrons*, grazing in the meadow, if the one scrape the other's neck with friendly tooth, the good turn will be repaid; and mutual solacement, and increase of mettle, for these generous draught-horses be the issue.—Tell us all about Schelling, and Cornelius,[1] and all men that follow their course. Continue also to frequent, as you have means, the society of your Physicians, and other men of accomplishment; and esteem this as among your richest fields for study, both in science and manners, though

[1] Cornelius, the painter.

for the time it may not seem so. Send for money also, when you need it: meantime I will pay the Baron's Books, and you can settle with him, which may afford some interim "supply."

I must now descend, or perhaps you will call it mounting, to domestic news. Our Mother came hither, as you have partly understood, soon after my last letter went away: she durst not fully trust Jane by herself, so came and escorted her in person. She staid about four weeks; then went home by Hawick,[1] pausing a few days there. She was in her usual health; wondered much at Edinburgh, but did not seem to relish it excessively. I had her at the Pier of Leith, and showed her where your ship vanished; and she looked over the blue waters, eastward, with wettish eyes, and asked the dumb Space, "*When* he would be back again?" Good Mother! But the time of her departure came on, and she left us stupefied by the magnitude of such an enterprise—as riding over eighty miles in the "Sir Walter Scott," without jumping out of the

[1] Her sister, Isabella Mackinnon, lived at Hawick.—M. C.

window, which I told her was the problem. Dear Mother! Let us thank God that she is still here in the Earth, spared for us, and I hope, to see good! I would not exchange her for any ten mothers I have ever seen.—Jane (the less) she left behind her, to "improve her mind." The creature seems to be doing very fairly, is well and contented. *My* Jane, I grieve to say, is yet far enough from well; but I hope much from Summer weather, and a smart pony in the South. She is not by any means an established *valetudinarian;* yet she seldom has a day of true health, and has not *gained* strength certainly since you left her. —Frank Dixon,[1] I heard incidentally, was at Brocketlees, and worse this winter than ever: Dr. Irving said he was really thought to be dying! Alas, my poor Frank! is *this* to be the end of it, thou weary and heavy-laden heart! I trust and pray, not so.—Edward Irving talks of coming hither, in General Assembly time, to preach every night, on the Prophecies! He is not mad; but neither surely

[1] See *Reminiscences*, ii. 62-67.

does he speak forth the words of truth with soberness. . . . The rest of this *premit atra nox.* And now, my beloved Doctor, what remains but that I again impress on thee the necessity of writing soon, the distance being so great; and for the present take myself away, the hour of parting being again *come.* All blessings be with thee, my dear Jack: one true Friend thou must ever have in this world—Thy affectionate Brother, THOMAS CARLYLE.

. . . We have had George Moir (of *Wallenstein, Thirty Years' War,* etc.) twice with us lately. He is a small clear man; but very modest and will learn much, being honest and open. Wilson we expect to breakfast on Sunday[4]; a thing made of starlight and burning brandy—Heaven and ——.

XXIX.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

21 COMLEY BANK, 19*th February* 1828.

MY DEAR ALICK— . . . I long to see you all and ascertain how you look. I hope you will not be so lonely another winter; for

either you will have us with you, or a Wife, which last I take to be an excellent preservative against weariness. Perhaps you may have both. . . . Our Father spoke about coming up to see you, if he could ride so far: I pray you, encourage him by all means in your power. Alas! I meant to plant trees this very spring at the Craig o' Putto myself; and you see how it is: I am still here, and when I do arrive there will be nothing but plastering and pargetting, and all in a haste to be ready for Whitsunday.

For to the Craig at Whitsunday we will come; and for aught I can see may abide there. The St. Andrews Professorship, like Attila Schmelzle's,[1] seems a thing not to be counted on. It is true I have sent off my Certificates; and such certificates as might do one's heart good to look upon: but what then? The probability is that they have other meal to grind than choose by certificates; and so all the proofs

[1] The object of the hero in Jean Paul's *Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz*, translated in *Specimens of German Romance*, was to obtain "a Catechetical Professorship."

you can give them of your deservings will be but as music to the deaf adder which refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. We this morning got a letter from a Friend of Mrs. Welsh's, a person professedly intimate with the business and people of St. Andrews: he gives it as his clear opinion that the project is *up*, the man been pitched upon long before I made any application. This to Jane seems decisive: not in the least so to me; though I must still think, as I before thought, that my chance is doubtful enough. The best part of it is that I am not conscious of caring three farthings which way it go. I think and believe that they *ought* to choose me, from the circumstances before them, if they do fairly; and if they do unfairly, why in Heaven's name let it be so, and each party will bear his own loss. Here therefore it rests, and may do for many months. If I had Goethe's certificate[1] I would send it also, and then leave them to make a kirk and a mill of the whole matter.[2] The old

[1] See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 71.

[2] To do whatever they like with it.

Laureate did write me since I wrote; but not in answer to my letter which he had not then got; he merely warned me that another packet of Books, etc., was on the way for me: owing to the bad weather, I do not look for it for several weeks. There are two *medals* in it which I am to present in his name to Sir Walter Scott! . . .

XXX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

21 COMLEY BANK, *12th March* 1828.

MY DEAR JACK—I have taken, as you see, an enormously long sheet, that so I may have space to write at pleasure; intending not to be concise but the very contrary. It is true, I sent you all our news, by Post, only a few days ago; but much *palabra* still remains at the bottom of my inkstand; and in the case of a ship-packet, one may speak freely. I have endeavoured also to forage for you in other quarters: letters from Murray and Gordon I expect this evening; one from William Graham with a Book is already lying on the table for you. Could I but have added a stock from Craigenputtock

and Scotsbrig! But the good people there lie out of the way; so all that I can do is to inclose for you such fragments of their letters to me, as I can still find secreted about my pockets; whereby you may see that they are all moderately well, and nowise forgetful of Mr. Greatheart. I have scraped together four Dumfries Newspapers, and sundry smaller items may still present themselves; so that on the whole, I may hope this package will prove a windfall to you. A "collection of handbills," as Quintus Fixlein would say, must always be very incomplete: indeed I did not think of it till yesterday, and so have gathered only *one;* otherwise the whole "picture of Edinburgh" might in this way have been very comfortably presented to you. . . . We have not the slightest particle of news here, since I wrote; no further word of St. Andrews, except a report that it is not to be finally settled till November; Dr. Chalmers, for reasons best known to himself, having declined resigning till then. I suppose they mean formally settled; for finally settled it will be long before that time, nay as

I believe, is very nearly so already. Dr. Cook will be Professor there, as will be both seen and heard tell of; and I—shall be Professor nowhere. In fact, the people incline to reckon me a somewhat dubious character in these parts. One Brown, an Advocate, and Editor of the *Mercury* Newspaper, published a critique of me the other week, which I would give sixpence that I had here to send you, but I despatched it straightway to Scotsbrig. He says that I am, as it were, the most beautiful penny-candle you could see in a winter night, but that, unhappily, a "murky cloud of German Transcendentalism" is descending over me; whereby what can tallow and wick avail, though never so goodly? The light must go out in its socket; and nothing remain but the *waily-dreg*[1] of the *Mercury* to illuminate the Earth. . . .

This night at Sir W. Hamilton's I reckoned on the whole a pleasant one. Moir was there; a kind, lively, very ingenious *Small*, with whom

[1] Defective "*dip*"; the last-made candle, thin and ill-shaped, which utilises the remaining tallow, was called, in Annandale, a *waily-dreg*.—M. C.

I am growing very intimate ; De Quincey also, though in the *low* stage of his opium-regimen, and looking rather care-stricken ; then "Cyril Thornton" or "O'Doherty," Sir William's Brother,[1] an exceedingly gentle and wholesome man, and stuttering in his speech, who reminds you much of our East-Lothian Dickenson. The rest were German Tourists, and Editorial gentlemen ; and babes and sucklings. One was a son of Dr. Russel's, who had been [David] Aitken's pupil, and at Munich : he has since brought me down Jean Paul's *Campaner Thal,* and his own card. We sat till the small hours, and Sir William proved a modest and most courteous landlord : Cyril Thornton and I drank half a glass of Claret, and supped on one potato each. One "mealy root" ; and this without comment from any one, which I reckoned polite. Of talk there was no end ; and though much of it was

[1] Captain Thomas Hamilton, who figures in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* as "O'Doherty," author of a novel, much praised, called *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton* (1828) ; perhaps better known by his clever, but offensive book, *Men and Manners in America,* published in 1833.

of the smallest, it was innocent to a degree, and better perhaps than mere nothing. . . . On the whole, the literary society of Edinburgh may be about as good as any other literary society; and here as well as there and everywhere it well beseems us to be "content with the day of small things."—Among our visitors I may mention a little *wizened* Captain Skinner, who produced a card from Goethe, "*Schönstens grüssend.*" Skinner turns out to be from Kirkcaldy, a lively harmless little man, and the best singer perhaps "within a hundred miles of him." He gave us *Kennst du das Land*, in a style which even at München must have been pronounced to be *herrlich* and *himmlisch*.—So goes it with us here; "much in the old way." . . .

With regard to Edinburgh, then, you see pretty well how matters stand. I must now for a moment or two direct your attention to Munich. That you will continue to keep the most copious *Journal* of your proceedings there I cannot for a moment doubt; no less that you will continue from time to time sending me sufficient news of your adventures outward and

inward, that we may see how it fares with you, and has fared. Would I could send you some *geprüftes Wort* about the plan of conducting your investigations, and the points you should inquire into there! I can only again bid you in general *keep your eyes open*, and gather knowledge of men and things wherever it is to be had. Do you look at all into the political condition of Bavaria? Endeavour to ascertain this, as the basis of all other inquiries. How does the social machine work? Where is the security each man feels that no one will molest him or his rights? Inquire of well-informed men as to this, and all that pertains thereto. I feel great dimness in regard to the History of Germany generally: I know no book but some one or two of Dohm's, and these only by report. Doubtless there are many persons in your *Umgebung* that can tell you all that; which, therefore, mark down in your Journal, and your memory, for your letters must treat of more special matters. Then as to the Education of Germany, the plans of its Gymnasiums and Universities: I reckon that a great service

might be done to Britain were this matter fully expounded and set before them. The manners of the people you naturally study; and having a shrewd comprehension, will not fail to see a little into. I asked you somewhat about Books last time; but will not enter into that matter further here; unless you are very poor, I mean to say unless *I* am very poor, I will send you a sum to lay out for me in that way before you leave the country. . . .

How we are to be disposed of for next year is still as uncertain as ever. The plasterers have not done at Craigenputtock, it will be seen, perhaps not nearly so; and the road is lying as we left it. For this year there will be many drawbacks at the Craig, and only one furtherance, the cheapness of living. Heaven direct us how to do! For my own share I have long known that all places which the eye of Heaven visits are most respectable places: but we shall, as usual, *see!*—Perhaps I may write to you from Scotsbrig or the Craig, if there be any news. I am to be thereabouts for perhaps two weeks; Jane meanwhile at

Templand, where, I grieve to say, there is but a sad and sorrowing household at present. The old man is getting weaker; and poor dear little Auntie[1] has suffered and is suffering hard things. We are all alarmed for her of late; for she seems to be in the last stage of exhaustion, and afflicted with dreadful spasmodic affections. Good soul! But Heaven is merciful to her; for it sends her a humble and loving heart.—Jane I believe means to write you a word, and perhaps the *wee* Jane too. I also may add a word or two before the Packet goes off. At present my time and space are done. No syllable about these Books! I must up to Tait, and then to meet Graham at the Royal Exchange, and bring him down to dinner. All good be with you, my Brother! T. CARLYLE.

XXXI.—To his WIFE, Templand.

SCOTSBRIG, *Wednesday night* (10 o'clock)
[25*th March* 1828].

MY DEAREST WIFE—I am just returned from Dumfries, where your melancholy letter

[1] Miss Jane Welsh.

lay waiting for me; and I write literally for no other purpose but to say where I am, and to beg of you to write me again. I could not find any corner of Dumfries that was not full of uproar; and had to retire *to the street*, not to send you a letter, but to consider whither I should betake myself for the night; a package of proof-sheets, parcel from Edinburgh, etc. etc., having also arrived, and requiring immediate attention. The result was that I determined on coming hither, and waiting till I should hear from you again, which I pray that I may do if possible by return of post, to regulate my further movements. Direct me how you wish that I should proceed; and if I can I will comply.

Poor Auntie! Poor dear gentle soul, and is it come to this with her! Till your letter reached me, I had never left off hoping; nay my hopes were stronger than my fears. Tell her that I weep for her, and pray for her; yes, pray, as I am enabled, to that great Being to whom the issues both of life and death equally belong. O Jane!—But what is the use of talking? May the Great God be merciful to

her, and to us whom He is threatening to bereave of one so dear to us! Alas! alas! Life is but a Shadow and a Show. But the Substance and the Truth lies beyond it; and they that are of upright heart shall not long and hope in vain.

Mrs. Yorstoun of Hoddam died yesterday! To one's mind in this season, the world seems hung in sable; and Death is King of Life.

Write to me directly, Dearest; and compose thy poor fond heart; for the weak and strong alike must front the inevitable. Good-night, my own Jeannie, and God bless thee!—I am ever thy affectionate Husband,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

I would not trouble you with a word of business at such a time: yet if you could send me Alison Greave's address I would write to her. Some lady (from Preston-Kirk, I think) has written to you for a character of her; and Jane wisely reckoning it a sign that Alison was in a hiring condition, has inserted the note among the *proofs*. Another long letter from

Mrs. Richardson (sent down in like manner) I have not yet looked at. Again good-night; and do not neglect to write—yet *not* on Thursday night if you have *no* time.

XXXII.—Miss JANE CARLYLE, Edinburgh.

SCOTSBRIG, *Sunday*
[30*th March* 1828].

DEAR LITTLE CRAW—I duly received your Munich Letter,[1] and your Proof-sheet Package, on two successive Wednesdays; and had reason to approve your activity and sagacity in managing so many new concerns. . . .

We purposed, you know, to be back in a fortnight; that is to-morrow. Yet back to-morrow we shall not be; for all is in derangement about Templand, Jane cannot be wanted[2] there, and her engagements have hitherto cramped mine also. Poor Miss Welsh is dreadfully ill; the Doctor and Jane seem to have little doubt but she is dying: Mrs. Welsh also has fallen sick; so that now it seems to be arranged that I am to return home myself, and

[1] From Dr. Carlyle, forwarded by her. [2] Spared.

leave Jane at Templand till some better season for quitting it. Miss Welsh's Brother is now come thither from Liverpool; so that they are better off for men; but of women there is none except Jane that can take any full charge; her Mother being to all appearances exhausted with over-exertion. Poor little Auntie! I myself have great fears for her; but I do not think the Doctor knows his right hand from his left in the matter; so that *his* predictions give me little concern.

Now I have not yet finally settled at Craigenputtock, and was to be up there again before leaving the country. I purpose, therefore, setting off for Thornhill to-morrow; then next day for the Craig; and unless some new scheme be started, you may expect to see me on Thursday night. But I can predict nothing with certainty; all things are in such a state of agitation. I fear greatly your *funds* must be getting low; and were it not for the dangers of double postage, I would send you a pound herewith: however, you must try to hold out till Thursday night, and if I do not come then

I will enclose you the so needful "supply." But I think and calculate that starting that morning from Thornhill I shall *come;* and doubtless the tea will be ready, and the house swept and garnished for me, when I ring the bell. The Craw also will greatly rejoice at relief from her solitude; and will actually betake herself to keeping house for me, till the real Goodwife arrive.

I have been at the Craig and here and back again like a weaver's shuttle, on the back of Larry, whose hoof has had no rest since I revisited him. They are *all* well. Alick was down here yesterday for seed-corn, and our Mother went off with him in the Cart; so that I expect to see her again on Tuesday. Mag and Jenny are here; Jenny at the Sewing-school with Jessie Combe, and making *great* progress. Jemmy and the rest are busy sowing oats, at least were yesterday, for to-day they are all at the Kirk. Every one of them has been asking again and again after "Jean," and rejoicing to hear that she does well. If I can persuade them, I will make them write their

compliments with their own hands. Meanwhile do thou, my dear little "wise young Stewardess,' continue to behave thy bit of a self (for thou also art a *self*) with propriety; and expect thy natural guardian and Brother on Thursday night, unless something unexpected intervene. All manner of news (if I can remember any) I will tell thee when I come. Jane sent her love to thee in her Letter of last night. I am ever thy affectionate Brother,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXXIII.—To his WIFE, Templand.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Wednesday, noon*
[*2d April* 1828].

Your sad messenger is just arrived. I had again been cherishing Hopes, when the day of Hope was clean gone. Compose yourself, my beloved Wife, and try to feel that the great Father is *Good*, and *can* do nothing wrong, inscrutable and stern as His ways often seem to us. Surely, surely there is a Life beyond Death; and that gloomy Portal leads to a purer and an abiding Mansion. — Suffering

Angel!—But she is now free from suffering; and they whom she can no longer watch over are alone to be deplored.

It seems uncertain to me whether I can be aught but an encumbrance at Templand: yet I feel called to hasten towards *you*, at this so trying moment. I mean to set out for Dumfries (and order mournings), and be with you some time to-night. I am almost lamed for riding; so that it may be rather late (eight or nine o'clock) before I can arrive.

My Mother is here; and bids me, with tears in her eyes, send you her truest love, and prayers that God may sanctify to you this heavy stroke. The World, she says, is a Lie; but God is a Truth, and His Goodness abideth forever.

May He keep and watch over my Beloved One!—I am always, her affectionate

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XXXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

EDINBURGH, 21 COMLEY BANK,
16th April 1828.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Our errand to Dum-

friesshire was twofold. I went thither principally to survey the state of matters at the Craig; Jane to see her Aunt at Templand, who was very sick; sick, as it proved, even unto death! Yes, that gentle soul is taken from us: she lingered, in great suffering, some two weeks after we arrived; and the third, I saw her laid beside her Mother in the Church-yard of Crawford. How much all this must have shocked us, and deranged the purposes of those connected with us, you need not be told. Jane suffered and still suffers deeply, though in silence; and that house of mourning at Templand!—there is something in the thought of it that still not only saddens but pains me. Our old Grandfather rose like a Giant from sleep when the stroke fell on him: but there was in that grim stony aspect of his a trouble to one more than the loudest lamenting. The Liverpool Brother, a solid, blunt, true-hearted man, is returned home as well as we; and now Mrs. Welsh and her Father are left alone; and how they are to fare together still seems a problem. Poor Jeannie! meek,

good, long-suffering heart! For her I do not grieve: she is at rest in her still dwelling; her fair image indestructible in our memories, and no sorrow or sadness can reach her pure spirit any more. But for the rest that still struggle in pain, and what is worse in blindness, in this Vale of Tears, O Jack! It is they, it is we, that are to be pitied! God help us, and enlighten us in the way that we should go; and make us also ready, for the Hour cometh and is near at hand to us all!—I must think no more of this; or my whole Letter will be little else than a Dirge.

At Scotsbrig, where I staid in all about a week, I found everything as it might have been hoped and was wont to be. All were in health; our Father seemingly quite recovered in his general health, only complaining a little of weakness in his limbs, especially in one knee; and though grave in general, yet fond of talking as ever, and rising into brilliant activity as he saw the sowing advance. Of our Mother I saw more; for Alick came down for seed-oats, and took her up in the cart with him to the

Craig, where I lived with her at two times for several days; and only took my leave last Wednesday at Dumfries, whither the whole household of us, Mary included, had gone down a-marketing or a-travelling. She was well, even better than usual, and living harmoniously with Mag. I had many a long spell, reading to these two, and Jamie, sometimes also with Jenny and our Father, the Munich Letters, all of which I had brought down in my pocket. *Jean* meanwhile was here; keeping house, no less; and truly was found in this new department to have acquitted herself with *consummate* address. She has gained the title of *Die kluge Schäffnerinn*, partly borrowed out of Goethe's *Helena*. And thus, you see, they were *all* well and in order. Of Alick I shall only add, that he has lost or rather left his Middlebie love, as I think, forever and a day; yet seems no worse but better, and is even friendlier and shrewder than he was. He and I found your Letter (read, and sent down for us by *Jean*) at the Dumfries Post-office, the first day and the first hour I entered their market; and forthwith, at rather a quick

step, we hastened with it to "our inn"; where private, yet in sight of the *dealing* multitude, with each of us a glass of innocent beer and a well-going pipe of tobacco, I read it with "yen audible voice." Alick admitted, I think, that your Letter to him, had made him "greet." From him, from our Mother, and all quarters I was loaded with salutations to you and assurance that if they *could* write a letter, worthy to go so far, they would do it with all their heart and all their soul. And so for the present, good Doctor, let this suffice you.

And now I must tell you somewhat of ourselves; concerning whom much might be said, had I room. We *are* to commence a new sort of life: it is at length decided that we go to Craigenputtock this Whitsunday! The house there already looks a world better, and the painters and paperhangers undertake to be gone from it before we come; so that only the out-of-doors part will require arrangement. I confess, I had many doubts and misgivings about removing thither for the present; and possibly enough, had our house here (conditionally

given up before we left Edinburgh) been still to let, we might have been tempted to engage it again, and stay here at least another year. But such was not the case: poor No. 21 was already let; so that no rational alternative remains for us. Accordingly Jane is out endeavouring to hire a fit servant; we are choosing 'paper-specimens; forwarding all plans of repair and adjustment; and six carts come hither in the end of May to transport us hence bag and baggage. Neither am I sorry that we have now so decided. I anticipate with some confidence a friendly and rather comfortable arrangement at the Craig; in the midst of which, not in idleness, yet in peace and more self-selected occupations, I may find more health, and what I reckon weightier, more scope to improve and worthily employ myself, which either here or there I reckon to be the great end of existence, and the only happiness one has any right to look for or even to wish. At the Craig, then, our Munich Doctor will find us! And Dumfries may still be a station for him; and then, as we contemplated, we are all in sight of one

another! So it has been ordered, and surely it is best so.

By this the Doctor infers that St. Andrews is gone to the dogs. With the dogs in truth it is, and may be for me; seeing I have now no part or lot in it, and am like to have none. Dr. Cook is as good as appointed; and all my most magnanimous Testimonials have been as music to the deaf. Goethe's certificate arrived while I was in the country: mustard after dinner; which these rough feeders shall not so much as smell! . . .

And now good-bye, my true Jack; and love me always as I always love thee. Our *women* sent you letters with the Parcel, and ever in thought send you their best wishes. Good-bye, my dear Brother!—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

Jeffrey says "Macaulay" is coming hither; and thus we shall see that "rising Sun." He has been writing on Dryden lately; but of *true* Poetry (which "is of *thriy*[1] kinds") the man has no glimpse or forecast. . . .

[1] Annandale pronunciation of *three*.

XXXV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10*th June* 1828.[1]

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have waited here, above two weeks, in the vain hope that some calmness would supervene: but painters and joiners still desecrate every corner of our dwelling; and I write in the middle of confusion worse confounded, as better than not writing at all. We have arrived at Craigenputtock, and found much done, but still much to do; we must still ride and run with carts and saddle-horses to Dumfries every second day, and rejoice when we return if the course of events have left us a bed to sleep on. However, by the strength of men's heads and arms, a mighty improvement is and will be accomplished; and one day as we calculate a quiet home *must* stand dry and clear for us amid this wilderness; and the Philosopher will hoe his potatoes, in peace, on his own soil, and none to make him afraid. Had we come

[1] The greater part of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 25.

hither out of whim, one might have sickened and grown melancholy over such an outlook: but we came in search only of health with food and raiment, at least of the latter two without it; and will not start at straws. Away then with *Unmuth und Verdruss!* Man is born unto trouble, unto toil, as the sparks fly upwards: let him toil therefore, as his hest is, and make no noise about the matter. Is the day wearisome; dusty and full of *midges*, that the galled limbs are like to fail?

Ein guter Abend kommt heran
Wenn ich den ganzen Tag gethan.

Next evening after the arrival of your Letter, I wrote to Messrs. Black, Young, and Young, Booksellers, London (of the *Foreign Review*), directing them to pay twenty out of forty pounds, which they had ordered me to draw on them for, into the hands of Messrs. Ransom and Co. to be *re*paid to the Baron von Eichthal at Munich. I wrote *two* letters on the subject, and endeavoured to impress them with the necessity of speed and punctuality; so that as they are men of business, I can hope that the

money may have reached you almost by this time. . . . I told the Blacks further that along with this parcel[1] might probably come an *Article* for their *Foreign Review*. I meant the Article on *Animal Magnetism:* this you will direct: "W. Fraser, Esq., 64 Pall Mall, London;" and mention to him simply that you are my brother, and this Paper is for him; *supposing*, let us understand, that the Paper *is* there and ready, which it must be confessed is a proviso that may be "doubted." However, if you cannot get it forward, do not take the matter to heart: the wells of thought will flow better in the Doctor's head some future day; at least "*Naiter and Airt*[2] *working together*" will make them flow, or I am no Prophet. The grand thing at present is the want of money; but this we shall try to front some other way. I sent these Booksellers a long Paper on Goethe for their next, still unprinted Number; the Forty Pounds was for an Essay on his *Helena*. I meant to send them another piece (on the Life of Heyne) for this Number: but

[1] Of books from Munich. [2] Nature and Art.

where is the cunning that could write a Paper here, in the middle of uncreated Night?—But I am getting very sick, and must leave you till after dinner, and go *stick* some rows of peas which are already flourishing in our "new Garden."

Alas, Jack! There is no sticking of peas for me at this hour, the cutting-tools being *all* in active operation elsewhere; so I sit down to talk with you again, still *impransus*, though better in health than I was an hour ago. Indeed I have been on the whole in considerably better health ever since I came hither, and found my red-chestnut Irish Doctor (though ill-saddled) waiting for me in his stall. . . . Let us ever be grateful to the Giver of all Good; and struggle onward with good heart in the path He directs. Some traces of our presence may also be left behind us in this pilgrimage of Life; some grains added to the great pyramid of human Endeavour: what more has man to wish for?

So long a space has elapsed since our last Letter, that considerable store of news must have accumulated in the interim, did I know

rightly where to find, and how to arrange them. Of the Craig o' Putto I cannot yet rightly speak till we have seen what adjustment matters will assume. Hitherto, to say truth, all prospers as well as we could have hoped: the house stands heightened and white with roughcast; a tight hewn porch in front, and cans on the chimney-heads; and within, it seems all firm and sound; during summer, as we calculate, it will dry, and the smoke we have reason to believe (though the grates are not yet all come) is now pretty well subdued: so that on this side, some satisfaction is to be looked for. We appear also to have been rather lucky in our servants. An active maid came with us from Edinburgh; a dairy-woman, also of good omen, comes to us to-morrow from Thornhill; and a thoroughgoing, out-of-doors, good-humoured slut of a byre-woman was retained after half a year's previous trial. Then we have two sufficient farming men; and a bonneted stripling, skilful in sheep, from this glen. Alick himself is an active little fellow, as ever bent him; and though careworn, is

diligent, hearty and compliant: he lives in his little room, which is still but half-furnished like the rest of the house; yet peculiarly favoured in the blessing of a grate. Mary has been visiting at Scotsbrig, and is now learning to sew at Dumfries . . . Jane (the lesser) has taken her place here, and furnishes butter and *afterings*[1] (*jibbings*) for tea, though we are still in terrible want of a *cheeseboard*, and by the blessing of Heaven shall get one to-morrow afternoon. Jane (the greater) is surveying all things, proving all, that she may hold fast what is good: she watches over her joiners and painters with an eye like any hawk's, from which nothing crooked, unplumb, or otherwise irregular can hide itself a moment. And then to crown our felicity, we have — two fowls hatching in the wood — a duck with twelve eggs, and a hen with (if I mistake not) eleven; from which, for they are properly fed and cared for, great things are expected. Nay it was but three nights ago that we slew a Highland Stot,[2]

[1] The last milk taken from a cow.

[2] Bullock.

and salted him in barrel; and his puddings even now adorn the kitchen-ceiling! . . .

From Edinburgh, or other peopled quarters of the world, I have heard nothing. We left Edward Irving there, preaching like a Boanerges, with (as Henry Inglis very näively remarked) "the town quite divided about him, one party thinking that he was quite mad, another that he was an entire humbug." For my own share I would not be intolerant of any so worthy man; but I cannot help thinking that if Irving is on the road to truth, it is no straight one. We had a visit from him, and positively there does seem a touch of extreme exaltation in him: I do not think he will go altogether mad, yet what else he will do I cannot so well conjecture. Cant and enthusiasm are strangely commingled in him: he preaches in steamboats and all open places, wears clothes of an antique cut (his waistcoat has flaps or tails midway down the thigh), and in place of ordinary salutation bids "the Lord bless you." I hear some faint rumour of his outheroding Herod since we left the North, but we have not yet got one

newspaper, and know nothing positive. So "the *Lawrt* bless *him!*" for the present; and if you pass through London on your return, you are engaged to go and see him, and I think he said, abide with him, or tarry with him on your way.

The last two nights we spent in Edinburgh were spent—where think you? In the house of Francis Jeffrey; surely one of the kindest little men I have ever in my life met with. He and his household (wife and daughter) have positively engaged to come and pay us a visit here this very summer! I am to write him an Article on Burns, as well as one on Tasso: but alas! alas! all writing is yet far from my hand. Walter Scott, I did not see, because he was in London; nor hear of, perhaps because he was a busy or uncourteous man;[1] so I left his Goethe-medals to be given him by Jeffrey. Lockhart had written a kind of *Life of Burns*, and men in general were making another uproar about Burns: it is this Book (a trivial

[1] If circumstances had brought Carlyle and Scott together, the unfavourable surmises of the former would no doubt have speedily disappeared. Scott's heavy financial difficulties, of which Carlyle seems to have heard nothing, began in January 1826.

enough one), which I am to *pretend* reviewing. Further, except continued abuse of Leigh Hunt for his *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, there seemed no news in "The Literary world," or rather universe; for was there ever such a *world* as it has grown?

And now, Jack, allow me to ask thee one plain question. When is thy broad face to be turned homewards, and how? Specify, specify; for all and sundry are inquiring. . . . I shall want many books, if I have any cash: a *Conversationslexicon* I *must* have at almost all rates. But of these things you will hear in due time. We expect your Letter *by return of Post*, you understand; for time enough has been lost already. Be steady and active and of good cheer, my dear Doctor; and come home and live beside us, and let us all be as happy as we can.—I am ever, your true Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XXXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Munich.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *25th August* 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER JACK—I write to you at

present in no ordinary anxiety; impelled to do so by my own feelings and the importunity of almost every friend you have. It is near four months since I had a Letter from you! Surely you that were wont to be so punctual a correspondent must have fallen into some strange perplexity that we do not hear of you. . . . Every post-day these five weeks we have been waiting with more or less eagerness; which of late has amounted to a really painful solicitude. Heaven grant that it be only some fit of business or indolence or indecision! Alick and I hide our anxieties; but you may guess how our Mother is feeling. My only comfort is that had you been seriously *sick*, or otherwise in distress, the Baron would have written to me. And my only resource is to write to yourself, ignorant as I am of your present movements and even abode (for by this time perhaps you are *travelling* again); and to beg of you for the love of Heaven, wherever you may be, provided it be in a civilised country where a sheet of paper or even a banana-leaf is to be had by purchase, begging or theft, to let

us have news of you without loss of one moment. This is the sum total of my petition, and indeed the gist of this whole Letter. I would not exaggerate painful possibilities; nay many a time our unbelieving imaginations have been belied, as we hope they will still be this time: but twelve hundred miles, you will observe, is a long distance; and misfortune lies in wait for all the sons of Adam. Heaven grant our Doctor were safe home among us, and curing disease on his native soil! It is our Mother's prayer, and every one of us joins in it.

. . . The truth is, as you see, your whole history has of late become involved to us in inscrutable mystery. By this we expected to have known that you were almost on your return to us; for your summer classes must have terminated before now: and in Alick's last letter, you talk of "liking to spend *another* year in Germany, *if you had the means.*" O Jack! thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad.

But not to trouble you with any more of these regrets and sorrows, let me try if I can find

any word of news to tell you; of which necessary you too must be getting somewhat short. Heaven be praised, I have still comfortable tidings to send you of all your friends at both *homes:* Jemmy was here this week (Saturday, Sunday, and went on Monday); carting down[1] the half of a fierce Bull, now no longer mischievous, but beneficent, not assaulting husbandmen, but nourishing them with other than babes' meat: and from Jemmy we heard nothing but good. Little Jean and I, moreover, were at Scotsbrig some three weeks ago, for a few days: our Mother seemed to be even rather better than her wont; and all the rest about as well. . . . Further, poor Wull Tait was killed in the head of Scotsbrig ground, by the rushing-in of a quarry-*brow.* He called to his neighbour to run; but was too old and stiff to run himself, and so sank in the flood of rubbish, and died that afternoon. Thus does Fate play its pranks; and everywhere there is Comedy and stern Tragedy if there be men. The Scotsbrig moor was as grim an arena for poor Wull, as

[1] To Scotsbrig.

Trafalgar for Nelson, or Lützen for Adolphus; and the Spirit of the Universe equally beheld it; and in His eye it was of equal moment. . . .

As for ourselves at Craigenputtock, we are still struggling, as men must ever struggle, with the perversities of existence; but in as manful a manner as we can. It has been judged best to build *another* house, where Alick and his Agriculture may go on apart altogether from this establishment. Accordingly four walls do actually now stand, fronting the east, exactly at right angles to the direction of the barn, in front of the millshed, and on the spot where the stackyard used to be. Stumpy Cottage has been taken down to help to build it and cover it. Weeks ago the place should have been inhabited: but torrents of rain and of ill-luck have kept us back, and the slater only came yesterday. We reckon nevertheless that it *must* get finished at last, and be a very fair kind of house. Mary and Alick are to keep it, and *we two* shall live here; much more commodiously for all parties. . . . In this mansion itself we have had a battle like that of St. George and the Dragon; neither

are we yet conquerors. Smoke and Wet and Chaos! The first we have subdued, the last two we are subduing. May the Lord keep all Christian men from flitting! As to Literature, which also is breadmaking, I have done nothing, since Whitsunday, but a shortish Paper on *Heyne* for the *Foreign Review*, which will appear in No. IV. A long Article on *Goethe* is just publishing in No. III., which has been (for want of cash, I believe) exceedingly delayed. And at this very date, I am *very* busy, and third part done, with a "fair full and free" Essay on *Burns* for the *Edinburgh Review;* a *Life* of that Poet having appeared by Lockhart. None can say how bilious I am and am like to be. But I have begun to ride daily on Larry, and so Jeffrey *shall* have his *Article* at the appointed time. That wonderful little man is expected here very soon with *Weib und Kind!* He takes no little interest in us; writes often, and half hates half loves me with the utmost sincerity. Nay he even offers me in the coolest lightest manner the use of his *purse*, and evidently rather wishes I would use it. *Proh Deûm atque*

hominum fidem! This from a Scotchman and a Lawyer! Jane is in considerable trepidation, getting the house fully equipped for these august visitors. Surely I think she will succeed: nay already we are very *smart.* Here is a drawing-room with Goethe's picture in it, and a *piano*, and the finest *papering* on the walls; and I write even now, behind it, in my own little Library (once Alick's bedroom and sitting-room); *out* of which truly I can see nothing but a barnroof, tree-tops, an empty hay-cart, and under it perhaps a stagnant midden-cock with hens, overfed, or else *dazed* with wet and starvation; but *within* which I may see a clear fire (of peats and Sanquhar coals), with my desks and books and every accoutrement I need in the fairest order. Shame befal me, if I ought to complain, except it be of my own stupidity and pusillanimity! . . .

Now Jack *for God's sake* write instantaneously; and so I add no more. — Your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

There has been some further whisper about

the London Professorship. Basil Montagu advises me to become a candidate; for he "*knows* that they are at a loss for one." No wonder they are: Dugald Stewart is dead, and British Philosophy with him. I have declined candidating any more *there;* but said that if *they* wanted me, let them speak and I would listen, and answer. There, probably it will at length continue lying. I will go anywhither, and care not though I go nowhither.

XXXVII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Thursday night*
[Postmark 11*th September*], 1828.[1]

MY DEAR MOTHER—I am very tired with writing all day, and it is now half-past eleven o'clock: nevertheless I must write you a few words before I go to sleep; for a *Letter has just this minute arrived from Jack!* The man, William, brought it from Dumfries, and will take this down to-morrow.

The Doctor is well in health; but seem-

[1] Fewer letters than ordinary seem to have been written by Carlyle during this summer.

ingly somewhat afflicted in spirit; the old demons Pride and Poverty being at work with him. . . . Meanwhile, my dear Mother, do not disturb yourself about the youth; for evidently he is in perfect health; and ails *nothing*, except from the old Devil's-disease, haughtiness of heart.

I expect to be down ere long; perhaps in a week or two: I will bring the Doctor's Letter with me. Jeffrey is coming hither very soon: it may be I shall not get away till he is gone. I am in my usual state of health; better than usual with me when I am writing. . . .

Only we are in such a confusion, as to out-of-doors work, as you have seldom seen. The shearing could be finished in about a week, were not the weather broken: but there are masons, and joiners, and flaggers, and hewers, and plasterers; and all is swashing and swattering[1] in extremity of bustle, which is tolerable only because we do hope it will be done soon. It is one great mercy, surely, that we are all spared in health. So let us fight away as long as we *dow*,[2] and fear no colours! . . .

[1] Bespattering and splashing. [2] Are able.

I rejoice to learn that you are pretty well; that you sometimes *shear* on afternoons. Mag will be here one of these days, and tell us all about it. Alas! It is long, long, since I had a quiet word with my Mother! But surely this hubbub will subside, and I shall be my own master, *and Larry's*. — Meanwhile my best prayers are with you all. Remember me in love to my Father, to Mag, Jemmy and Jenny. —I am ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

They are all asleep here, and cannot send you their love, except in dreams. I am the only reasoning mortal in the house at this moment.—One smoke, and I too am off! . . .

XXXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10*th October* 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . *All* of us are well: still fighting our way, with the old measure of strength, courage and success. Our day too will come: we have been *long* spared. I myself am in better rather than in worse health

than usual; have been rather busy for some time; and am again purposing to begin scribbling. This October season always makes me pensive, sometimes absolutely melancholy: however, melancholy itself is not a miserable state. The Paper on *Burns* is finished; and I suppose will appear in December; being too late for this present Number. The Proof-sheets of it are even now in the house, and corrected. Jeffrey had clipt the first portion of it all into shreds (partly by my permission), simply because it was 'too long.' My first feeling was of indignation, and to demand the whole back again, that it might lie in my drawer and worm-eat, rather than come before the world in that horrid souterkin shape; the body of a quadruped with the head of a bird; a man *shortened* by cutting out his thighs, and fixing the knee-pans on the hips! However, I determined to *do nothing for three days;* and now by replacing and readjusting many parts of the first sixteen pages (there are three sheets in all; and the last two were not meddled with) I have once more put the thing into a kind of

publishable state; and mean to send it back, with a private persuasion that probably I shall not soon write another for that quarter.[1] Nevertheless, I will keep friends with the man; for he really has extraordinary worth, and likes me, at least heartily wishes me well. We had three such days of him last week! Wife and child and lapdog and maid were here with him; and the storm vainly howled without, and the *glar*[2] vainly gaped for us (we are *making* a road to the front door;. and the poor Duke was forced to dismount from his carriage at some of the *yetts*[3]); for we had roaring fires within and the brightest talk, enough and to spare! It was a fairy time: but you shall hear

[1] Carlyle afterwards (23d November 1830) wrote to Mr. Macvey Napier, Jeffrey's successor in the *Edinburgh Review*: "My respected friend your predecessor had some difficulty with me in adjusting the respective prerogatives of Author and Editor, for though not, as I hope insensible to fair reason, I used sometimes to rebel against what I reckoned mere authority, and this partly perhaps as a matter of literary conscience; being wont to write nothing without studying it if possible to the bottom, and writing always with an almost painful feeling of scrupulosity, that light editorial hacking and hewing to right and left was in general nowise to my mind."—*Selection from the Correspondence of Macvey Napier* (1879), p. 96.

[2] Mud. [3] Gates.

of it all by word of mouth. Robert Welsh[1] had also been here with a Sister. Then came William Graham (who still loves you truly), and Dobie the Preacher,[2] and a *threat*, which ended as such, from John Gordon at Kirkcudbright. It seemed as if the whole world had at once broken loose on us; according to the old adage: "It never rains but it pours." However, it is all done now, and the quietest and I hope busiest winter lies before us. Alick is in his new house, which promises, were it rightly swept and garnished, to be a first-rate cottage; Mary is with him, and Jane also lives there for the present: we are all in harmony, and have tea together at least every Sunday night. Mary and Jane have just left us after that very business: Alick was not with them; for we calculate that to-night he must be in the precincts of Falkirk, to buy his winter-stock to-morrow. So soon as I get Larry back, I am for Scotsbrig; where, however, we heard, two days ago, that they are all well. . . .

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's paternal uncle.

[2] Father of Mrs. Carlyle's friend, Mrs. Russell of Holmhill.

[Postscript by Mrs. Carlyle.]

DEAR DOCTOR—It was only yesterday that we had the nicest suet-dumpling at dinner (a suet-dumpling in the shape of a heart! which must be admitted by all men to have been a grace beyond the reach of art) and I could not help thinking of thee, Doctor, and how much better you would have been here, assisting at the eating of it, and then unfolding thy mighty genius as of old, in floods of eloquence, than sitting "looking from you" at that vile glacis. Gird up thy loïns, man! and come home to us! and another dumpling shall not be wanting, a dumpling as big as the moon to celebrate the wanderer's return! God bless thee, Jack, and cure this rage for travelling, which is the only thing which prevents your being "an ornament to society in every direction."[1]—Ever thy affectionate Sister, JANE WELSH.

[1] A poor, but lively and healthy, half-idiot and street beggar, in Birmingham, whom I had grown used to, the dirtiest and raggedest of human beings (face never washed, beard a fortnight old, knee-breeches slit at the sides, and become knee-*aprons*, flapping to and fro over bare, dirty legs), said, one day, under my window, while somebody was vainly

XXXIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *26th November* 1828.

MY DEAR JACK—As the Letters seem to take at least a week longer in travelling to Vienna than they did to Munich, it behoves me to answer you with the least possible delay. Ten days have already elapsed much against my will; and I write to-night in great haste, rather than wait a few days more. Your welcome Letter met Mary and me at Dumfries, as we were bound to Scotsbrig, in stormy weather, on a rather melancholy errand; and diffused a gleam of real joy over that otherwise rather despondent household. For you must know that our sister Mag was very ill, and we were sent for to come and see her with our own eyes. Happy that I can now in a great measure say *was;* for though still very weakly the poor lassie is considered out of danger. . . . If any perceptible alteration for the worse take place,

attempting to chaff him, "Damn thee, I's an ornament to society in every direction."—T. C. in *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, i. 43.

be sure I will warn you instantly: so, in the meantime, do not annoy yourself with surmises and forecastings, where, though no one is sure of more than the breathing he draws, there seems no reason for special fear. I believe, I have said too much about it already; indeed far too much: but I approve of punctuality in ill as well as good news; and I think I have made it *worse* rather than better for the telling. And so let us rest (in this as in all other matters) in hope and contentment not grounded on darkness but on light.

Your last Letter, as I have said, gave us all the greatest pleasure; both by the news it brought us, and the sensible style it was written in. It exhibits you in quite another state of welfare both outward and inward than any Letter we had received for months. And the grand news of all news for us is that your travelling mania has now subsided, and we are to see the Doctor's *gawsie face*[1] back among us, so soon as the winter is over! Come, dear Jonathan; for thou hast tarried too long already.

[1] Broad, jolly face.

What is in Dutchland or any other Land save old Scotland, but a sun above thee, and earth and water beneath; and no soul that has time to care truly for thee? Here is bread and lodging on your *native* soil; and fool is he that expects aught more from any soil under the heavenly vault. O that the roads were open, and we saw our brave Lord Moon, once more stumping about these wolds, whether it were that he walked *wrong* with the left foot or the right! His very Logic would be welcome to us; and I have it on authority, that a *dumpling* of one cubic foot in extent would be cooked on the day of his arrival. Come therefore, dear Doil; and do not lose thyself in Pepperfield any longer![1]

But I must more seriously incline to send you news of Craigenputtock, for which you express such friendly curiosity. Know then that we are all well, and struggling with as much

[1] John had, as a mere baby, sallied out, as he afterwards tried to explain, to fight the French, and was lost for several hours. He was at last found in Pepperfield (close to the old home at Ecclefechan), where among the tall growing corn he had cried himself to sleep, hopeless of ever finding his way out of it.—M. C.

heart as ever. The fruit of our labour is not to be altogether hid in a bushel; for we expect to astonish you with the figure we make here, even by the time of your arrival.[1] This house (bating some outskirt things which must be left till Spring) is really a substantial, comfortable, and even half-elegant house. I sit here in my little library, and laugh at the howling tempests, for there are green curtains and a clear fire and papered walls; the "old kitchen" also is as tight a dining-room as you would wish for me, and has a black clear-barred grate, at which, when filled with Sanquhar coals, you might roast Boreas himself. The Goodwife too is happy, and contented with me, and her solitude, which I believe is not to be equalled out of Sahara itself. You cannot figure the stillness of these moors in a November drizzle: nevertheless I walk often under cloud of night (in good Ecclefechan *clogs* down as far as Carstammon-burn, sometimes to Sundaywell[2]) convers-

[1] Most of the remainder of this letter is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 47.

[2] About two miles from Craigenputtock.

ing with the void heaven, in the most pleasant fashion. Besides Jane also has a pony now, which can canter to perfection even by the side of Larry! To-morrow she is going over to Templand with it; and it is by her that I send this Letter. Grace, our servant, a tight, tidy, careful, sharp-tempered woman, is the only other inmate of the house; and except Ben Nelson,[1] we expect no more visitors through winter. But I write hard all day; then Jane and I (both learning Spanish for the last month) read a chapter of *Don Quixote* between dinner and tea, and are already half through the first volume, and eager to persevere. After tea, I sometimes write again (being *dreadfully* slow at the business); and then generally go over to Alick and Mary; smoke my last pipe with them; and so end the day, having done little good perhaps, [but] almost no ill that I could help to any creature of God's. So pass our days; except that sometimes I stroll (with my axe or bill) in the plantations; and when I

[1] An old friend; a man of intelligence and kindliness; at this time a wool-stapler in Annan.

am not writing, am reading. We had Henry Inglis here for three days; and our Father for a week, lately; both of whom seemed highly contented with this wonderful Craig.—Alick and Mary, you already understand, live in their own cottage, or rather *double* farmhouse; for, were it once dried, it will be the *bieldest*,[1] tightest mansion of its sort within some miles of it. They have two men-servants and two maid-servants; are fattening, or merely boarding quantities of black-cattle, have almost a dozen pigs, and plenty of weak-corn, and about eighty cartloads of potatoes (to say nothing of turnip-acres) to feed them with. Alick is about thatching a cattle-shed, long since built (of dry stones[2]) down near the moor; and we have had road-men, for many weeks, gravelling the front of this door (a most marked improvement), making us a proper road to it, and thoroughly repairing the old road (to the *outmost yett*), which last task they have not yet completed. Thus you see, Chaos is rolling himself back from us by degrees; and all winter, we are to have stone-

[1] Snuggest, most sheltered. [2] Stones without mortar.

diking and planting and draining (if I can *write* for the cash!) till by and by I think this hermitage will positively become a very tolerable place, and the Doctor, as we said, will be astonished to behold it. For the rest, we drink tea together every Sunday night, and live in good brotherhood, having *no* neighbours that do not wish us well.—As to my writing of which you hear so much, it is only for the present a most despicable "Article" entitled *German Playwrights* (including your Grillparzer) with which I expect to be done in a week: next I mean to write one on *Novalis*, and probably a larger one on *Voltaire*. Some day, these roads will be made, and skylights mended, and all tight and pargetted, and I shall have leisure to cease *reviewing* a little, and try to give *Work* for reviewing.

Our news, beyond our own household, are mostly I think of a sombre cast. James Anderson, the young Laird of Stroquhan, our kind neighbour and acquaintance, died of two days' illness a few weeks ago; an event which causes deep sadness among all connected with him.

What will become of his Distillery is not known. Poor John Welsh, the Coachman, was to be buried the last day I was at Ecclefechan: other deaths also there are of persons known to us; for the cup goes round, and who so cunning as to pass it by? . . . Alas! I had almost forgotten to say that honest good old John *Grier*[1] of the Grove is gone to his long home. Alick and Jamie and I assisted at his funeral some three weeks ago: he also died suddenly; but like a just man, and with entire composure. Gracious God! Is not this Thy world a mystery, and grand with Terror as well as Beauty!—My Letter, you see, will end in sable, like the life of man. My own thoughts grow graver every year I live.—Write instantly, my dear Brother; say that you are well, and will soon be with us. Good night! My candle and time and paper are done.—Ever affectionately yours, T. CARLYLE.

[1] John Grierson, husband of Carlyle's maternal-aunt "Jeannie" (died 1810). Carlyle went, with his mother, from Ecclefechan, to take leave of her before she died; and there is still extant among his relics the little present she then gave to him as a keepsake.—M. C.

XL.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.[1]

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 11*th December* 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter arrived this morning to breakfast, and set the table in a roar, hearty enough to make up for the fatal nature of both the others that came along with it. For you are to know that we had two letters besides; one, as it chanced, for every member of the household, including the servant maid herself. I burst open mine; and I was obliged to close it again after the first three words; it was from New York, and belonged to quite a different man, an advocate in Edinburgh, I suppose, with whom I have no community except that of name. Our poor maid fared still worse; she had infused a certain modicum of tea, and was quietly toasting bread for the nourishment of these earthly bodies, when the fateful scroll with "hast" (haste) written on it was delivered to her. Instantly I

[1] This and other letters to Mr. Inglis are reprinted from the *Glasgow Herald* of 16th February 1882.

hear a crash as of broken crockery, then a movement to and fro; breakfast lingers in appearing. Jane goes to investigate the matter; finds that it is a proposal of marriage, or perhaps it might be refusal to marry, from some Shoulderknot in the north country, in consequence of which the love-sick Abigail has smashed that old-established teapot into a thousand shards! Conceive our situation. A raw December morning; one letter still sealed, another broken by mistake on the table, and, apparently, even the hope of tea evaporated into air! However, as I hinted, tea did arrive, indeed with astonishing promptitude; your letter is opened; and in one loud peal of innocent laughter, the whole catastrophe's forgotten. This surely is what Bailie Waugh[1] would call "*foin wroiting*," such an effect has it on the minds of men.

But to be serious one moment, here is a letter for the *Opium-eater*, whose address, if

[1] Husband of Carlyle's maternal grand-aunt "Babbie" (Barbara), a shoemaker, with whom Carlyle had boarded when he was a schoolboy at Annan.—M. C.

you cannot find it elsewhere, you will learn at the office of the *Saturday Post* in Register Street. There is at the end a small but sufficient introduction for *you* in that sheet. If you choose to deliver it in person, or rather to call after it is delivered, you will find De Quincey a man of very considerable genius, and labouring in a state of depression (for he is by birth a man of fortune), which renders him still more interesting. He also is a German, a Kantist; a Mystic also, I suppose.

Would you ask Clark as you pass some day what he has done with my No. 4 of the *Foreign Review?* It is not at Sinclair the bookseller's in Dumfries; should have been sent to the care of Mr. Aitken, Academy Street, and so may probably have gone to the Limbo of Vanity some weeks before its time. I have a *Life of Heyne* in it; not worth sixpence, and all misprinted, I believe, for the proof-sheets were lost. There will be a highly *un*mystical paper in the next number on *German Playwrights*, without any undue admiration from beginning to end. I mean to continue re-

viewing in that melancholy vehicle for some months yet.

By all means buy me that *Spanish* Grammar that I may light my pipe with this other one at the very earliest date. *Hamonière* is the title, which I mention because, without any exception known to me, it is the worst Grammar in existence at this era. Nevertheless, we shall be through the first volume of *Don Quixote* to-morrow night, and have liked it exceedingly. Few languages seem equal to the Spanish, few lips so melodious in any language as those of the old maimed soldier, who had not in this world so much as a house to live in, except a jail. Shame on us! Who are *we*, and what do *we* complain of, knowing that such things have been, and are, and will be?

Persevere in your German. Lessing is a true man, though a tart one; and Napp will carry you through triumphantly if you apply. Make my best respects to him. By and by he will let you into Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*, or *History of the Netherlands;* either of which will interest you more.

Further, I must say that you are infinitely unjust to "Blockheads," as they are called. Ask yourself seriously within your own heart, What right *have* you to live wisely in God's world, and they *not* to live a little less wisely? Is there a man more to be condoled with, nay, I will say to be cherished and tenderly treated, than a man that has no brain? My Purse is empty: it can be filled again; the Jew Rothschild could fill it; or I can even live with it very, very far from full. But, gracious Heavens! what is to be done with my *empty Head?* Consider, too, if you object to the vanity of blockheads, how little harm it does. If a man *will* wear a bladder full of wind, and call it a purse full of gold, does not every shopman he offers it to shed a kind tear over him? But the "Leddy," as she is called here, wants to say a word or two; so good-night! Write whenever you have leisure, and send me all manner of tidings: at present I do not even see an Edinburgh newspaper.—Ever truly yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Vienna.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 13*th January* 1829.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Nothing in your Letter was thousandth-part so interesting as the tidings that you do actually mean to terminate your rambles so soon, and come home to your friends and home-duties. I have said and written till I am ashamed to repeat it, that you neither can, nor will, nor indeed ought to, feel any permanent satisfaction of mind till you settle down to *act* what you have been so laboriously learning; and unless Medicine differs from all earthly pursuits I am acquainted with, you will find that in it also Action is the best, and, after the mere elements, the only Teacher that is to be had in any country of the world. It seems clear to me also that a man of sound character and medical talent could not fail to have eminent success at this time, in many places of Scotland, perhaps in few others more remarkably than in our own County, or Town, of Dumfries. A universal complaint there is, that no man of the slightest approach to true qualifi-

cation in Medicine is to be found far or near: I could fancy a Doctor such as he should be, rising into high repute here, realising for himself the fairest success, outward and inward, that any reasonable man could wish for. . . . Come home, then, my beloved Doctor, with what speed your *Gelegenheiten* can convey you; and leave that pudding-eating city of Vienna, and those ugly sheepskin Sclavonians to fight their own battle forever and a day. . . . The [route] that brings you soonest home will be the welcomest for all of us. One consideration must be already familiar to you; the wish I should have, were I in your situation, to see the *Dichter des Jahrhunderts* at Weimar. Paris and London will stand throughout one's whole life and longer; but only one Goethe will be visible in this world, and that only for a short term of years. I think, I have mentioned twice (to the Poet himself, and to Eckermann, his Secretary) that you were likely to see them in Spring. . . .

I imagined I had given you most minute and punctual descriptions of our *Thun und*

Lassen here, and you complain that you can understand nothing whatever about it. Know this one thing for your contentment, dear Jack, that we are all moderately well, and working our way through this pitiful existence as stoutly as we can. I have sat for many weeks at my desk, writing duller and duller *Articles* for Fraser and Jeffrey; and what is worse, I have sat reading these four days without stirring beyond wind of the fireplace; so that I am bilious enough. Surely, however, I reckon myself better since you left us. I shall never be well, while I inhabit this carcass; but I am willing enough to be sickish. The "*Duke*" has maltreated *Burns* till I cannot bear to look on it: he wishes me to write more for him, and chatters unprofitably about *Mysticism* and so forth.[1] I am very much alone in this world. Nevertheless I must go on a little farther in the highly despicable craft of *reviewing;* for there are trees to be planted and roads to be made; and man cannot live without money

[1] Jeffrey's "unprofitable" admonitions may be found in Froude's *Life*, ii. 38.

even in the Dunscore wilderness. Alas for the days when Diogenes could fit up his tub, and let the "literary world" and all other worlds, except the only true one within his own soul, wag hither and thither at discretion! But Courage! To the willing, all things are possible; it is not on outward circumstances, but on one's own weak heart that the blame lies. Courage, with hope or without it, to the last hour of Life! . . .

There has been a dreadful piece of work at Edinburgh, with Irishmen decoying people into houses and there *murdering* them to sell their bodies to Dr. Knox![1] One unspeakable miscreant is to be hanged for that crime in a few days. They killed *Daft Jamie* in that way; the poor purblind creature that went about with a show-box on his back; said to be a brother of Peter Nimmo's. It is said, thirteen other crimes of that kind have been confessed; the one that brought all the rest to light was the killing of a miserable old strolling Irish-woman. . . .

[1] For dissection: these were Burke and Hare, the notorious murderers. Burke was hanged on the king's evidence of his confederate.

XLII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Paris.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *5th March* 1829.

'MY DEAR DOCTOR—We received your many-dated Letter, last night; with real pleasure to find that you were still well, and were advancing, like Hannibal across the Alps, through many troubles, with your broad face homewards. Let us hope that you are now far over the Rhine, Strassburg with Slawkenbergius' Nose[1] and the wonderful Minster clean behind you, and the click-clack of Parisian "*Cafés à deux billards*" at this very time saluting your astonished ear. I never was more hurried in my life; being in the very thickest of an "Article," and hemmed in by Time: however Jane is for Dumfries to-morrow, and I gladly answer you without delay. . . .

We are all well here, and all nearly well at Scotsbrig, Mag being greatly better. . . . The public is in a bustling state here; for besides spring-work, we have trees to plant, and much digging, and I got no man-servant, as I had

[1] See *Tristram Shandy*.

meant to do, at Candlemas, but must wait till Whitsunday; and Alick's men and himself are all busy enough with their own concerns. Meanwhile I keep within doors; toiling vehemently at an Essay on *Voltaire*, which, with another on *Novalis*, is to appear in Fraser's Review, about the first of April. Thus "mall may be kept in shaft" a little longer; for Craigenputtock has naturally enough a wide throat for money, especially hitherto. Fraser asks rather eagerly after your Paper on *German Medicine;* but this, I suppose, like so much else, is still lying in the inkstand.

Are you looking at the wonders of Paris; the *Pont des Arts*, the *Notre Dame*, the Pillar of Austerlitz, the site of the Bastille? Is not there a strange old pump-looking erection with dragons in that very *Place des Victoires?* Cast your eye also on the *Sorbonne*, the forsaken crow-nest of Theology. You can also go to the *Rue de la Paix* No. 9, and look at the *Hôtel de Wagram*, where your Brother once dwelt. Also, if possible, find out the *Rue Traversière* and the *Rue de Beaune*, where Voltaire lived

with Du Châtelet, and where he died; and bring me some account of them. Both must be near the Tuileries, I should think, on the north side of the River. Can you see Villemain, Cousin, Lamartine, or any of those new *Littérateurs?* I fear not. But go and dine with the Restaurateur Prevôt one day in honour of me, and with Véry, though rather dearer, another: they are both in the *Palais Royal*, where 'Vice sitteth on his filagree seats, and Improvement advanceth with slow and heavy steps to displace him.' Can you buy me a *cheap* lithograph print of Voltaire, said to be in any measure accurate? Above all things, however, hasten home! . . .

I have written much, or rather it should be, long, to-day; and am altogether wearied. At dusk I had a walk or race, half-way to Blackmark Gate or Gap (for there is no gate there, and will not be henceforth); and now it is past ten. The hills are all gleaming like Strombolis or Ætnas, with the burning of heath; otherwise this place is silent, solitary as Tadmor of the Wilderness. Yet the infinite vault is

over us, and this Earth, our little Ship of Space, is under us; and man is everywhere in his Maker's eye and hand!—But why should I preach?

To conclude, Jane still engages for the dumpling; and hopes to see you, shortly after eating it, a contented man. You will tell us of wonders in the undiscovered countries; "of antres vast and deserts idle, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Come home, dearest Tongleg, and tell us all! We shall expect you weekly and daily. God ever keep you, and lead you!—"Now my weary lips I close, Leave me, leave me to repose"!—Your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

XLIII.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 31*st March* 1829.

MY DEAR SIR—I employ my first leisure in answering your Letter, which found me some weeks ago in the heart of a scribbling-bout; writing, as is too often my case, against Time as well as Dulness.—Your letters give us such

satisfaction, that I honestly wish we got many more of them; especially as you are so magnanimous in the matter of replies, and make allowance for all my real or imaginary engagements. News from Edinburgh are ever welcome;—news from yourself, of your own efforts and progress in good things, are above all welcome. I cannot but reckon it a good feature of your conduct, independently of my own private feelings in regard to it, that you have attached yourself with such trustfulness, and honest, though very greatly exaggerated esteem, to one whom except an appearance of some spiritual worth or other, there is nothing whatever to recommend. As Time teaches you better to bestow your admiration, I hope the feeling itself will take still deeper root, and spread still more widely: a man who has *nothing* to admire,—nothing to love except his own poor Self, may be reckoned a completed character;—he is in the *minimum* state of moral perfection,—no more is to be made of him, a *vollendeter Stumpfer.*

I have often said, and far oftener felt, that

Nature has bestowed on you an endowment of mind, such as she has refused to thousands; and surely it is not without real interest, that I look forward to see how, in the future, you will unfold and turn to use so fair a talent. For henceforth, it depends nearly altogether on yourself: if you can but *learn the lessons* which Experience will teach you, it matters little whether these be of a sweet or bitter nature: the bitter as well as the sweet are but the rind inclosing a fruit of Wisdom, which is in itself celestial and perennial. Diligence, unwearied, steadfast Endeavour; like the stars unhasting, unresting! This is the sceptre with which man rules his Destiny; and though fragile as a reed, removes mountains, spiritual as well as physical. I need not remind you here, that such Diligence as will avail is not of book-studies alone; but primarily, and in a far higher degree, respects the heart and moral dispositions. He who loves Truth knows it to be priceless, and cleaves to it through all shapes, in thought, word, and deed,—as to the life of his soul. Nay, I believe the first and

infinitely the most important question with regard to any Student of Knowledge, is precisely this very question, so often overlooked: —What is the state of his *moral* temper and practice? Does he really love Truth, or only the market-price of Truth,—the praise and money it will *sell* for? Has he conquered his vanity, or rather, where that is impossible, is he faithfully striving against it?—If you answer, No;—then I can add, that in this way, Truth, except mere Macculloch and Co.'s Truth, will positively never disclose herself to him: if Yes, —then I can say as positively, let him persevere to the end, and all will be well. Indeed for flesh and blood, it is hard; and every good man needs to be accomplished with martyr virtues, for he is a Martyr (a Witness) in his day and generation; but on the other hand, it is the noblest honour to be in the smallest degree fitted out for such enterprises; and does not the meanest man feel that all royal diadems and Pitt Diamonds are but the dust of the highway, compared with the invisible and only true majesty, that of the mind?

My earnest, often-repeated advice to you, therefore, is, Persevere! Persevere! In all practical, in all intellectual excellence, think no acquirement enough. Throw aside all frivolity; walk not with the world, where it is walking wrong;—war *ad necem* with Pride and Vanity, and all forms of Self-conceit within you; be diligent in season and out of season!—It depends on *you*, whether we are one day to have another *man*, or only another money-gaining and money-spending *machine*.

You speak about Books, and the want of an aim in your studies. Herein, I believe, your own best judgment must be your best guide. Whenever you feel a *call*,—a genuine wish for knowledge, it is safest for you to follow it. Only be sure you avoid *Dilletantism* in all things; be sure you do not take up a subject merely because it is singular, and will get you credit, but because you really *love* it, and feel the want of it, and find your own reward in pursuing it. For the rest, all sorts of knowledge are available in our day, and the true following of almost any path will lead you

into the Temple of Philosophy, which is the best end of them all. As to *writing*, for the present, I will neither advise nor dissuade you. If you *have* any heartfelt interest in any literary matter, any idea that gives you no rest till it be uttered, commit it to paper, and if circumstances favour, to the Press, the sooner the better. Only if you have no such interest, no such idea, do not in any wise regard it as a misfortune (most probably it is a blessing, for the sweetest fruit is longest in ripening) but simply as a *sign*, that your vocation as yet is not to impart, but to acquire. Meanwhile tell me always what you project and accomplish in the way of study and reading; and for your own private use, keep plentiful Notebooks, on which let your pen be often occupied.

I must terminate my Lecture; for the space is nigh exhausted. I write these things out of various motives, some of which you will not disapprove of.—With regard to ourselves here in this wilderness, much were to be said, did my paper allow. Craigenputtock is a stirring place at this moment; carpenters,

gardeners, and all manner of ditchers and dikers are beating and braying the Chaos, to see whether Order will arise from it. Next time you come (and it must be soon) we hope your vehicle will run more sweetly towards the door. We are also ambitious of *shelter* in coming years, and thousands of trees are planting about us. To say nothing of seed-time, and my poor Larry turned out to harrow, and carting meal from the mill!

The "Leddie" continues in the most benignant mood towards you. Indeed she has three times this day told me that I should write to "Harry," which I of my own accord had privately purposed to do. She admits at the same time that it is her own duty; but she is "*so* hurried."—The horse "Harry" or "Hendrie," as old Wull the herd calls him, proves to be a quadruped of respectability, and "has a fine motion under ane."

We were very much obliged by your newspaper about the Edinburgh Catholic meeting. Be sure to send us such a thing, whenever you have an opportunity; the oldest Scotch news-

paper is new to us, for except by accident we see nothing save one *Examiner* weekly. Here, too, we are all tearing one another to pieces about that everlasting "Catholic question." Petitions in all churches and parishes—which men, women and children are called upon to sign. Ruling-elders go through the country with them, and call upon "the heads of families." I believe one poor Dissenting-minister in Minnyive and myself and an old Atheist down in this parish are the only three of the whole district that would not put pen to paper. And did you hear how poor M'Diarmid[1] rushed in like a *Pianta leone*, with fifty chosen men at his back, to the very heart of an anti-Catholic meeting at Dumfries, and was received with curses, almost with cudgel-strokes? Thirty *Couriers* were thrown up in one day. Had I known in time I would almost have gone down to help him myself. Poor little fellow, it was the most gallant thing he ever did in his life. And thirty *Couriers*—thirty at one fell swoop! On the whole, it is to be hoped that a merciful

[1] Editor of *The Dumfries Courier*.

Providence will in some weeks put an end to this unprofitable, infinite gibble-gabble, and the Catholic question be settled in 1829, as all men have seen that it ought to be settled since the last four generations. Locke's book was written, I think, about 1690: "*Mais il y a de gens auxquels il faut trois cent ans pour commencer voir une absurdité.*"

Write soon, and at great length. I have two papers in the *Foreign Review*, neither of which, I fear, will be readable, for the haste was great, and no proof-sheets are come. Be so good as throw that note into the post-office; it is about the sending down of some magazines. Have you ever seen De Quincey? He had been at his opium when you called, and indeed is rarely visible in these cases.—Believe me, always affectionately yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night*
[*August* (?) 1829].

MY DEAR JACK—Jane has wrapped up your

parcel of Books; and I employ these few instants to scribble you a line. Let me hope you arrived safe that night by the "nearer road," and are now busy with your *Animal Magnetism*. . . . Obey your first impulse to come back. We shall always rejoice to see that gawsie countenance; and I promise not to plague you any more about "setting up"; but leave you to set up or sit down, when and where you find most advisable.

These infatuated Blacks have not paid me a stiver yet: but I have written to dun them this night, and on the whole, shall make bold to draw on them for that twenty pounds, and give it you, at *any* hour you like. So pray understand this, and let us have no more summering and wintering of the matter.

We were at Dumfries on Saturday, and saw the Jeffreys: they arrived about seven at night; and the new Dean[1] and I sat talking of high and low matters till near two in the morning. The Dean of Faculty seems

[1] Jeffrey had lately been made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, an office of distinction at the Scotch bar.

slowly coming over to "Mysticism," were he not long ago a *vollendeter Stumpfer!* He told me I was "paradoxical," yet "right in the main"; and "could preach very well, if they would let me make my own religion." At nine next morning, we breakfasted (all bug-bitten, and short of sleep); and the good kind Deankin *mit Weib und Kind* rolled off towards Annan, and Wales, and London, and Heaven knows whither, amid, not the storms and the tempests of Night, but the *dags*[1] and the drizzles of Day. Shortly afterwards, it began to rain heartily, even violently; and we could not set out on our return, till almost six at night. The afternoon, after morning sermon, we spent with Mrs. Richardson;[2] among *all* manner of Elgin Magazines, and L.E.L.'s Poems, and Dundee Couriers, and Literary Gazettes, and Poetasterism and *Kleinstädterei* of every colour and degree. She is really a good worthy woman; well bred and well intentioned; but dwells in a habitation as of Bristol card, not of brick and mortar. . . .

[1] Mists. [2] Mentioned in *Reminiscences*, ii. 247.

Since then I have been chiefly sleeping, and trying at waking intervals to make ready for writing at great length on *Jean Paul.* I must finish him before I stir. It seems to be settled that we are to go and see Edinburgh, and the Jeffreys, so soon as they return; which will not be for six weeks or so. Much as we talked, not one word was said about Macvey Napier,[1] or writing either *Luther* or "Articles"! Nay I believe the *Signs of the Times* will not be sent me, but I must borrow it; nor do I know when the work is to be out; but only that it is printing. . . .

XLV.—To Mr. HENRY INGLIS, Edinburgh.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 21*st December* 1829.

MY DEAR SIR—I have only time, at this moment, to thank you for your kind pleasant letter; and to say that we shall be truly happy if you can find your way hither in the holidays. There is still time if you use expedition. Cigars are in plenty; talk enough there is and to

[1] Who had succeeded Jeffrey as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review.*

spare; and the warmest welcome can at no time be wanting. Come then, if you dare.

The "Leddy" heartily unites with me in this wish to see you. At all events, she will have another letter from you directly; being of opinion that *no* letter comes hither, with so much entertainment in it, as one of yours has. There is praise for you! Nay, she still calls her pony by the name of Harry, and few horses like *him* exist under the solar road.

Tongue cannot tell, much less can pen write down, how busy I am this night. Be content with this line then; and see you make the right use of it.—I remain always, affectionately yours,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Friday night* [*December* 1829].

MY DEAR MOTHER—This is a Cloak which Mrs. Welsh sends you from Templand, with best wishes that it may defend you against tempests: we forward it to-morrow morning, as

Elliott[1] is going down then (with one of these everlasting grates—I do hope the last of them); and we may not have such an opportunity on Wednesday. The Cloak is not hemmed at the bottom, as the Lady Bountiful did not know your height. When we get the Gig she is coming down to see you and Annandale.

"Little Jane" did not come last Wednesday; but only a Note instead of her: we thought the weather too stormy. You must *thole*[2] her a little. She leads a very quiet life here; weaving comforters, sewing shifts, and wishing or speaking evil to no one. She was clear for being off, on Wednesday morning, with Alick, after all: but as the day proved, we rejoiced she had not gone. Next Wednesday, she will try it again, if the storm be not too bad.

I hope my Father is getting better; though this is no weather for colds. Try to keep him within doors as much as possible. Take you care of yourself also; till the sun begin to stretch again. Will no one come hither to

[1] Man-servant recently hired.

[2] *Thole*, do without, wait for.

bring us word of you soon? Or cannot Jamie or Mag send us a Letter?

For myself, I am better in health than I was: but there are no Books come from London; so I cannot get my German History[1] begun; and am well-nigh idle, except for the reading of insignificant Books. I have been expecting them these three weeks.

The rest are all on foot; jogging along at their old vocations. Alick clinks away in his smithy, making natural music (and many odd iron implements) under cloud of night. He and I have repaired the Skylight with our own hands, and absolutely cured the Kitchen vent of reek! Mary was off to day, seeking a dressmaker to measure her for a frock; and arrived safely at dusk from "the Glen."

Tell Jamie that I will send him money to pay all manner of Cartwrights very soon, that

[1] A History of German Literature, on which Carlyle was busy during this year.. A large part of it was completed, but the arrangement for its publication fell through, and it was never printed as a whole.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, 159, 207-209, *et al.*

my credit may not evaporate in Annandale. I hope to have no more stables to build; and so not to be [so] poor another year. . . .

Good-night, my dear Mother; may all blessings be with you and the rest!—Ever your affectionate Son,

THOMAS CARLYLE.

XLVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Birmingham.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *5th January* 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—Here is one of your old large München sheets, on which I am about scribbling you a long Letter; there seems to be but one of the sort remaining, so in future you must be contented with less. Your welcome tidings, which we had greatly longed for, found us in our usual state of health: the Letter had been too late for that Wednesday's post; the Newspaper was in right time. It amused us all not a little; none of us had ever chanced to read one "Life in London"[1] before; and truly such a concern may boast itself unparalleled in this Earth; one more of the many oddities

[1] *Bell's Life in London*, a "sporting" newspaper.

that characterise this dear little Island of ours from all other Lands. I rather rejoice in it, as a broad, fearless, unhesitating manifestation of the *rohe Naturmensch*, mostly extinct elsewhere; in which "natural man," brutish though he be very often, there is at least no obtruncation, or castration, or other artificial defect of part; but *all* is there that Nature gave him, in *esse*, or in *posse;* and nothing that is true and worthy has yet become desperate in him.—By the way, the moment you are settled, you must look out for some London Paper, and have it sent to us: Fraser is very irregular, so that there is no certainty in him, and one loses all the satisfaction of the thing. That *Spectator* will do, if you can get no better; but for ourselves we prefer the *Examiner*, if the time will answer.[1] We saw two Numbers of the *Standard*, and liked it nowise exceedingly.

. . . We were all very sad to see you shoot off that night from your old natural nest; and for some hypochondriacal days, one could not

[1] For getting it brought to Craigenputtock from Dumfries on Wednesday (market-day) by the Carrier.

help feeling as if one had lost a Brother. To me, it was more loss perhaps than to any other; for plain reasons. However, that is not the natural view of it: Jack and I have not lost each other, and will never do so foolish a thing in *this* world, or the next either if we can help it: the instant I hear of your being settled, I shall rather think I have found you. For you especially, the world is all an "unopened oyster": neither have I done yet, sad sprawling as I have had: but there is somewhat lies in me, and before me; and so we shall hope to live yet, and see good in the land of the living. 'Courage, Brother! Be honest, and times will mend.'

We have heard nothing from Scotsbrig, and only infer from their silence that nothing special has happened. I have written twice to our Mother; once with a brave gray cloak that Mrs. Welsh sent her, for new-year's gift. She was very anxious about you, as is her wont; you must not fail to send her word. Our Father also was rather disconsolate that night you went off: I found him sitting with outspread palms, by the kitchen-fire, when I

returned, and whimpering something about "being the means of bringing so many creatures of the human kind into the world, and how none of them had ever done anything that was wrong before *man*." He is not at all well, I think; and more in mind than in body: he has not yet learned *to be old*, and the time is now come when that must be learned; he has failed very much within the last three years. But Summer will come, and bring him spirits again.

You remember James Bell[1] of Townfoot's coming into Farries' that night to take leave of you with the rest. He is dead and buried, above a fortnight ago! We heard only the meagrest account; that he "had died in a moment"; I suppose, by apoplexy, or epilepsy; for he had before experienced shocks of that kind. Poor James Bell! But our tragedies are not done yet. Rob Clerk of Craigenvey, our next neighbour here, had been drinking at Minnyive, perhaps that very day you were

[1] Old Mrs. Carlyle had, as a girl, gone from Hazliebrae, near Lochmaben, to live with her aunt Mrs. Bell (died 1800), at Townfoot, Ecclefechan, who was the mother of this James Bell.—M. C.

departing: he tumbled off his chair with a groan, gave "a snort or two" on the floor, and was by his companions reckoned to be dead-drunk. At their convenient leisure, they hoisted him, and his Boy, also drunk, into the cart, which "Johnnie M'Caw's Lassie" (happily sober) drove home under cloud of night to his Aunt: Rob "spoke none, moved none"; and his Aunt carried him in on her back, and laid him on the bed, and after hours of sedulous ministering, discovered him to be dead! Rob was once a man that could have "turned markets" with his own purse, and he would not "taste" in those days. But he failed in trade, twice; since then has led a strange "wet and dry" existence; drunk in all corners of Britain from Sussex to Sutherland; and *so* has found his end at length. Is it not a wild world this? Who made it? Who governs it? Who gets good of it? Without *Faith*, I think a man were *forced* to be an Atheist.[1]

But we ourselves have our sorrows here at

[1] The greater part of this paragraph is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 68.

present. I said your Letter found us all in health; but this does not leave us so. Poor Jane had killed one of her geese, and the whole establishment was to dine here *gemüthlichst*, on New-year's day; but alas on Monday gone a week she took a violent sore-throat, and is at this moment close confined to bed. For two days we were really alarmed about her; Elliott sat booted and spurred, in readiness to ride for a Doctor, to Dumfries: however, at length we only sent him for soda-powders, and other little medicines, and Mrs. Welsh was both Nurse and Doctor. I myself have now taken up these characters; Mrs. Welsh having gone off (by constraint) to-day; and I write here in momentary expectation of a little knock, which summons me up to some duty. (The knock has actually come, and I am here again!) However, she is now very considerably better, and I hope in a few days to see her well.[1] The rest of us are in our usual way;

[1] Carlyle says in a letter to his brother John, 11th February, "We are all in the usual state: Jane recovered, and now knitting patiently beside me at a bright fire."

better rather than worse. We are much more comfortable since we got Elliott; and I have zealously begun riding every day. Alick and I mended the skylight with our own hands, and have altogether cured the kitchen-smoke. Elliott is paving the backyard; brings us roaring fires of coals; and is to go down with this Letter to-night, among his other services. Lord make us thankful; for we *have* much to be thankful for.—"Little Jean" came up with us from Scotsbrig, staid here in still cheerfulness, and could not get away for snow till last Thursday. I sent down your Letter, and word of the Newspaper, and that probably you were eating Christmas dinners, and as merry as any of us. We expect a Letter perhaps to-morrow, perhaps next week.—Good be with you! my dear Jack.—I [am always] your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

I just last night got a package of those *German History* Books; a huge package for which I have waited four weeks, and now it is scarcely of *any* value to me! . . .

XLVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19*th March* 1830.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Jane and I were at Scotsbrig for about a week, and returned only on Tuesday night, through tempests of sleet, and in spite of ill-shod fillies; to find your Letters among various others, and a square parcel which happily proved to be *Jördens*,[1] lying waiting to welcome us. The good people at Scotsbrig seemed all wonderfully well and happy, and on the whole exhibited a much more comfortable style of housekeeping than I expected there. On the whole I think their way of life one of the most desirable which a man could choose for himself in this condition of things. Our Father, who has been sickly and dispirited most of the winter, has now recovered himself; walks out to see his dikers, and so forth, and is very bright and speculative. Our Mother we expect here shortly, when Alick goes down for seed-corn, which perhaps he will do to-morrow.

[1] *Lexikon deutscher Dichter und Prosaisten* (6 vol. 8vo), useful for Carlyle's present task, the *History of German Literature*.

She too seemed moderately well, but full of anxieties about you. Speak to her on that subject when one liked, she had always "just been thinking of it." She wishes much that you would write to her oftener, as I assured her you would not fail to do, were you once settled. She sees all the Letters that come hither, and in general with little delay; but that is far from sufficing her. An old Newspaper from time to time with a "*ganz wohl*," would be quite a treat at Scotsbrig. The girls said they had constructed you a Letter, brimful of news, and thought it should count against three from you. . . .

The Clows, at Jane's request, came and drank tea with us; Miss Clow[1] much admired for her "fine figure"; and next day, having been already detained by foul weather, we rode forth in spite of all representations; passed through Ecclefechan, and over Dalton Bank, in successive whirlwinds of snow; and at night found ourselves sitting not among the broad faces at Scotsbrig, but here in the wilderness alone by our own hearth. Nothing new had occurred in

[1] She became Mrs. Alick Carlyle.

our absence: all were well and busy, Alick with his ploughing, Elliott with his road-cleaning and hedge-cropping; Mary and her womankind with their washing and wringing within doors. We had been at Templand, as we went down to Scotsbrig, when the weather was very gay: Mrs. Welsh was pretty well; and her Father too, though with strength of body he had recovered strength of volition, and was a very emphatic and unrestful old man. Mrs. Welsh is much to be pitied with him; but she bears it all in a light, patient spirit, such as might reprove many a professed philosopher. . . .

A Mr. Gleig, well known in London, I believe, wrote to me the other day out of Kent about a *Life of Goethe* for some new sort of Family Library. I rather doubt nothing will come of the negotiation; yet I wish much I had heard of it six months ago. For the rest, this has been the shabbiest winter with me that I can remember: waiting for Books, beginning again and again with fierce energy, and again and again obliged to make a dead halt. These other London volumes (sent by a private hand)

for which a much more important Parcel in Edinburgh must be waiting, have never come to hand. For little, I would kick my foot through the whole concern even at this hour. But no! no! Neither is the good Fraser[1] to blame; only my own evil stars. Pray will you try to ascertain from him *when* he would like to have that History? I had fixed on May, but hear no answer, see no symptom of preparation. I have to write to Weimar to-day: adieu! . . . God bless you, my dear Brother!

T. CARLYLE.

XLIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10*th April* 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—I must write you a few hurried lines, though I am far, far back with my day's work, lest you get too anxious. We are very glad to learn that you have come to a fixed resolution, and what is better, begun to put it in execution. For the thousandth time, I repeat that I think there is *no* fear of you, so

[1] Mr. *James* Fraser (of *Fraser's Magazine*), not Mr. *William* Fraser (of the *Foreign Quarterly*).

[you] will but set your shoulder stoutly to the wheel. Write your Papers then, the best you are able; think with yourself, take counsel with your kind Friends; and dread no evil issue. A time of toil, of obscurity and dissatisfaction you must look for: but "a free field for you and no favour," say I; and the day *will* not go against you. Keep a *henk and a spingit*,[1] as Joe Elliott was wont to advise: the world is wide, and our Doil will make himself a place there. The very thought that he is attempting such a thing will be as oil to his head. Once on his own legs, I hardly know the man I would not pit him against.

Now tell us how you get on with your Translations and Speculations; and what face the world wears towards you. . . . God bless thee, Jack; and keep thee always, in poverty or wealth, my true Brother!

I must now narrate this and the other; how we are all "getting on" here. God be thanked we are all afoot still; no sick body or broken heart among us. Our Mother

[1] *Heart and a spirit*, so pronounced by J. E.—M. C.

is still here; your Letter reached her about a week ago. She is waiting chiefly, I believe, till Alick return from the House in the Moor Fair, whither he is gone this morning to sell his sheep; having gone in vain the foregoing week, so bad was the Sale; and returned, on Larry, for the intervening days, to get along with his sowing. He cannot account himself a prosperous Farmer at present, as what Farmer is?—and knows not whether he will keep this place another year: however, there are no bones broken, and we will decide the best we can when the time comes. Our Mother is very tolerably well; so, we hear, are the Scotsbrig people. It is growing spring, the larches will all be green one of these days, the Birds seem already wedded, and Men are getting their crops in as they can. My *Weibchen* has the "Factor," as Alick calls him,[1] daily delving in the Garden, at the slowest of rates, yet happily he is near done now. He leaves us at Whitsunday, rather to our regret, and now, I believe, greatly to his own; he has made a very considerable improve-

[1] The servant Elliott.

ment in the look of things here, and has no fault but his vanity, which is considerable. We get "Canny" Bretton, once herdsboy at Mainhill, in his stead, and flatter ourselves it is fair exchange.

I myself am writing daily at that *History*, not without spirit; and in spite of booksellers, carriers, nature and my stars. Tell Fraser I shall surely have the first volume ready for Press, early in May; and wish *much* to get forward fast with the printing of it. Those Books he sent by a "private hand" seem never to have been delivered: they had *not* reached Edinburgh ten days ago, but perhaps will come to-morrow. I can do without them; I will do without everything and all things; I have sworn it. Will you tell Mrs. Strachey that I got a Book from Mr. Greaves with a highly flattering Note, for which I beg that she would heartily thank him in my name. Gleig's project of *Goethe's Life* seems to be dropt, and he wants greatly to know *when* I could let him have my *Life of Luther*. *Nimmer und niemals!* I rather believe. When I write

that Book of the great German Lion, it shall be the best Book I have ever written, and go forth, I think, on its own legs. Do you know, we are actually talking of spending the next winter in Weimar; and preparing all the raw material of right *Luther*, there at the fountain-head. That, of course, if I can get this *History* done, and have the cash. . . .

You must remember me to Mrs. Strachey, and may if you like go often to see her. I reckon her one of the deepest-hearted and on the whole, best women I have ever known. But tell not this in Bedford Square!—Also forget not again to speak of the Kitty that was. —Make my compliments to Allan Cunningham: have you ever seen William Gray? My friendliest regards to Edward Irving, and your worthy Hostess (who should have stood *first*), not forgetting the young Doctor.[1] All here greet you heartily.—Ever your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

Our Mother is sitting with Jane in the

[1] Irving's brother George, who soon afterwards died.

Parlour (after tea), I must carry them this (from the Library) to read. . . .

L.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *1st May* 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER JACK— . . . Much it delights me, my dear Jack, to figure you now as in the way of clear well-doing; and that I can write to you without any little grudge or reservation, as to my worthy and well-beloved Brother, struggling forward beside me in the battle of Life; to whom I can give an "*Euge!*" and word of encouragement if nothing more. Do not work too hard, for there is a measure in all things; do not encounter those "dull headaches" lest they lead to something worse. Neither take too deep thought for the morrow: I care not, why should you care, *how* you prosper outwardly, so your heart and bearing be that of a true man; let the world take its own sway: "meat, clothes and fire" are all that Rothschild or Guelf himself can wring out of it. There is no Act of Parliament in Heaven's Chancery that you or I are to be rich men or famous men;

only the sternest and solemnest enactment that we are to be good men, "diligent in business and fervent in spirit"—reverencing the inscrutable God, and "friendly at once and fearlessto wards all that God has made." . . .

There is nothing but favourable, at least indifferent tidings to send you hence; inasmuch as we are all alive and stirring, the most of us very busy. Alick got your Letter, and will write (he tells me this evening) when the first Parcel goes. He is very busy afield; has got his rent not paid, yet settled for this term, and signified officially that if times do not greatly mend, he must remove next Whitsunday; so that one bad business is for the time put by. Elliott is mowing greens (or rather *the* green) and laying out a new one most beautiful to look on, where the Peatstack stood; and gravelling Garden walks; and working miracles in all directions. Jane goes out about him, and sees the "Defence of Order" practically manifested: for the rest, she sits beside me here where I write, and reads or sews, and never utters *mum*. I myself am toiling, as I have said, with im-

petuosity; writing from three to four pages[1] daily (when it is easy, alas! many a day I have hammered my brains from morning to night, and written nothing): the first volume is to be done in a fortnight. I am now in the heart of the *Nibelungen Lied*, which I like much. The Book will be worth next to nothing, yet readable enough, and will do no mischief. I long and pray only that it were off my hands: for compilation, and this is or can be little more, in the present state of things, pleaseth me little.

These fine days often bring me in mind of last Spring and you. Nay I have now mounted your hair cap,[2] and ride with it (or rather mean to do so) when wind is up. I have been out three or four mornings lately in that way; for I get off sleep, and grow *billus* when scribbling. But as for the Cap, I will prize it above all caps, and think when it hangs on the cloakpin that I hear the voice of poor Doil, saying Brother remember me! Yes, my brave Doil, I will remember thee, and thy true heart, so

[1] Carlyle's pages were very closely written.

[2] A fur cap from Germany.

long as memory lives within me.—But let us avoid the pathetic.—Here is supper come! . . .

LI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night* [*August* 1830].

. . . . We are all well here, and longing very much to hear from Scotsbrig. We hoped for some word about my Father, and your general state, last week: perhaps to-morrow we shall be more fortunate. What to think about my Father's state of health we know not rightly, but still trust the best.

From Jack I have got no more word; but expect to hear to-morrow that he is settled in his own lodgings, and begun practice, which, were it not that necessity compels him, he seems so loth to do. Neither have I heard anything definite about the disposal of my *German History:* I have now some thoughts of stopping in it soon after where I am, and perhaps for the present cutting it up into Review Articles, and publishing it first in that way. It will be the readiest method of sale; and I wish much that

I were done with it, one way or other; for the task never pleased me. I could write, and will write, something infinitely better, ere long.

The Jeffreys are all coming hither in the end of the month; but I will try to take a run into Annandale before that time. Our peats we have not yet begun to bring home, so the large horse will be busy; but Harry is always forthcoming.

I forget whether I mentioned last week that we had a parcel from Goethe, with pictures of his House, etc.; and a still stranger parcel from Paris, addressed to the Author of the *Signs of the Times*. The people there seem to think me a very promising man, and that some good will come of me. Thus, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. Poor prophet! However, in my present solitude, I am very glad of these small encouragements. . . .

LII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *6th August* 1830.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I have, at your suggestion, *sent* that miserable dud of "*Cruthers*

and Johnson"[1] to Fraser, with two other Papers: certain abstruse "Thoughts on History," and a small scantling of my Fables and Rhymes (or rather one Rhyme "What is Hope"[2]): you are to correct the Proofs, if there be any printing: "Cruthers and Johnson" is to be *forthwith* returned to you, if found unsuitable; and the *name* in any case kept *strictly* secret. Lastly, I have told the man to deliver you the Payment (if any) for that *Jean-Paul'sche Recension*;[3] and if possible to let you have your Letter on Monday before Post time.—This is all that I have done, and you can forward it if you have any opportunity. If not, prithee, kind Doctor, do not value it one pin's point: I can do whether they print my trash in their Magazine or not, and what[ever] they and all men may think of it there or elsewhere.—Of course I mean *Magazine* Fraser!—Get my

[1] In *Fraser*, Jan. 1831. Carlyle remarks to Emerson (*Correspondence*, i. 230), "It is the first thing I wrote, or among the very first."

[2] See *Miscellanies*, i. 391.

[3] *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter again* (in the *Foreign Review* No. 9, *Miscellanies*, iii. 1).

Schiller from the other,[1] and I have done with him.

Having a little scrap of room here, I will put down a word or two of news for you. We have got a Gig here (bought, not paid, at £10 between Alick and me); a fine stout, substantial, old-fashioned, bottle-green vehicle, as ugly, as light and as sure, as Philosopher could desire it. The large beast Madge went in it marvellously; so does Larry for Alick and Mary, who keep no other riding-horse: Jane goes down in it to-morrow to Dumfries with Bretton. This is a kind of innovation for us.

Secondly, the Jeffreys are coming hither in the end of August. . . .

Thirdly, we have had three Letters from Goethe,[2] the first and most important of which I send you a copy of, made many months ago for you; the contents of which will not fail to surprise you. That Craigenputtock should be

[1] The Article *Schiller* (in *Fraser* No. 14, *Miscellanies*, iii. 87) which had been sent to Mr. William Fraser of the *Foreign Review*.

[2] See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, letters from Goethe, of 13th April and 6th June 1830.

engraved in Weimar! The next Letter, however, told us that the Publication of *Schiller* had been put off for some time, that the *geschmückte Exemplar* would not come with the First Box but soon afterwards, with the *Lieferungen* of his *Werke*. That promised First Box came actually; contained strange things, Goethe's *Farbenlehre*, the remaining *Proofs* of *Schiller*, two Pictures of Goethe's Houses, the *Gartenhaus* and *Haus* in Weimar. This was a fortnight ago. So that THE *Exemplar* is soon to be looked for, with the *indiscreet* preface, the views of Craigenputtock, and of Schiller's *Wohnung in Weimar*, and of his little *Gartenhaus in Jena*, for they are all to be there. Why, this is voonders upon voonders!

Lastly, there came that same night, a Parcel of Books from Paris (*how*, except that they were last at Edinburgh, I cannot guess) and a Letter addressed to the writer of the *Caractère de notre Époque* (Signs of the Times) *dans la Révue d'Édinbourg*, from the strangest of all Societies, the *Societé St.-Simonienne* (or Disciples of St.-Simon), who are founding a New Religion there at present. . . .

We are very poor, as I said, at present; but that is *all*, and we will get over that. Fear nothing: we mean nothing but honest things, and must and will prosper in them, seeing the very effort is success. . . .

I will now go and seek you three Rose-leaves that grew in Craigenputtock (for we have plenty this year), which will be quite withered before they reach you, but nevertheless have some *perfume* left. We are very *braw* about the doors; have *large* trees transplanted outside the Garden-dike, walks gravelled, etc. etc. . . . Again, dear Jack, adieu!—Your true Brother,

T. C.

LIII.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday*
[28*th September* 1830].

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . You would learn from Jamie not only that *Jean* and I arrived safe behind Larry; but further, that the other *Jeannie*[1] and I were down at Dumfries by the same conveyance. . . .

[1] Mrs. Carlyle.

That night, after looking at all the huge Bullocks and strange human creatures assembled in Dumfries, Jane and I were mounted and on the way home some time before eight o'clock: nevertheless, as has been said, "you know where you begin the ride, not where you end it;" accordingly we had not got the length of Ichabod's, where our Dunscore Road turns off the great Mail Road, when I half jesting proposed that we should rather drive to Templand, the way being shorter, and smoother for a drive in the dark, and my helpmate having agreed to be there, at any rate, before the end of the week. Assent was readily given (three several times) to this proposal: so away we went for Templand; where Larry, in the most handsome manner, landed us quite comfortably about ten o'clock. Mrs. Welsh, after her first terror, was overjoyed to all lengths; made us porridge "with her own hands," clipt my hair next day, and having asked some person to dine with us, *would not* without a quarrel let us go that day, or till after breakfast on the following. Her Father is very frail; otherwise

things seem much in their old state. I do not think she has yet stirred at all in the Craigenputtock business: neither, as it appears to me, has she the smallest wish to part with Alick, if he could make her any reasonable proposal. However, she is a person I cannot speak with in regard to such affairs. Alick, I think, ought to make up his own mind, as soon as he can, and say, or at least guess, what is in his power, and what not.

You would hear that the Jeffreys had come and gone: they arrived that very Monday night, and I found them all sitting in state, when I got here. Jeffrey was more than usually friendly and interesting; he left us, and we were left, with real regret. Jane found your butter and eggs of essential service; and on the whole gives many thanks both to Providence (who watches the fall of sparrows) and to fellow-men. Bretton *waited* like the Steward of some Royal Hotel (the slut is really admirable at waiting); the Cook cooked to a very hair's-breadth: so that Jane says gratefully, "she was borne through with an honourable

through-bearing."[1] I rather think, Jeffrey will come himself next year (if we are all well), and leave his women; which will be a much more commodious method.—He insisted on taking my unfortunate Manuscript (of *German Literary History*) with him to Edinburgh, that he might read it, and see whether *he* could not find a Publisher for it: I expect to hear some tidings about this very soon; but hardly that he will be successful; indeed, now that I have made up my mind, I care next to nothing whether or not. He has already written to Jack (whom he seemed to like well) about one Hazlitt, an unfortunate literary man, whom Jack seemed to be attending as Doctor; to whom Jeffrey was sending money, but who, as I see by a mark in the last *Examiner*, is now dead; so that the charitable aid would come too late.—The worthy Dean of Faculty (for that is our Duke's title) inquired about you all, very kindly, not of me, but of Jane: I reckon him one of the best persons, practically

[1] "Burgher Minister's thanksgiving on a Sacramental occasion."—T. C. in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 328, *n.*

considered, that I have ever seen; also that he is growing "sadder and wiser" as he increases in years.[1] . . .

LIV.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.[2]

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10*th October* 1830.

. . . The wife and I are very quiet here, and accustoming ourselves, as fast as we can, to the stillness of winter, which is fast coming on. These are the grayest, most silent days I ever saw: my Besom, as I sweep up the withered leaves, might be heard at a furlong's distance. The woods are getting very party-coloured, the old trees quite bare; all witnesses that another year has travelled away. What good and evil has it brought us! May God sanctify them both to every one of us! I study not to get too *wae;* but often I think of many solemn and sad things, which indeed I do not wish to forget. We are *all* in God's hand;

[1] An account of this visit is in the *Reminiscences*, ii. 248; see also Froude's *Life*, ii. 127.

[2] A part of this and of the following Letter, which contain the earliest reference to *Sartor Resartus*, is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 131.

otherwise this world, which is but wholly a valley of the Shadow of Death, were too frightful. Why should we fear? Let us *hope;* we are in "the Place of Hope," our Life is a Hope.

But far better than all reasonings for cheerfulness is the diligence I use in following my daily Business. For the last three weeks I have been writing by taskwork again, and get along wonderfully well: what it is to be I cannot yet tell, whether a Book or a string of Magazine Articles; we hope, the former; but in either case, it may be worth something. I will send you Luther's Hymn which I have translated into verse; Luther made the Music too, but that I have not. It is needless to ask you about your health or my Father's; for none will answer me. Let me repeat John's caution to him and you to take *double care* at this season. God bless you all!—Ever your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

Jane and I talk of coming down by and by. Jeffrey has yet written nothing about my

German Book, but I expect to hear soon. Tell my Father that Alick will bring the Gig next time he goes to Scotsbrig, and we must have him up hither: he can wrap himself effectually, so as to take no harm, and we will keep him in *hot* enough quarters here. To Jamie, Jane, and Jenny our separate kindest love.

LV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19*th October* 1830.

. . . For myself here I am leading the stillest life; musing amid the pale sunshine, or rude winds of October Tirl[1]-the-trees, when I go walking in this almost ghastly solitude; and for the rest, writing with impetuosity. I think it not impossible that I may see you this winter in London! I mean to come whenever I can spare the money; that I may look about me again among men for a little. Here too I feel sometimes that I make progress, and get better insight. Keep your thumb on this *journey*, till we see how it turns. What I am writing

[1] Strip.

at is the strangest of all things: begun as an Article for *Fraser;* then found to be too long (except it were divided into two); now sometimes looking almost as if it would swell into a Book. A very singular piece, I assure you! It glances from Heaven to Earth and back again in a strange satirical frenzy, whether *fine* or not remains to be seen. . . .

Teufelsdreck (that is the title of my present *Schrift*) will be done (so far—fifty pages) tomorrow. . . .

LVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *12th November* 1830.

MY DEAR JACK—You are justly what may be called a Benefactor to Craigenputtock, and, we would hope, "an ornament to society in every direction:"[1] here is the second time that your punctuality has helped us out of approaching perplexity. The long well-filled sheet arrived duly to our great satisfaction in many ways, wherein the little announcement of coming Cash, humble as the circumstance was, did

[1] See *ante*, p. 171 *n.*

nowise escape us. I drove down with Alick on Wednesday (through unspeakable deluges and tempests) to await that little arrival; and had scarcely seated myself to a comfortable Pipe in Thomson's, when the promised Letter was handed in to me; containing, if not Twenty, at least Ten current Pounds, part of which were to be useful the very next day. And now you promise us other Ten, or even Twenty (if we like better, which we do) next Wednesday; whereby the Genius of Poverty will be quite excluded through the coming months, and can henceforth only growl to no purpose on the outside of bolted doors. Many thanks, dear Jack, for your punctuality, which, in all cases, especially in these, is an excellent virtue.

. . . I wrote to William Fraser about his Magazine,[1] and that *Teufelsdreck* paper of mine, which I have now resolved not to make a Book of; but, if I have opportunity, two *Articles*, and the germ of more. I wished to dive into

[1] Probably *Fraser's Magazine*; of which James Fraser was the proprietor; but William Fraser (editor of the *Foreign Review*), in whose head, Carlyle says in 1832, "*Fraser's Magazine* took being *first*," still took part in its management.

Fraser's modes and conditions, and see whether any nearer Magazine relation with him was desirable. Were his answer come, I send off this Paper (with *Nimmo* and other trifles); also your German *Briefe* (commissioned up from Scotsbrig to-day), and another Book for you of a still more surprising character: no less than the *geschmückte Exemplar* of *Schiller*, which came safely to hand ten days ago. There were two copies; one, bound in all conceivable superbity, we are to keep; the other, unbound, the Artist at Dumfries is binding for you (to be here on Monday) in a decent style, with strict directions to put in the *Umschlag* (of Schiller's House and Garden-house) also. The Craig bears a distinct resemblance; and there is the most wondrous Preface by *dem Alten*, with considerable Translations from some Letters of mine, and my Paper on *Burns*, the version of which Poet *he* has set agoing at Berlin. All these things, with others, you shall see soon. We have had two Letters from him by Post; a certain *Gesellschaft für ausländische Literatur* in Berlin have elected me an *Ehrenmitglied;* their clerk

seems to be Hitzig: of this also, you shall hear. Goethe says: *Von der Société St. Simonienne bitte Sich fern zu halten!* Nevertheless, send me their Books by the very first chance. Jane is making you a *Bread-seal*, which will come with that same Packet, and stamp your coat-of-arms for you, till you get a better. We are *all* well, save Mary. . . . Our Father has been with us for a fortnight exactly, and went off with Alick in the Gig this morning. He seems as well as he has been for some years: takes tea twice[1] and is very *dietetic*, and very cheerful and talkative.—God bless you, dear Brother! T. CARLYLE.

LVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19*th December* 1830.

. . . On the whole, here in our moorland Patmos we are not without cause to be grateful: this very night, we have fine black frost, a vehement fire is blazing (with peats, logs and large coals) at my left hand (for it is in the

[1] His father had hitherto despised the taking of tea as an absurd and effeminate practice.—M. C.

Drawing-room that we abide for these few days), and on the opposite side thereof sits my wife sewing; I owe no man almost anything, and have the prospect of being allowed to live unmolested in God's Earth a little longer, there to till and sow according to ability that richest of all fields Future Time: *Mein Acker ist die Zeit.*[1] "What wanteth man that I have not within my own Four Walls?"[2]

To give you a few more particulars. We have only one servant this winter: "Betty," an oldish coughing woman, but seemingly a "chosen one" of her sex, so quiet is she, so orderly, and takes such charge of Master and Missus, of cow, pig and pony. The place is all dry and gravelly, swept and garnished, even to Cobbett's taste, about doors; windtight, watertight, warm and smokeless within. The "big beast" is labouring for her bread at Templand this winter: but Harry runs in the Gig (which I myself can now trim and harness)

[1] "To Time I'm heir."—*Wilhelm Meister.*

[2] From verses by Carlyle, for which see Froude's *Life*, i. 324.

like a very lion, and I give him "swine meal," which is his plum-pudding and callipash and callipee, nightly by deputy, and on those great Gig-occasions for two days previously "with my own hand." We were at Templand but on Wednesday last; and with lamps burning (half-penny tallow candles!) overtook Macknight, scarcely past "the Milton," and snatched our Letters from him. . . .

I see your *Article* advertised in last *Fraser*, but nothing of mine, so that I am still far in your debt. They may print up what they have got, before I send more. . . . Hang them! I *have* a Book in me that will cause ears to tingle; and one day out it must and will issue. Jack too has another talent, other talents: in the valley of the shadow of Magazine Editors we shall not always linger. Courage! Not Hope, for she was always a liar, but Courage! Courage!—For myself I am to write Napier[1] a shortish Paper on Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, which work I expect on Wednesday:

[1] See *ante*, p. 203. The Article on Taylor's book is to be found in Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iii. 283.

this will occupy [me] for three weeks complete. I have translated Saint-Simon's *Nouveau Christianisme*, a heterodox Pamphlet (about forty *Review* pages), which I mean soon to send *you*. I have prefixed a very short introduction; and you may try whether any pamphlet-printing Bookseller (some Socinian or Anti-Church, or quite indifferent character) will give you the matter of five pounds for the copyright thereof, or will give you nothing whatever, which also will be a decision. It contains several strange ideas, not without a large spice of truth; is ill-written, but easily read, and deserves a reading. Tell me whether you think it will be worth risking six shillings on, and in the affirmative, *off!*—Alas! the Paper too is done, and we were not half *fertig! Gott mit Dir!*

T. CARLYLE.

LVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 21*st January* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Last Wednesday came your Books, all safe; no Parcel of Montagu's; and what we grudged very much no scratch of

a pen from yourself. . . . You are there in the focus of British activity at a great era in the world's history, at a great era in your own; I am here in the dead silence of peat-moss, yet warmly interested in all that pertains to both these éras; and you take the trouble to tell me very little. Some half-hundred things you might throw great light on for me; indeed scarcely anything you could write would not instruct me: nevertheless you will not so much as fill your paper, no matter with what. Depend upon it, dear Jack, all this is not right. But what remedy have we? A man's Letters are his Letters; you must accept them as such, or cease to correspond with him, and *then* you get justice! Therefore I will say no more on this point. But one thing more especially grieves me, my dear Brother: that in these hasty scrawls of Letters, I trace some perturbation of mind diligently hidden from me. O *this*, be sure, is *not* right. Speak of your cares, man, to a heart that loves you: they will grow lighter by your very speaking of them; order arises out of speech, especially out of writ-

ing. Attempt to explain what you do know, and you already know something more. But with this too I have done. As was said, your Letters are your Letters; and I, or any man, have no right to complain of them, but only to take thankfully what you give.

I have been busy for three weeks, have finished *Taylor*, and send it off to-morrow: it cannot appear till the Number following the first. Taylor is a clever old *Philister*, and I have salted him according to ability; there is also something about *Welt-Literatur:* on the whole, a *baddish* Article, not without some particles of worth, and may help a little to guide our German studies from some aberration. In writing to Napier, I mentioned the possibility of his receiving a Paper from you: he was to *try* it, and accept or reject *quite* freely, according to his judgment. I hope and trust, it will do. There is no Periodical so steady as the *Edinburgh Review;* the salary fair, the vehicle respectable. Whether *Diet* may be a quite popular subject I do not know; but I calculate with some confidence that you

will make a reasonable story out of it. Are you apprised that some three years ago, there *was* an Article on that subject?—the poorest of Articles; which Jeffrey too interwove with a constant running thread of contradiction, almost every alternate paragraph was his, and the whole looked laughable enough. I fancy these artists will hardly have trenched on your ground: nevertheless look at their work. I cannot direct you to the Number more nearly than so: that it was the one published immediately before our leaving Edinburgh, perhaps therefore, that of March or April 1828. You should try to be new, and above all to give new *facts*. Are there any Dietetic habits peculiar on the Continent; any public Regulations or approaches to such anywhere? Some notices of these or the like would be very interesting. I have surely heard that some Governments do take a certain charge of the People's health, as all should. Public Lectures on Regimen would be next to Public Lectures on Morality. Will you touch on this? Can you tell us accurately how Boxers and the like are dieted in England? If so

explain it satisfactorily; for it will be new to many. Will any of your Germans tell you how the old Athletes were trained? Can you state any curious particulars about the various diets of nations generally? Say thus much at least: Man can live on all things, from whale-blubber (as in Greenland) to clay-earth (as at the mouth of the Orinoco, see *Humboldt*). Then you have all the Passions, etc. influenced by eating; madness itself lying in the stomach: one can go mad at any time one likes, by laying a cupful of alcohol to the walls of that organ. Excuse these shoulderings at the wheel: I have no force to help you, but if I *had*——! On the whole, dear Jack, do your best; and *exceed not twenty pages;* shorter if you can; brevity for this time will be a great recommendation to you. Looking at what you have done, I should say there was *no* fear: but ill-luck has so pursued one in these matters, one knows not what to think. Nay when you have done your *best*, stand resolutely up, and say to yourself, *I have done it, ich kann nicht anders.*

But by this time, dear Brother, I suppose

you are getting wiser as to the true charms of a Life of Literature, and looking with some earnestness for a deliverance into your Profession. God send it! But in the meanwhile, Patience! Perseverance! unwearied Diligence! Man has not and cannot have other armour, stand where he may.—[I] read your *Demonology* and a Paper on *St. John Long*,[1] the only thing by you in that almost quite despicable Magazine. Will you tell me, Jack, how you have lived, or where you get money, my poor Boy? In this Magazine I see scarcely £15 worth. Above all, how did you get *me* £30, when for all they have yet printed I could scarcely claim the half of that? Explain, explain, dear Brother, that I may see where both of us are standing. —Certainly that *Fraser's Magazine* gives the most scurvy remuneration of any Periodical extant, and shall have no more stuff of mine at that rate, barring worse fortune than I have yet seen. Solid well-thought writing such as yours, for example, will not yield a man existence.

[1] A quack doctor, then making a fortune in London by his treatment of consumptive cases.

"Come out of her, my Brethren, come out of her!" It is also a frothy, washy, punchy, dirty kind of Periodical, I fear: "Come out of her" —and *altogether out of that craft, thou that canst.*

But I have a serious commission for you (trouble, as usual) grounded on these facts. Will you go to Fraser and get from him by all means my long Paper entitled *Thoughts on Clothes:* I would not for above half a dozen reasons have it appear there so long as I have potatoes to eat. Get it from him, unless it is absolutely printed: the rest he can keep, they will surely pay him: but of this (in addition to the above reasons) I have taken a notion that I can make rather a good *Book*, and one, above all, likely to produce some desirable impression on the world even now. Do thou get it, my dear Jack, read it well over thyself, and then say what thou thinkest. I can devise some more biography for *Teufelsdreck;* give a second deeper part, in the same vein, leading through Religion and the nature of Society, and Lord knows what. Nay that very "Thoughts,"

slightly altered, would itself make a little volume first (which would encourage me immensely) could one find any Bookseller, which however I suppose one cannot. Whether it were worth while to show Fraser the Manuscript (for I think he has not read it) and take counsel with him; or still rather to show Edward Irving it (whose friendliness and feeling of the True, widely as it differs from him, I know), do thou judge. I fear perfect *anonymity* is now out of the question; however swear every one to secrecy, for I mean to speak fearlessly if at all. *Basta! Basta!*— I have taken up the whole blessed sheet, and not one word of news. We are well; Alick and his Spouse do bravely, he seems fully happier than his wont. They two were at Scotsbrig last week, and brought up favourable reports of all—except our Father, who had heedlessly caught cold, and was "no better hardly" last Wednesday, when Jean wrote us. They had got your letter but did not send it. . . . What is to come [of] Alick, whether to flit or not is still in the womb of Time; who *brings Roses*, and also *Thistles*. Let

us be thankful and submissive and love one another.

T. CARLYLE.

The Lord Advocate sends us his first frank[1]: they tore his garments at Forfar, and "rubbed" him, that is, hustled. The scandalous dogs: the worthiest public man in all broad Scotland. —O Jack! Jack! be steady, be manful: the Devil is busy, but he is *not* omnipotent. . . .

LIX.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night* [*January* 1831].

MY DEAR JANE—I have just finished a Letter to our Mother; but must not let the Parcel go without a word for you, to whom indeed some of my chief commissions must be directed.

We were very much obliged by your punctual tidings about my Father, concerning whom we are still very anxious, and not without hopes of hearing something to-morrow. Alick saw Pate Easton[2] last Wednesday, but could get no nearer

[1] Jeffrey had just been elected to Parliament.

[2] An Ecclefechan neighbour.—M. C.

tidings. It was very kind of you, my lassie, since there was no other to write, that you took that trouble. I have only to beg and enjoin you to repeat it regularly and *often*. Tell us especially how our Father is (there are no remedies for cold but "flannel and physic"), whether our Mother keeps stout, and all that goes on amongst you.

The day before yesterday Alick and I saw you (after a sort); we went to the top of Darngarroch hill (the hill that lies over Blackmark Moor), and there, the day being very bright, saw far and wide. New Galloway, Kirkcudbright, Castle-Douglas: Burnswark was as plain as need be; and of course Scotsbrig could not be far. You seemed to have more snow than we, for indeed all our hills were black; however, since then we have had our turn; yesterday was a deliberate slow persevering day of snow-showers; and this day has been quite an adventure that way. A fierce frosty wind is drifting all into heaps; our kitchen door, which has not been opened, stands sunk half way up in a snow drift unuseable; all day it has whirled

and heaped itself about this (the library) window; and we have kept up a constant *fire*. . . . To complete the matter, our maid went away on Sabbath to see her friends, and how the foolish creature is to get up again (unless in Alick's bacon carts) I see not. However I have foddered and watered the cattle; to the very Hens, to so many of them as I could entice down I have given *malt* (of which we had a little *pot*): I wheeled fuel and water round in abundance; Jane has been cooking all day within doors; and I have smoked and read. The wind still howls and whistles; but we hope it will abate to-morrow. This surely will be the last storm of the season.

We thought Jamie would have come up in the frost, but suppose he cannot get away. Tell him that with regard to the *meal* there is no hurry: Mrs. Welsh has sent us a sack of very good stuff, so that *ten* stone more will keep us I know not how long. Tell Jamie, however, to bring us a couple of bushels of good *horse-corn* instead when he comes. I

want a little stock for summer and know not where or how to buy it here.

You tell me, my dear Jean, that you are more solitary now; indeed your position has greatly altered within the last year, and you now, young as you are, have to take a kind of *front* rank. Study, my dear Sister, to acquit yourself well in it. There, as in all scenes of life, you will find that from your own judgment, and your own conscience the best help must be sought. For our Margaret who sleeps now in her silent rest [we must not] mourn:[1] I think of her daily, hourly, not in sorrow so much as in awe and love; and trust the Almighty may one day restore her to us, and us to her, in some holier world than this: nay, who knows but she may even now in some inscrutably mysterious way be near us. *We* are spirits as well as she, and God is round us and in us,

[1] Their eldest sister, Margaret, had died in the preceding June. Carlyle's letter concerning her death to his brother John is printed in Froude's *Life*, ii. 109; and there is a brief but affecting account of this "very great, most tender, painful and solemn grief" in the paper on Edward Irving, *Reminiscences*, ii. 193.

Here as well as Yonder! Let us not weep for her, but try rather to honour her memory by imitating the good that made her dear to us. Cultivate that quiet purity of heart, that silent justness and fairness of resolve that we saw in her; be wise and meek and humble as she was. In some points, I shall hardly see her like again. She had a fairness and loving tolerance in judging of her neighbours, which is perhaps of all virtues the rarest among women. Fewer *idle* words were perhaps spoken by scarcely any. The mind shone within her like a clear, modest lamp, enlightening all her goings: thus she could travel through her earthly course unspotted as few are, and now lies enshrined in all our hearts forever. God is great, God is good: if it is His will we shall meet again, and part no more.

It is very gratifying to me, my dear Jean, to think that in several respects you resemble her that is away. One great virtue I have seen and often praised in you, that of Truth: nay, I think if one could never *tell a lie* to one's

own heart (which is the worst to do) one had mastered the whole secret of virtue. Persist in what you see to be good and your duty; be patient, gentle, submissive even to *ill*-usage: what are we that we should be *well* used? Did they use Jesus of Nazareth well? Above all, avoid vanity, self-conceit, Presumption of all sorts; want of *Humility* (which is a deep and glorious feeling, could we see into it) is simply the want of all Religion, of all true moral worth. I know this by the best of all teachers, Experience. Humility is no mean feeling, but the highest, and only high one; the *denial of Self* it is, and therein is the beginning of all that is truly generous and noble.—Be kind to every one, especially to our Father and Mother; one never *repents* kindness; a thousand times one does the want of it;—when repentance is too late.—Write to me with all freedom as to your Brother that loves you. Kindest remembrances to all and every one. God be with you.

T. CARLYLE.

LX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Tuesday night,*
1st February 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . I have a great body of little bits of things to tell you, which are hardly worth putting on paper, You will learn the main thing, when I tell you that we are all in the usual state of health and activity; struggling on in our Solitude, as well as the times will allow. None of us are growing a penny richer; but we have wherewith to keep *mall in shaft* (worse or better wedged); and that is all that man can expect, or even desire on this side of Time: let us bruise away, and beat lustily with that same *mall*, so long as it will hold together, and fear nothing. I have written a piece of a Review for the *Edinburgh*, and am hovering about the materials of a Book, which I have so long talked of: one day or other it *must* out. My Review, which is about some foolish German matter, worth little, will not be published for three months. I sent it off a week ago. . . .

We had a Letter from Goethe, or rather from Goethe's Secretary, with a short kind postscript from Goethe to tell that he was "still in the land of the living and beside his loved ones."[1] He has lost his only son (far from him, travelling in Italy); and has had a violent fit of sickness (a flux of blood), so that for two days his own life was despaired of. He bore his son's death like a hero; "did not cease from his labours for a single day." I have written to him all that was kind: engaged among other things to translate his Poem of *Faust*, which I reckoned would be a gratification to him. If my own *Book* were out, I would begin it with alacrity.

Alick has yet heard nothing about Craigenputtock farm; though to-morrow is the term for something being settled concerning it. I had a long talk with him on that subject to-night; gave him my best counsel, but of course nothing can be *done*, till we see farther what course matters take. No one has mentioned a whisper of it to me for the last three months. I do not know what chance he has for it; or whether a true

[1] See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 251.

friend would so much as wish him to continue in it. There are many chances and paths for an active little fellow besides this moorland one; and if he do leave it, he will not leave it empty-handed. *My* duty in the meantime is to look and listen, and *hold my tongue.*—I am very glad to see that his Wife seems to "answer the end": he looks a good deal happier since he wedded; and if more burden may also have more ballast, in future.—Alas, dear Mother! the end of the sheet is here already. I had innumerable things to say—all meaning this: that I am still struggling forward as of old, and still full of affection for you. I *read the Testament.* God always bless you, my dear Mother!—Your affectionate Son, T. CARLYLE.

LXI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 10*th February* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . I view your situation in London with true sympathy yet with some pride and entire confidence. The most grievous part of it, which however is probably for you the happiest, is that it is *my*

debt you are in straits for. I have not at this time any power of repaying you; unless that shilly-shally Editor will print my stuff, and be done with it. Nevertheless tell me, and you shall not be driven utterly to the wall. I have various possibilities, yet unexhausted: I have a great useless mare, in foal, which I can send to market were summer here: one way or other, we must and shall come through; so fear nothing. My only prayer is that you had *any* medical practice, were it never so little; and could bid adieu forever to that despicable Author-trade. Doubtless you yourself are full of this same feeling; and will hail your first fee, like the dawn of day. Meantime practise gratis, practise *any* way rather than no way: it is your only chance and hope. And so Courage! Courage! We are young and the world's wide.

I have yet heard nothing of my Article from Macvey, and nothing of yours, which I hope will answer. At any rate, as you said, there is a sure reward for you, in the increase of your own knowledge, and the consciousness of right

endeavour. Let the issue then be as it will. . . . Meanwhile I have sent a Letter to Dr. Bowring[1] (keep this quite private), offering him a paper on the *Nibelungen Lied*, and some further connection, if he like, as he gave me to know through Tait of Edinburgh last year that he did. We shall see in two weeks what this produces. Probably nothing, in which case no matter. My plan is, you see, to get some kind of *financial* work for myself, to keep house with, and in the meantime to labour at my *Teufelsdreck* Book, and bring it up to London in my pocket so soon as it is ready. The *whole* perplexity comes of that thrice and four times accursed *Literary History*, which has thrown me a whole year behind all my old connections, most of which accordingly are broken. Nevertheless I will one day sell that book too, for there is some morselkin of stuff in it: and in the meanwhile, I feel a kind of contemptuous courage; there being material enough in my head, I shall one day find publishers enough.

I can tell you of no news here. You will

[1] Editor of the *Westminster Review*.

see by the Newspaper what a storm we have had, and how poor wayfarers have even perished in it. Your last week's *Courier* will not reach you till Saturday, the country was all blocked up here, we did not even send it off till yesterday. . . . For the last fortnight I have scarcely been writing any: I wait anxiously for the Parcel from Edinburgh, with news from my Editors; that I might get my Review work over, and then take me to my *Book.* I am a little comforted by your view of *Teufelsdreck,* which agrees with my own . . . and I believe, myself, that possibly I may make something of the work, and therefore shall try. It is full of dross, but there is also metal in it, and the thing still lives and produces with me. I have also undertaken at some future day to translate *Faust:* the venerable *Alte* has written to me since his sad visitation, he "can still linger for a season among his loved ones": a letter of mine is by this time in his hands. *Gott mit Ihm!* . . .

Think no shame of your Poverty, I am often almost proud of mine. Think of the great Jean

Paul, and of so many thousand other heroes! Striving all the while with our utmost energy to widen our field of action, to become lord of our world, let us take defeat lightly: it is good for us. We all salute you in love. God bless our Brother. T. CARLYLE.

LXII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *26th February* 1831.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . Your last Post Letter was excellent; of the kind they should all be: you cannot fancy what interest such notices, as the many there given, have for us here. With great pleasure I will take to writing once a fortnight: I could also contrive, without any violence to rules, to make some Hon. Member save the postage occasionally; for which purpose, among others, will you *again* send me Charles Buller's address: to whom had I known it, I would have sent this Letter. The address has been sent down to Scotsbrig with a large bundle of your Letters, and though I sent for these, they have never come up again. Franks are always welcome, especially in this low state

of the financial department: however one can always cram a good shilling's-worth into a sheet; and we should be poor indeed did not such a one as your last always triumphantly clear its way.

I must continue the simple annals of this colony of God's creatures for you. The Farm of Puttock is not yet settled: however, we hear that there are "four offers for it all about the same"; so that Alick has now wellnigh lost hope of it. . . . Farming, as I read the times, is done, or nearly so; the rents are all some fifty *per cent* too high; yet the present race of Farmers *must* continue: so until the agricultural capital (*tools* of agricultural industry) is all consumed (in feeding pointers and the like) and the present race of Farmers ruined out, there is little hope of improvement. The Scotsbrig people are straitened enough too; so it is but ebb tide with us all: nevertheless we are still a "one and all," and will struggle briskly on, and encourage one another. For me Alick's removing will be a mournful desolating sort of thing: but I really think that for himself it will be a benefit. . . .

As for myself, matters have brightened up in some small degree, and I am at work again. Bowring wrote by return of post a very frank warm-looking Note, wishing to have the "*Nibelungen* Article" directly: I have been cobbling at it for five days incessantly, and sent it down with Alick to-day. I rather hope that Bowring and I may yet get on a little: he seems a very honest man.[1] . . .

LXIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *4th March* 1831.

MY DEAR JACK— . . . I said in the Newspaper of yesterday *Mit Alick noch nichts entschieden;* which is true but not the whole truth. It did become decided last week that he was *not* to remain here: the place is let (for £170[2]) to some repeatedly-bankrupt Drover of these parts; and the brave Polwarth marches, —let us hope, to a more genial region. I could growl deep enough over all this, and how the

[1] The greater part of the remainder of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 141.

[2] Thirty pounds a year less than the former rent.

toil and tumult of years goes for nothing; but is not the principle *Sic vos non vobis* universal in the life of men, and of the deeper application the better they are? What a brave heart has to do in this case is not whining and repining but looking round for some fresh arena. . . . Something I have no doubt, at the worst, we shall contrive: neither do I altogether regret the four struggling years Alick has spent here; he has learnt much, and leaves the place a better man, whether a richer or not, than he came. I add only that Robert Clow,[1] one of the worthiest persons of his sort now alive, has decided on coming to live with him, be it here or there: the creature called the "Laird" it seems is not to be lived with; and poor Rob will work for Alick at *any*thing, and so live with some mortal that will look kindly on him. Poor Rob! His little edifice too has crumbled into ashes, and his simple heart was wounded to the quick, like ours, when that grave opened! But we will turn the leaf. . . .

[1] Alick Carlyle's brother in-law, who had been engaged to their sister Margaret.

As for ourselves, in the middle of all these fluctuations, we sit still, and keep an outlook on the firm headlands, praying too for an occasional glimpse of the eternal Stars. After Whitsunday we shall find ourselves here literally *unter vier Augen*, alone among the whinstone deserts; within fifteen miles not one creature that we can so much as speak to; for the Stroquhan people too are all wrecked (commercially), and are to remove to Moffat. With the "incoming Tenant,"[1] who poor fellow, is but another of the great sect of Drudges, for whose fate I mourn daily, we expect to have few difficulties: our servant is an excellent creature; our premises are all railed in and distinct; there will be nothing to do, as I said to Jane, but clap a lock on every door, and buy a pair of pistols. The poor man, it is probable, will be very ready to oblige us, for hire. I once thought of re-engaging Elliott, and trying that *Burble* (*Barbouiller*) again; but have fallen upon a far grander scheme. Listen, Jack; for what I have got to say will not fail to interest

[1] Alick Carlyle's successor at Craigenputtock.

you. Through the summer it is quite easy living here as we are; and against winter, I purpose, having saved every penny that can be earned, coming along, with my Wifekin under my arm, to — London! Yes, I compute that before the long days are done, I shall have realised two things: finished my prodigal son *Teufelsdreck*, and got Fifty pounds into my pocket. With this sum, under the guidance of Heaven, we will visit the great Beehive and Waspnest, and (till it run done) see what is to be seen. Do thou, O Doil, take serious thought in the interim how any independent lodgment may be effected with that mite of cash, in what way such mite may be spun out farthest. Thou knowest me and my ways. I have decided on living on mine own bottom (*Grund und Boden*) for I can be a guest, beyond two days or so, with no mortal known to me, without mutual grief. Therefore, I say, let us try. I will do my best; and surely we shall have space to find a Publisher for *Devilsdreck*, and look round also, spying all outlooks whether there is absolutely Nothing in God's creation that will unite with

me, in the way of work and well-doing. Nay,[1] I have half a mind (but this in deepest secrecy) to start when I come there, if the ground promise well, and deliver a Dozen of Lectures, in my own Annandale accent, with my own God-created brain and heart, to such audience as will gather round me, on some section or aspect of this strange Life in this strange Era; on which my soul, like Eliphaz the Temanite's, is getting fuller and fuller. Does there seem to thee any propriety in a man that has organs of speech and even some semblance of understanding and sincerity, sitting forever, mute as milestone, while Quacks of every colour are quacking as with lungs of brass? True, I have no Pulpit: but as I once said, cannot any man *make* him a pulpit, simply by inverting the nearest Tub? And what are your Whigs, and Lord Advocates, and Lord Chancellors, and the whole host of unspeakably gabbling Parliamenteers and Pulpiteers and Pamphleteers,—if a man suspect that "there is fire enough in his belly to burn up" the

[1] The remainder of this paragraph is printed (with one or two serious errors) in Froude's *Life*, ii. 143.

entire creation of such! These all build on Mechanism: one spark of Dynamism, of Inspiration, were it in the poorest soul, is stronger than they all. As for the Whig Ministry, with whom Jeffrey might appear to connect me, I partly see two things: first that they will have nothing in any shape to do with me, did I show them the virtue of a Paul, nay, the more virtue the less chance, for virtue is Freewill to choose the Good, not Tool-usefulness to forge at the Expedient: secondly that they, the Whigs, except perhaps Brougham and his Implements, will not endure; the latter indeed I should wonder little to see one day a second Cromwell:[1] he is the cunningest and the strongest man now in England, as I construe him, and with no better principle than a Napoleon has; a feeling of Virtue, a worship and self-devotion to Power. God be thanked that I had nothing to do with his University and its Committees! — So that Providence seems saying to me: Thou wilt never find Pulpit, were it but a Rhetoric Chair,

[1] Cromwell was as yet no hero to Carlyle, who still held the opinion regarding him which was then current.

provided for thee: invert thy Tub, and speak, if thou have aught to say!—Keep all this inviolably secret, dear Jack: and know in the meanwhile so much, that if I can raise fifty pounds, at the right season, to London I will certainly come.

Thus I see a busy summer before me, and therefore no unhappy one. *Teufelsdreck*, I *hege und pflege*, night and day; and hope also to put forth an "Article" or two before then. *Teufelsdreck* is not the *right* thing yet, but there is a kind of life in it, and I *will* finish it. . . . For this time *A Dios!*—Your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Also mention, if you can, when Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson* comes out. I have a great mind to write something on Samuel, of considerable length, if not for Macvey,[1] then for another. . . .

LXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *17th March* 1831.

. . . With regard to yourself, dear Jack, I had

[1] See *ante*, p. 203 *n.*

much to say, were there room; many applauses to give you for your manful battle, and encouragements to persevere manfully. I see your scribbling situation, and how perverse, almost hopeless it is: neither indeed can I greatly lament that it has so proved; you had always some such whim in you, and to follow it out farther would but have been to lose more time. I reckon, my dear Brother, that you have thrown off various follies, and are fast acquiring a new and far deeper sort of wisdom. Thank God for it, there is no other sort of good in this world! Your attitude seems to me manful, your outlook and efforts the most judicious you could adopt. Subsistence with the exercise of the noble Art you have acquired: such is your aim; in which, by persisting in it, you must and will prosper. As for your plan of an assistant Surgeonship in some Regiment, I may say freely that if such a thing be come-at-able, it ought to be taken. You are also quite right about *ploughing* rather than taking to a mere messroom life. Consider earnestly, inquire on all hands about the *means* of getting into some

such desirable situation, whether in the Army or elsewhere, make up your project into a plan; and I will cheerfully call upon the Advocate to help you; and I mistake much if he will not be ready to do all for you that we could ask him. He shows a quite special promptitude and even gladness in doing anything of that kind for me.

Neither would I have you quit Literature, which is with you another name for Wisdom, for Art, almost for Religion. Hold fast your talent that way as the most precious of your possessions: but understand ever henceforth that "Periodical writing" is the death even of this. It strikes me, as I have often said, that there is a deeper quality in you, both intellectual and moral, than has yet quite disclosed itself; that you may write usefully and well: but not in *this* way. Let your mind grow to clearness, your ideas take root and grow till they fill your whole soul: in the meanwhile, *stand* on the basis of your Art, which next to moral Teaching and Healing, with which it has indeed no small connection, is simply the

most like a divine Art of any that man can exercise. Let quacks continue to quack; *warum nicht?* and do you in preference take Honesty with bread and water, or even without it. God, as you say, will *not* leave those that have Faith in Him: we may not have Pleasure, we do not need it, but Good we shall not fail to have. I say in spite of all Dandiacal Philosophers and Outer-House Sages, this is, was and forever will be True: *Dieu me l'a donné, le Diable ne me l'ôtera pas!* So fear nothing, my dear Jack; neither be downcast; what have you to be ashamed of? Struggle toughly while life is in you: it is a good cause; the very struggle if wise is success.

I further quite agree in your kicking that fairy-tale Medical History to the Devil. If you do know or get to know anything of Medical History, you will publish it by and by in quite other environment, on quite other footing. Try that New Monthly; it is an honest shift: but neither if this fail, lose heart. Above all, turn and study that project of getting a *fixed medical place*, were it the lowest, in

honesty. I would cure men on *any* terms, if I had the art of curing; nay, rather than let such a faculty sleep in me, I would cure beasts.

You are right too in making departure from London one of your last shifts. But finally, dear Jack, know that it *is* a resource: and so, when your last five-pounds is broken in upon, turn your face hitherward, to a Brother's house and heart, who would rather see you true and wise than chancellor and emperor.—Also do not let it get into your wise head that *you* cause in any the smallest measure our present "difficulties"—about which, when rightly busy, I hardly care sixpence. We cannot in the least understand how *you* are guilty. Jane greets you well, and agrees with me that you are improving.[1] And so God bless you, dear Brother, and ever keep you!

T. CARLYLE.

LXV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *Monday*, 18*th April* 1831.

. . . Consider, think, my dear Brother; let

[1] Mrs. Carlyle has written over this word "very *mutch!*"

no *false show* deceive you; act not till you feel your feet firm on the rock: *then* act what you see to be best. I can nowise prescribe for you, such a dimness still hangs over your whole environment: but I bid you, and entreat you, consider *calmly*, and let practical Truth not shadowy fallacious Hope compute the account for you; above all, do not *shrink from a little present pain at the cost of a future far greater.* A man that feels he is *right* can suffer and encounter all, he is stronger than King's hosts; a man that *doubts he is not right* has properly speaking no strength whatever. Act wisely, my dear Jack and through good fortune or through bad, through worst, I will ever love you and be proud of you.—Your patience under my Letter is worthy of all praise.

From Jeffrey, whom I *entreated* if possible to find some employment for you, or otherwise *really* to help you, I hear as yet nothing. Indeed, ever since his arrival in London, his Letters, exclusively addressed to Jane, have had a very tumultuous frothy whirlpoolish

character: I fear the St. Stephen's scene will do him no good; gyrating so rapidly round the Chancellor's finger, a pretty little gem may acquire centrifugal velocity in excess, and fly away or in pieces. You need not doubt his *wish* to help you, his readiness, to great lengths, if he saw the means. I pray that it may be for good; pray with my whole soul. You are of unspeakable value to me; for I have always hoped, and of late with more and more certainty, that you would *be yourself*, and Brother to me in all senses. God guide you, my dear Brother, and turn everything for the best!—You may judge whether I long to hear of you.

Had I known Badams's address, I would have *written* him my sympathies in these trying days. *Do* whatever lies in your ability: we have both a good right; you only the privilege. I am greatly flattered and comforted that he so trusts in you. Assure him of my unabated regards and gratitude; he *did* more for me than he is aware of; helped to illuminate the dark Unbelief of my heart, which is

infinitely worse than even bodily sickness. Say to him that I have a *friendship* for him, and understand (what the most have quite forgotten) something of the meaning of that word.

Fraser has consulted you (I suppose) about the scheme of Goethe's SEAL. It is almost shocking to trouble you in these times with any extraneous business: yet you will have to oversee this (in a quiet way) lest the good Fraser again become "unfortunate."[1] I think we shall do. Nay in any case we *can* buy a Seal, and have our device cut on it, and send it, we three. I know it will be a real luxury for *you* to join; and if you have no money to subscribe with (as is too likely) you will let me treat you to that little happiness. At this hour, I believe our stock of ready cash amounts only to the trifling sum of *seven shillings;* however there is more fast becoming due, no debt pressing (or even existing except mere trifles); and *here* one can hold out long with a very slender

[1] A phrase of Dr. Carlyle's, "With the best intentions always unfortunate."—M. C.

furnishing. Never mind then: *die Zeit bringt Rosen.* . . . God ever bless you, dear Brother!

T. CARLYLE.

LXVI.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *8th May* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I last night received a Letter from the Advocate on your business chiefly; and as I approve of the principles he sets forth there, I think it will be well to transcribe it for you, though I wrote at great length only two Posts ago. Perhaps it will materially alter the immediate figure of your proceedings. Attend, therefore, and perpend.

After some preliminary flourishes about his "splendid defeat" in the Edinburgh Election, our Chief Magistrate proceeds thus:—

"I feel, however, that I ought to have found or made leisure to answer your last letter. I honour your feelings and do not dissent generally from your principles: but I am not satisfied that you have made out a case for their application. If a man have really *no chance*, or no tolerably probable chance of succeeding, so far at least as to be independent of future assistance, in the experiment he now requires aid to pursue, it may be wrong in him to ask that aid, and foolish or even pernicious to give it. But surely

there are many cases in which the most valuable and important of all aid may be given to carry on such an experiment. Before deciding on your Brother's case, therefore, I wished, and I wish still to know a little more particularly the grounds on which he thinks it probable that, in one or two years more, he may be enabled to establish himself on a footing of independence; and this, with your leave, I would much rather learn from *his* information than from yours. I intended therefore to have had an interview with him, and to have investigated the grounds of his scheme of life, with some rigour and cold-bloodedness, though I trust not without indulgence, and to have decided accordingly; certainly not in scorn of your high-minded remonstrances, but probably with some mitigation of their severity, and some larger trust in fortune and providence than you may think it allowable to indulge. Our sudden Dissolution, and the tumultuary movements which preceded and followed it, and which have cast me back here, have prevented this. So that as I can for the moment *do* nothing farther in the business, I have only to entreat that you also would forbear to do anything in the mean time; and allow your Brother and me to settle our little matters in a calm business-like manner when I return to London in Spring.[1] It may be very wrong for a person in his situation to insist on waiting on the brink of the pool till an angel shall stir the waters: but is it therefore right that a man of education, because his prospects are not very good during his first years of waiting for employment in a profession, should therefore substantially renounce that profession, and set himself down to eat potatoes and read German at Craigenputtock

[1] Carlyle notes: "? Doubtless, *Summer*, when Parliament reassembles."

or elsewhere? I have no disposition to throw away money (especially after having been forced to spend so much, so very unprofitably) without a fair prospect of doing good with it. But I scarcely know any use of it which is likely to do so much good as that which enables an able and industrious man to surmount the obstacles that beset his early career, and to float him over the shoals and bars that obstruct his course into the fair way and flowing tide of the world. Trust me, then, my dear proud friend, in this matter, and do not fear that I will either wilfully or thoughtlessly do anything either to injure or degrade your Brother. I will have the fear of your philosophy before my eyes, and have little apprehension of ultimately giving you pain by my decision.

"And so you are writing a Book, and why will you not tell me," etc. etc.

From which Letter, my dear Brother, the tone of which is as you see altogether kind and reasonable, a new light rises for me over the aspect of your fortunes; and I can now, what I could not on Thursday, give you something like an *advice*. Your own feelings are too sound to be fretted with anything that has hitherto passed on this matter; but you will see the Advocate as he is, a man *truly desirous* of doing a good action, and who would think his money (even in a mercantile point of view) well laid out in purchasing such a pleasure. His sentiment

towards yourself you will see to be *paternal,* and look at his proposal with quite unprejudiced eye. For me too, what you perhaps reckon my Pride, were true Pride, savage, Satanic, and utterly damnable, if it offered any opposition to such a project, where my own Brother and his future happiness may be concerned. My "Pride" says not a word or whisper against it: I will write to the Advocate that I heartily thank him for his determination to *aid you as he shall see to be kindest towards you;* and what I have already said, that if he can save my Brother for me, I will forever call him my benefactor. And now my *advice* were decidedly that you continued in London by the best and easiest method you had, at least till *Jeffrey and you have come to an understanding and decision.* Consider your situation with unprejudiced fearless mind; listening no moment to the syren melodies of Hope, which are only melodies of Sloth; but taking cold Prudence and Calculation with you at every step. *Nimm Dich zusammen;* as I said (in that perhaps lost Letter) feel your feet upon the rock, before you

rest; not upon the quicksand, where resting will but engulf you deeper.—In your calculations too I would have you throw out Literature altogether: indeed I rather believe it were for your good, if you quite burnt your Magazine Pen, and devoted yourself exclusively and wholly to Medicine and nothing but Medicine. Magazine work is below street sweeping as a trade; even I who have no other am determined to try by all methods whether it is not possible to abandon it.—It will be the middle of June before you can see Jeffrey; and as I calculate at the very worst before you ought to quit London. I hope you can make some shift till then; at all events it will not make your debt *much* worse, and I think you ought to try it. The great thing will be to have a good solid story to tell when the day comes; I do not mean a *plausible* story and scheme, but a true one; if you are after all *not* to succeed in London, and this is only to stave off the evil day a little, I should emphatically warn you against it. Some other wiser project should be formed and assistance asked in that. Thrice

and four times I would repeat *Nimm Dich zusammen, Nimm Dich in Acht!*

We are all thrown into real sadness to-day by poor Larry. The poor old toilworn stout-hearted Nag is dead! I confess, it is almost half like a human servant's death. Alick whom I have not yet seen, will be sad enough; for I imagine it is mere hard work that has killed Larry: such riding to and fro about that *Mill*, then quite incessant harrowing for extra hours, etc. etc.; till about a week ago the beast grew sick with swelled throat and so on; then seemed to grow better, but on Friday relapsed worse than ever; I advised Alick last night to send off to Dumfries for Castor-oil to him (and the Boy was to take your Newspaper, which by a secret scratch promised *this* Letter that now arrives along with it); but alas poor Larry died before midnight; and now *is* not. Frightful, frightful is Death even in a brute, and pitiable and black! I am positively *very* sad and wae.—Your affectionate Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

I have made an important improvement in

the Device of the Seal. Instead of a plain *Ring* round the *Star*, we will have a Serpent-of-Eternity (its tail in its mouth, universally understood as the emblem of Eternity), and on the body of *it*, the words engraved. It can be made *larger* than the Ring could—and then a Star travelling through Eternity *Ohne Hast*, etc.: this seems to me almost a really beautiful emblem. . . .

LXVII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *6th June* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It must be frankly admitted that your last Letter is no *dud*, but a real Letter, distinct, considerate, full to the very brim. So should all Letters be, in such a case as ours; do what we may, now that it is so long since we have *talked* together, there must much remain obscure. My blessings on a *full* Letter! It has so friendly a look: were the news it brings never so bad, you have at worst real affectionate sorrow; without mixture of selfish irritation,—as if you were reading your sentence of death in the form of a riddle. Do often likewise, if you love me.

There remains a considerable arrear of news here, which I must now bring up, briefly. It appears, in my dislike of "vain repetitions," I have gone too far, and never *once* stated that Alick was to stay, and look after his crop, here. He is now tenant of our Peat-house; which "with his own hand" (as Irving marked the Presentation Copies) he has brushed up into a very tolerable cottage, with two windows, plastered brace,[1] wooden-floor, ceiling; wherein he calculates on passing the summer well enough "*for lodgings.*" Poor Alick! Though fortunate beyond expectation in the Roup[2] of his stock and so forth, he finds himself to have lost upwards of £300 since he came hither, that is, at the rate of some £80 a year, beyond his whole labour bodily and spiritual! We all think it extremely fortunate that he has now finally done with farming Craigenputtock; for which enterprise he is evidently not adapted. There is still something like £400 left him, with which he will be enabled to stock Dairlaw Hills, or some other farm, next year (as we hope), and

[1] Chimney-piece. [2] Sale by auction.

try the trade again where he understands it better. He busies himself in the meantime scrubbing up his mansion, gathering *peats*, and so on: I think, he has *got more wit* since he came hither, which indeed is beyond all other getting. He has a considerable ingenuity and activity of character; great warmth and even mercy of heart, with all his "dibble of a temper"; will surely learn more precision of calculation; and (with better times also) do better. His Wife Jenny seems to answer him exactly, is very fond of him; with her and children she may bring, he will feel a man among men, and shift his way, I hope, not unsuccessfully.—By way of postscript I must add here that his losses in stock are not yet done: poor "Jolly" (the Nag *Drumwhirn*) died two days ago, of inflammation of the lungs. *Harry* is the only *soniped* we now have; and grazes with two cows in our field, a universal favourite.

Jemmy was up at the Roup (Monday before Whitsunday), and brought all manner of handsome tidings from Scotsbrig; where indeed Jane and I had been, as we prophesied to you,

some ten days before, and found everything better than we expected. Mary[1] was settled in her cottage (close to the Scotsbrig door). . . . Our Mother was kind and spirited as usual; consulted much about *you*; looked *back* also with warm but not miserable tears: she was as well as I have seen her for a long time. Our Father also was stirring about, exceedingly *emphatic;* but they seemed to have more the way of him. Jean and Jenny have rushed up into womanhood. Such be the changes "fleeting Time procureth."[2] However, all the premises were whitened, cheerful; and the good people seemed as happy in them, as perhaps the lot of this Earth often allows. Of *you* I still told our Mother there was no ultimate fear: me too she seemed willing to part with for London or elsewhere, seeing there was little more good for me *here.*

[1] His sister, now married to James Austin, son of the farmer of Carstammon.

[2] "To see the changes of this age
That fleeting time procureth."

See "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," a ballad which Carlyle always liked.—M. C.

As to ourselves, we live the stillest of lives; except that once at Scotsbrig, I have not been from home since January. The place has grown positively a *beauty* since you first saw it; I would desire nothing better could I fly away with the whole premises, and set them down somewhere about Highgate or Pimlico; and there find work. So still, so pure are the air, the foliage, the herbage, and everything round us, one might (if Arcadianly given) almost fancy that the yellow butter-cups were Asphodel, and the whole scene a portion of Hades—some outskirt of the Elysian portion. We have a dry warm summer, and the very perfection of solitude,—which, however, is nowise synonymous with Rest. I am dressed again in gray (stuff), and wear your hair-cap, which Jane has retrimmed, and *now* admires.—What is more to the purpose, I am daily busy with *Teufelsdreck*, which I calculate on finishing early next month. But, like James Brown, "I write dreadfully slow." It will be one of the strangest volumes ever offered to the English world, whether *worth*

anything is another question. At all events, I determine to finish it, and bring it up to London in my pocket during this very Session of Parliament (if I can); and there look round me also, whether there is any habitation fit for me. To spend no other winter, at least not the next, in Craigenputtock is what we have resolved on: *if* my honest industry will support me anywhere else. I *must* move, in fact; for I am getting quite entangled. The loss of time here (in a pecuniary point of view) is incalculable: thus Napier, though it is said he hears my Paper well spoken of, has never either paid me, or sent the smallest notice about a new undertaking. In London, I should strive to ascertain if I could not be my own Editor. Two or three sufficient Mystics (such will ere long be in Britain) might do wonders. . . . Hundreds of other things I had to say, my dear Brother, from this side of the house; but must turn now for a moment to yours. What can I advise you? Almost nothing. It is infinitely easier to discover that all your schemes are questionable, than to set you on any hopeful one. It

appears to me that you have no heartiness in the business of medicine, and would incline to give it up. I lament this (if it be so); for I again declare that to me it seems among the noblest of all human employments: but unless it so seem to *you*, that of course says nothing. Tell me, however, have you any other outlook? I think not: for with regard to *Literature*, surely your own Experience has loudly enough declared that by *it* you cannot live. Flatter not yourself about the disadvantage of "writing from hand to mouth": did not Irving once tell you that, *except* by Periodicals, money could not be got at all? Here am I writing most *deliberately* for the last six months; and I know not in the least whether I shall ever gain the price of my paper. Neither, I think, can you write any *truly* good Medical Book, till you yourself have tried Medicine. In short, my dear Brother, it would almost give me pleasure to hear that you had quite thrown up writing—for the next five years. At all events, in this I am perfectly decided: You ought to *borrow no sixpence upon anything like Litera-*

ture. I feel *this* deeply and clearly. Your sole chance that I can see is to form some rational plan of getting employment in your Profession (or anything else, if you dislike that), such a plan as will convince Jeffrey that you have a clear chance of success from it (so far as that you can *live*), by aid of any reasonable sum,—which sum to borrow from him. You speak of large sums necessary in the country? How is this? I have known men set up in the country with £50; and £200, I think, were no bad beginning in many places. But above all, my dear Brother, make up your mind to *something* (for you are quite miserable till then), and stick firmly by it. God grant you light, and courage and patience! Do not think me intolerant: I feel for you through my whole heart, and pity you and mourn for you. Make a bold *effort* and a bold *sacrifice*, and you *must* get through it. Write soon and *fully*. God be with you, my dear Brother, now and always!—Your affectionate,

T. CARLYLE.

LXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *7th July* 1831.

MY DEAR JACK—I received your kind and satisfactory Letter; and am now (in the most hurried manner, for I really have no time but what I *steal*) about to send you a two-pence worth of news in return. The Advocate writes me last night, that you are "very reasonable and practicable"; and seems to have good hopes himself, of a reasonable and practicable sort; only "we must have patience." I will thank him from my heart, to-night on the cover of this.[1] Help towards *work* I would solicit from any reasonable man: mere pecuniary help (for its own sake) is a thing one should always be in the highest degree cautious of accepting. Few are worthy to give it; still fewer capable of worthily receiving it: such is the way of the time we live in.

Were it attainable, I would very greatly prefer seeing you *settled* to practice, under any

[1] The letter being sent under cover to Jeffrey. What follows of it is inaccurately given in Froude's *Life*, ii. 155.

tolerable auspices, to *travelling* as a Doctor: though this too were much preferable to your present condition. One who has *no* situation ought thankfully to accept any, whether *travelling* or *stationary*. I have some considerable trust that the Advocate, who is a practical man, and whose benevolent dispositions you do not exaggerate, will be able to give you something like a lift. Meanwhile, relax not your *own* efforts for a moment: think, project, investigate: you are like a soul struggling towards *birth;* the skilfullest Accoucheur (pardon the horrible figure) can but *help* the process. Here too the *Cæsarean operation*, as I have seen, is oftenest fatal to the fœtus. In short, Jack, there lie the rudiments of a most sufficient Man and Doctor in thee; but wise WILL must first body them forth. Oh I know the thrice-cursed state you are in: hopeless, grim, death-defying thoughts; a world shut against you by inexpugnable walls. Rough it out, toil it out; other way of making a *man* have I never seen: one day, you will see it all to have been *needed*, and your highest,

properly your only blessing.—Write me that other "practical Letter," when you "have *done* something." Write me deliberately, considerately: you will find it an excellent exercise for yourself too. . . .

LXIX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, London.[1]

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *12th July* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I wrote last Thursday under cover to the Lord Advocate, which Letter perhaps you have before this received: however not knowing the right address, I was obliged to address the M.P. "at London," so that some delay may have occurred. Alick and I were down at the Kirk on Sunday (I went, for the first time these many months, because of the *Irish* Collection), and there your Letter was lying; which demands a quite instantaneous reply. I regretted greatly that no device of mine could take effect sooner than to-night (for Harry is still *unrideable*): but as

[1] This letter is printed (broken up, and some sentences of it stated to be from a letter addressed to Mrs. Carlyle senior) in Froude's *Life*, ii. 153, 155, 157.

if it had been some relief, I made ready another Letter for your behoof (of which anon) that very night, and have had it lying here, sealed, ever since. It was a Letter to Bowring, requesting him to pay the *Nibelungen* Article forthwith into your hands: I did this as courteously as possible, and imagine he will not fail. However, a day or two may elapse; and in the meanwhile you have nothing. Had I been at Dumfries, I would have got a Bank of England Note;[1] but there is none such here: we have not even a better than this of *one* pound (though I tried to borrow a *five*, in vain): so you must receive it as our poor *non-plus-ultra*. Take it to William Hamilton in Cheapside; say your Brother was sending you money, etc., and requested that he would give you a sovereign for *this*. If Bowring do not send before it is done, I think you may call on him. I suppose there will be *three sheets*, and their pay is only ten guineas.[2] Take off

[1] In general only procurable from bankers in Scotland.

[2] Per sheet. The other magazines paid Carlyle sixteen guineas.

it what you have need of till I come. Write also a word on the Paper to say how it is, and you are. I have had you little out of my head since Sunday last.

Shocking as your situation is, however, we all here agree that it is more hopeful than we have ever yet had clear argument to think it. Thank God you have done no wrong: your conscience is free, and *you yourself* are there. We all reckon that your conduct in that matter of Jeffrey's £20[1] was entitled to be called *heroic*. Sooner or later, my dear Brother, it must have come to this, namely, that your own *miscellaneous* industry could not support you in London, and that you ceased to borrow: better we say now than later. Bear up, front it bravely: there are friendly eyes upon you, and hearts praying for you. Were we once together, it will be peremptorily necessary to consider how the land lies, and what is to be done. In *all* situations (out of Tophet) there is *a Duty*, and our highest blessedness lies in

[1] Which sum Jeffrey had kindly pressed upon Dr. Carlyle, who accepted it, but carried it back the following day.

doing it.—I know not whether Jeffrey may be able to do anything for you; he speaks to me rather more hopefully than he seems to have done to you: I can have no doubt of his wish, but some of his ability. Could you fix on anything as possible and feasible *yourself*, and have only to ask his furtherance, he would give it gladly.—He represents himself as on the outlook for *me* too: for I told him I was thinking of London; felt ready to work at *any* honest thing whatsoever; did not see that Literature could support an *honest* man otherwise than *à la Diogenes;* in which fashion too I meant to experiment, if *nothing* else could be found, which however, through all channels of investigation, I was minded to try. He wrote back asking what manner of Clerkship in Excise Offices, at the Board of Longitude, etc. etc., I *detested least:* I answered that I *liked them all;* if he heard of any, to let me know instantly. I do not expect that he will be able to accomplish anything for me. I must even get through life *without a trade*, always in poverty, as far better men have done. Our want is the want

of *Faith.* Jesus of Nazareth was not poor though he had not where to lay his head. Socrates was rich enough.—I have a deep, irrevocable, all-comprehending Ernulphus Curse to read upon—GIGMANITY; that is the Baal Worship of this time.

I shall study to be with you about the beginning of August. I have written, as you suggested, to Napier for a note to Longman; also for payment of what he owes me. I am struggling forward with *Dreck*, sick enough, but not in bad heart. I think the world will nowise be enraptured with this (medicinal) *Devil's Dung;* that the critical republic will cackle vituperatively or perhaps maintain total silence: *à la bonne heure!* It was the best I had in me; what God had given me, what the Devil shall not take away.

I am very glad the Seal is about done, and in a way that satisfies you. . . . I think I must scribble some Letter to go with it, and send it off to [William] Fraser to get copied and signed. If I can manage so, it shall be sent off on Sunday next—under Frank. . . . I should have

written to our Mother to-night, but cannot, I am so far back with my "Chapter on Symbols." I am at the 132d page: there may be some 170; but much of it is half written.—Be of good cheer, my dear Brother! Behave wisely and continue to trust in God. No doubt, HE sent you hither, to work out His will: it is man's mission; and blessedness, could he but rightly walk in it. Write to me; trust in me.—Ever your Brother, T. CARLYLE.

LXX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 19*th July* (*Tuesday night*) [1831].

MY DEAR MOTHER—Will you be content with the shortest Letter I ever wrote you? For, literally, I have not, these some weeks, had any half minute of deliberate time.

My Book is drawing to a close, and I must be off to London by *the end of the month* (Jack says)—of which month there are now *eleven days* remaining! Thus you see how I am hurried; and work what is in me, and almost more.

Nevertheless it shall go hard but I will *see*

you before I go. I hope the writing will be pretty well over by perhaps the middle of next week; after which I will set about harnessing the old Gig, and drive off—*if* I am done; and can get a horse, for Harry will not ride yet, for blister-wounds.[1] You may partially expect me then next week: if I *cannot* come, I will write on Wednesday. But be sure that it will be close on the verge of an *absolute impossibility* (which I do not anticipate), if I do not come sometime before setting out. On Wednesday next, then, you will get a Letter; or get none—which you will like better.—Jane talks of coming with me; wishing to see "all of me that she can."

Meanwhile, dear Mother, understand that we are all on foot, in the old way; no broken hearts or bones among us. Alick is busy with his potatoes—ploughing (the second time): I heard him gee-hoe-ing in his cattle, not long ago. Jenny labours within doors, and without as it may chance: is always cheerful-looking, but (to usward) highly incommunicative.

[1] Had nearly died of the epidemic which attacked all the horses at Craigenputtock.

Jane is complaining somewhat of her old ailments: the summer weather never agrees well with her.

Jack is to take Lodgings for me and him in London. He *has* had an interview with Jeffrey, and seems to have behaved *well*; even nobly. He is not without money for his wants: and is to wait till I see him before he resolve on what is to be done. I rather conjecture this training he is getting in London will teach him more than he has ever learnt elsewhere. I have great confidence in him: neither is he now without help. Jeffrey thinks well of him, and that employment may be got: but "we must have patience!"

How are *you* all? Yourself, my Father, and all the Branches? It is in vain to ask; for there is none to answer me, but the *Echo.* I will hope and pray for the best; and hasten down to *see.*

Here then I end.—I forgot to say that I was not at all in a bad way of health: very high in the humour, and defiant both of the Devil and the world. I think I have looked into the *worst*

that is in them both; and, through God's grace, no longer fear it. Our misery is even as you say, when God hides Himself; there *is* no other misery.

Good-night, my dear Mother! May He, through whom, and in whom we all are, ever guide us all; and grant us *this* only: *Submission to Him*, which is the beginning and end of good! Amen!—Your affectionate Son,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXI.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

6 WOBURN BUILDINGS, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
LONDON, 18*th August* 1831.

MY DEAR ALICK—I write you a syllable or two merely to say that I still think of you; for doubtless the body of my *news* is already known to you through Jane. I trust my Mother also knows all about me.

Your crop seems to have been very handsomely sold: so let us hope you may get all your Craigenputtock affairs cleared off better than once seemed probable.

I have but a few moments, and must send

you what little tidings I have about Jack. His position here is much as I fancied it: very questionable, yet not without possibilities of ultimate success even here. . . .

By my instigation he wrote off to Birmingham (where one of the chief Doctors is thought to be dying): an answer has now come, not very inviting; and just as we are meditating what to do next, there arises a quite new prospect. Namely, a certain Dr. Baron of Gloucester, of whom I know a very little, to whom the Advocate had been speaking of Jack, is applied to by the Countess of Clare (an Irish lady of rank and wealth) for a Travelling Physician to go to Italy for a year. He mentions Jack, who is accordingly summoned to the West End of this "Noble City"; finds her Ladyship; talks to her (as he thinks, acceptably); and is then informed that "she has been speaking to *another* medical gentleman, and will write if she do not engage with him in a day or two!" I think we shall actually hear something of her: but as yet nothing has come.

For my own share, I do not greatly covet this

situation: except that it brings some money to a moneyless man, it is distinctly disadvantageous. . . . Irving is decided that he should continue here, and try it to the uttermost; never was surer of any man's success, etc. etc., so talks William Hamilton also; indeed I incline to that view myself, had the man any course open for him. You can tell my Mother that Irving further (who should be a judge) speaks highly of Jack's *religious* character; and appears every way to think very well of him. . . .

Enough now: farewell, my dear Brother, for the present, and God bless you!—Ever yours, T. CARLYLE.

LXXII.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, *Wednesday night*, 24*th August* 1831.

DEAREST LOVE—What a blessing are these franks of the Duke's! I can sit down at any moment and scribble to you, were it nothing but complaints, and thousand times repeated expressions of fondness: by this means is some image of a union face to face still kept up; we are less lonely in separation; I bear everything

more easily, enjoy everything doubly, when I think I can tell it all to *her.*

But why, my own Jeannie, dost thou not do the like by me? Alas! no Letter has come for now almost a week: I half-ran over to Jermyn Street[1] this morning, making sure of a Letter, which I had directed to be *left* for me that I might have it so many hours sooner; and alas there was "nothing for you, Carlyle"! Surely I know, it is no blame of yours: some stagnation at the Kirk,[2] nothing worse: yet I cannot express what disappointment the delay gives, what foolish hypochondriacal notions it conjures up. O what would I do had anything befallen my Own! Write to me, Dearest: let nothing but absolute impossibility prevent thee: *twice* a week, that was the arrangement; ever till we *meet again.*

I had meant to have written largely, but am all taken aback and out of order. The foolish creature Heraud[3] called five hours ago and

[1] Jeffrey was living in Jermyn Street.

[2] No one going to church at Dunscore who might carry a letter for the post.

[3] Carlyle describes Heraud in a letter to Emerson in 1840,

more, just when I was going to begin ; and he is not yet half an hour gone. May the Devil reward him, say you, and say I. However, I do what is possible, and spend the few minutes that remain before supper (*Ach Gott*, what a supper without a Goody !) in writing against to-morrow. Besides, William Fraser with his stupid dinner yesterday (at seven o'clock, and in a tavern!) has almost killed me,—figuratively speaking: for I woke to-day at four, and have had the vapours and the headaches all day. And, then, Badams is at Death's door, out at Enfield ; and his poor Wife vehemently calls on John and me to come and help her : and out of charity what can I do but go over to-morrow at eleven ? Thus everywhere is poor Goody shorn of her just rights, and nothing remains but the will for the act.

My Manuscript is returned, as I expected : Rees[1] says, " notwithstanding the high ability," etc. etc., they decline the article. This was on

as escaping "*assassination*, I calculate, chiefly by being the cheerfulest, best-natured little creature extant." He was for a time editor of *Fraser's Magazine*.

[1] A partner in the publishing firm of Longmans.

Tuesday morning: an hour afterwards I had it over at Jeffrey's, who I daresay has never looked on it: but what other could I do? I asked him to "prophesy" when he would likely be done with it; he said "this week": so if he keep his promise, you may perhaps hear something next Letter. Nothing very favourable, I doubt: however, fear not, my Darling! I have cast out fear: I feel that there *is work* for me here; and one way or the other I shall have strength given me to do it. Stand by me, Darling, like my own Jane; like the descendant of John Knox, and the daughter of John Welsh, and the wife of Thomas Carlyle: what can daunt me? When I measure minds with these people here, I feel as if I *could* sweep them into infinite space, with their errors and their baseNesses, and make room for myself to do something better. But *with* thee, with thee, O not *without* thee!

Meanwhile, I have set William Fraser to work on other quarters of the Trade; chiefly to reconnoitre, for, though unspeakably willing, he can do nothing more; and to-morrow, at half-past

ten, he is to report progress. He talks of grand possibilities: but I believe in nothing. "Blessed are they which do not hope, for they shall not be disappointed." And yet, is there not something better in us than *lying* Hope, namely, a *true* Hope? Forward, then, *getrosten Muthes!*

. . . Irving, whom I see almost daily (for we are near, and he calls), is bent upon having me remodel *Fraser's Magazine*, sweep it clean, and become Editor of it: and in spite of all my negations insists on sounding the poor Youth,[1] an honest ignoramus of his congregation, who is like to lose £2000 by it, if mercy prevent not. *Davon wird nichts.* . . . The materials of any good among the Littérateurs of this city lie scantily dispersed: such a scandalous set of dogs out of Tophet I should be puzzled where to meet with. The more need of an *honest* one, were it but by way of variety.

Of Jeffrey I may repeat that I can get little good: he really has no leisure to think of anything but his politics; so that I never get the smallest private talk with him. Indeed, how

[1] Mr. James Fraser, the proprietor of it.

can he help me? Where, then, lies our help, Dearest? Be God thanked, with ourselves! . . .

Of Jack I have great news. He is actually engaged as Travelling Physician to the Countess of Clare, at a salary of 300 guineas (all expenses paid); and commences his engagement on the first of October! It was settled yesterday morning; I must write my Mother to explain it, and comfort her; for she will have a thousand apprehensions. As to myself, I am both glad and wae: everybody here seems to think it a piece of very good fortune, and the only reasonable outlook our Doctor has or ever had for settling in London. Dr. Holland began in that way, and now makes (they say) £10,000 a year. Whether Jack will ever be rich I know not and care not: but I really conceive that with a fair beginning he will make a *good* Physician; and after all kicking and flinging become a respectable man.

And now for Jeannie herself. I am very anxious to hear your voice on the London Journey scheme. Would it be any *enjoyment* to

you, or the contrary? The costs of it in other respects I can partly compute: not in this. Be candid with me, Dearest; we *can* manage the business: why not speak out, and say I should *like* it so and so.—Our Lodgings here have various qualities: fresh air, honest landlordship, especially cheapness. Though we pay 26s. for the mere rooms, yet our *whole* expenses (for John and me) do not exceed two guineas; less almost than it used to cost myself. The reason is, we have an *honest* maid-servant, who keeps an eye on overchargers, above all, does not overcharge herself. With you here, there were much improvement possible; for my Jeannie carries Order and Gracefulness with her: neither, I think, would you find it very uncomfortable; unless the noises afflicted you (they begin about seven, and end not till eleven at night). . . . Speak then, Lovekin; speak with thy prophetic voice! Will it do, or how *should* it be,—if I be kept here say a month still, as is quite possible? *Ach Gott!* a whole month from my Own. And would you stand better in your loneliness? Worse, if possible. O my

own Dearest Jeannie, my own Wife, God bless thee, and keep thee for me! I never knew how I loved thee till now. Yes, one day I shall tell thee, thou hast borne me through all, and stood ever by my side, as a true Life-companion and helper in this otherwise so despicable world. But I am a fool; and *talk* what I should only feel, and act upon. Know thus much of a truth: thou art dearer to me than aught else; forever dearer to me than the light to my eyes. And be proud of it; as the Wife of a "Genius" should, when she is a *Wife* to him. Lastly, write, write, O write abundantly, were it the merest prattle, it is better to me than all eloquence. And so God bless thee! And take my kiss, and *Lebewohl,* and expect to hear from me again on Wednesday, and think of me every hour and moment of thy life, and be a good lassie, and I will be good to thee, and thy own, and we shall be, if not happy, blessed, which is better. Amen! . . . Farewell, my own Jeannie!—Forever thy own Husband,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXIII.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, 31*st August* 1831,
Wednesday night.

DEAREST WIFE—Late as it is I must have a little word of talk with thee before I sleep. Frank and all is ready; and perhaps to-morrow there may not be so much composure.—The Newspaper coming in your hand this morning quickened my motions over to Jermyn Street: I had *not* gone thither to breakfast; chiefly because I was very bilious and dispirited; partly also because the youth Glen was here with some work for me. However, in spite of rain-puddles (which smutted all my white trousers) I was on the spot before noon; and found on entering, *the* Letter of Letters waiting me. My words were few; neither were the answers copious, for there seemed to have been some devilry going on: so, after asking for a frank, I rose and took myself away. . . . On the whole, were it not for the franks (which *are* an immense blessing) I might as well discontinue my attendance at Jermyn Street, where

positively there is no good to be got, not so much as a serious word. The man is really, I suppose, very busy; further I take his friendship for me, as I have all along done, to be perhaps three parts palabra, and one part half-sentiment, half-goodwill. Poor Duke! I will always love him: nevertheless there are two things I vehemently desire: first that I had £60 to pay him;[1] secondly that I had my Wife's picture out of his hands, which I cannot but think are nowise worthy to hold it. Let me remember also that the pressure of such a situation as mine can be known to him only theoretically; further that as nothing is to be *done* what could be *said* is perhaps of infinitely small moment. Be not unthankful, therefore; be not intolerant!

In any case, I rushed forth with my Letter, and read it in the hurlyburly; with many feelings: gladness, sorrow, love, indignation and defiance. . . .

Considering that such are your views of an

[1] For money lent by Jeffrey to Dr. Carlyle in September 1830.

abandonment of the Dunscore Tartarus and a trial of the London Terra Incognita,—I say at once: let [it] be considered as resolved on that *we are to pass the winter here!* And so do you now turn all your thoughts on the arrangements that must be made; and by what means poor Puttock may be found standing for us in the best possible repair, at the next spring season; when, as I conjecture, the wearied Dyspeptical Philosopher may be once more glad to return thither for a little while. Do not have the thing dismantled in any way: the very *thought* of it is often worth much to me here. O my little Darling! what a world of wild work for thee: but thou hast a talent for work.—Furthermore, as to the *time* of your setting out hither, be that left wholly to your own wish and convenience. This place is habitable even now, though for *three* of us; and poor Jack will vacate it by the first of October. I said, last time, that the Town would be empty and stagnant till perhaps the middle of that month; that perhaps we might visit the Bullers, from whom, however, I have yet no further news:

and in these facts, does the whole matter lie as plain to my dear Prophetess as to myself; let her therefore decide upon everything. O that I saw her (as one day through God's mercy I shall) leaping out of the Coach in this wild hurlyburly into her Husband's arms! Yes, Dearest, I think I will kiss thee before the whole world, and call thee mine audibly, mine forever and ever. Study, then, how it is all to be, and when; and say wherein I must help thee. There are, I think, some £33 lying here, sixteen of the Scotch Notes and quite useless for *this* market: say whether I must send some of these, and how many. Or shall I write to *Naso* to pay *you* the Taylor[1] at Dumfries? Consider of everything, and command me as thy billeted Sodger.—And now, good-night, my own heart's Wife! I will kiss thee a million of times for thy bonny new gown, for thy bonny face and heart; and be all to thee, in this world and in all worlds, that weak man can be. So fear nothing, Love; trust

[1] *i.e. Naso* (Napier) to pay *you* for the Article on *Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry.*

in me and in God: though forsaken of all, have we not in the worst case *one another?*

Jack comes up with news that Goethe has written a Letter (containing simply two stanzas of Poetry about the Seal) to William Fraser; sealing it, very beautifully, with the *Ohne Hast*, etc. So the good old man has got his Gift in due season, and rejoices over it.[1] Thus far is well. — Let me mention also that the thing which Glen brought this morning was the Proof-sheets of *Reinecke Fuchs*,[2] well printed (45 pages), which I have been partially correcting to-day, and am but half through. — More good news to-morrow. Meanwhile, "Supper, Sir!" (alas, not of porridge, for I can realise none here, but of brown bread and milk); so that I must go. Sound sleep, my poor lonely Princess among thy Hills: sound sleep, and dreams—of me! Good-night, Darling! God keep thee always.—

Thursday morning. I am on foot again;

[1] Seal sent him from Fifteen English Friends.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, pp. 291-298.

[2] This article, reprinted as *Early German Literature* (*Miscellanies*, iii. 215), appeared in the *Foreign Quarterly*, No 16.

have breakfasted, and will have a word with my Lady before attacking these Proof-sheets, and so make sure of at least one little pleasure for the day. I am generally in such haste that I cannot even reperuse what I have written: *tant mieux;* it is the more like speech.—Take now some narrative of my life since Monday. . . .

On Tuesday, I called on Bowring with a view to Fonblanque;[1] found him out of Town, but to be back again probably on Thursday morning; which opportunity you see I have not embraced, the weather being wet, and a better pleasure and duty awaiting me at home. Returning I took to read *Schiller's Life* (the Goethe one); was ere long interrupted by Irving; to whom I expounded frankly my theological views, which he received with kindness, yet with thoughtfully puckered face; seeing it diverge so from his own thaumaturgic theory. From the "work of the Spirit" I have been pretty well relieved of late. Irving

[1] Albany Fonblanque, editor of the *Examiner* and one of the cleverest political writers of the day.

and I are to walk out to Coleridge's this evening after tea.—Of Dilke's tea (Dilke[1] is the name) I have little to say, except that the man is very tolerant, hospitable; not without a sense for the good, but with little power to follow it, and defy the evil. That is the temper in which I find many here: they deplore the prevalence of dishonesty, quackery and stupidity; many do it (like Dilke) with apparent heartiness and sorrow: but to believe that it can be *resisted*, that it will and shall be resisted, herein poor *Teufelsdreck* is well-nigh singular. . . . They have two or three fine Italian pictures, and a certain *Kunstgefühl:* are better considerably than the average of mortals. Touching the Cunninghams and the wild Irish Dandy and tamed English Driveller that formed the remainder of our party, there is nothing to be said.—At home I found a confused Note from Empson,[2] urging me to call on Mrs. Austin[3]

[1] Editor and proprietor of the *Athenæum*.

[2] Jeffrey's son-in-law.

[3] At this time living at Hampstead, author (a year or two later) of *Characteristics of Goethe*, and for many years a well-known literary lady.

(who "would give the world to see me") and arrange about John Mill (the *Spirit of the Age* man), that is, about a meeting with him.

My Wednesday's adventures are partially before Goody's eye already. After reading her Letter on the muddy pavements of Piccadilly or its neighbourhood, I turned northwards, *zornigen Muthes*, to that same Mrs. Austin's residence; which proved to lie some four miles off in a pleasant rural spot, about a mile from this. The Lady was in, but "so sick she could see no one hardly"; bestirred herself, however, at sight of my card, and after some toilette preparations blessed my bodily eyesight. I am not sure but I have here found a sort of friend for Goody through winter; at least so I thought, and even partially said. Mrs. Austin . . . is the most enthusiastic of German Mystics I have ever met with: an exceedingly vivid person, not without insight, but enthusiastic, as it were astonished, rapt to ecstasy with the German Apocalypse; and as she says herself *verdeutscht*. But I must give you some notion (according to laudable wont) of her visual aspect. Conceive

Kate Gilchrist beaten out into symmetrical length (the middle size), with a pair of clearest, warm blue eyes (almost hectically intense), considerable mouth, and moustache on the upper lip, compared with which thine cannot name itself (mole and all) in the same week: an eagerness, a warmth in her whole manner and look, which has in it something feverish; as indeed her ill-health seemed to disappear at sight of me, and her face became tinged with a pure flush, which I liked not the look of, it was too consumptive. She would have talked with me till yet, but I was in no mood for prattle; so after settling that I was to take tea there (or hot water, if the weed be green) on Friday night, when Mill and Empson should be summoned,—I took myself away. She had informed me that a Letter despatched towards me, without my address, was at that time wandering over London: a Letter grounded on some mistake, by the servant, of ——'s mumbling, whereby she thought *I* had called. Said Letter actually came last night; delivered by a young man Coke from Norwich, whom I

kept to tea. This poor young man I find is partially a disciple of mine, and talks of a small "suffering remnant" more by the title of "us." He is very modest, distinct, earnest-looking, honest-looking. The "Signs of the Times" *we* had settled to be by you, Sir! Taylor of Norwich had become an old sensualist; was grieved a little at some parts of his Review,[1] which he imputed, good easy man, to Sir Walter Scott. This Coke has some small office in the British Museum, whither he invites me (himself invited to come back hither) to see the more secret sort of curiosities. Almost the only comfort I have had since I came to London is the sight of these poor Disciplekins, whom with Mrs. Irving I might as well call, "Children in the Laart": for they have evidently believed in me, and are ready for more light, could they or I procure such. To investigate their quality, numbers and aims will be my best work through the winter. Men united are strong; single, the strongest is weak. Nay what if Goody too, as

[1] Carlyle's Review of Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry.*

I said, should now more resolutely unfold herself, and show other talents than that for silence, whereof she has many and rare? I long to see how the Scottish sense of my little Dame will comport itself amid the copious outpourings of a Mrs. Austin; perhaps as a habitable castle amid boundless shifting quicksands. Nay Mrs. Austin *writes;* why should not Mrs. Carlyle, whose endowment I suspect is considerably greater? I promised that you would agree in condoling over the lot of women: "Oh! I should so like!"—for in truth the rude hand of Time has not yet sufficiently demolished the bloom of that beautiful enthu-si-as-m. *Nous verrons!*

Thus, Dearest, hast thou a picture of what I do or am trying to do. And now I must off: for the day wears apace; and the Proofsheets are clamorous. I feel loth to conclude, as if it were again bidding you farewell. We shall meet soon; and not on Paper but in Reality: there lies our comfort.

So go, my little Love, and set thy clear little head to work; and make the best arrange-

ments thou canst. I advise thee, as yet, in nothing: write what is the aspect of things; and where doubt is I too will consider. . . .

Thanks, Deary, for thy news from Scotsbrig and messages thither: thou must go down, once more, and bring me all the news; nay, I forgot, the starting-place itself is Annan. O that it were all over; and the Screamikin here by me; and a little, a very little Rest vouchsafed us!—The Book as you see I need not torment myself *so* much with pressing forward; we shall be here to see it through—"or publish it on our own account, my Love." —Darling!—Yet I wish it were out; for now is the time for it. By the bye, is it worth while to mention that Dilke showed me something in *Blackwood* by Wilson about—my speech at Dumfries![1] Gracious powers, is the world distract?

. . . *A Dios!* my Dearest: think of me, and ever love me.—Thy own,

T. CARLYLE.

[1] At a public dinner to Allan Cunningham.

LXXIV.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.

LONDON, *8th September* 1831.

MY DEAREST—There is no frank to be had to-day, though I tried for one: King William, poor fellow, is getting crowned, and the Duke[1] is "in the Abbey"—happily of Westminster.[2] So thou must just pay for it; seeing I will not disappoint thee. Further I must study to be more concise than usual, and restrict myself to the needful. A half sheet, written last night on the usual principle, must go to waste, or lie waiting for a gratis conveyance.

The history of *Dreck* still sticks simply where it was. . . . That the poor Book is worth something I feel more and more convinced; that it will ever bring us any money seems less and less likely: thank God that we have been able to write it, and to write it *gratis!* For the rest, the hurry with the publishing of it need not now be so furious, when we have to wait on other grounds here.

[1] *i.e.* Jeffrey.

[2] Not of Holyrood (once a sanctuary for debtors); *A laird in the Abbey* is an old Scotch cant name for a bankrupt.—M. C.

On the whole, that Tuesday was but a black day for me. True, in the morning I had some good friendly conversation with Empson and Mill at breakfast, of whom some good will come for us, I think: but after quitting Empson's chambers all went wrong with me. Murray first to be walked to through miles of rain and mud, then to be waited for, then *finally* not in: afterwards news for me at the Duke's that two Letters *had* been there for me, and were there no longer. Unlucky enough! yet I strove to wait for the "Twopenny" with as much patience as I could; and bolted from my chair, at his well-known knock, thinking it was all right: alas, he handed me in one letter, and that from Goethe! Where was Goody's? Patience! I said, it will be here by the last delivery sometime between this and ten at night. Thou knowest what it is to *wait:* and alas it was waiting in vain; I turned bedwards heavy of heart and quite feverish: blaming the poor Duke (unjustly, considering all his hurries) for not putting both the Letters under one cover. But neither yet were my misfortunes done. Winding up my watch, as gently

as usual, something in it gave way; it was evidently broken! Alas, alas! and so I went to bed, and for noises and inward agitations, and (gracious Heaven!) for *bugs* (I need not now conceal it longer) no sleep was to be had till two or three in the morning. It was my miserablest day since I left thee. However, I came to resolutions, and endeavoured to trample it all under foot, and stand above it.

Happily Wednesday morning of itself brought deliverance. My first visit was from the Twopenny of the prior evening, with apologies for last night's mistake, and, infinitely better, with Goody's Epistle! All was forgotten when I saw it: almost did I throw down my razor, or cut my chin, so eager was I to have done with shaving; or to do two impossible simultaneities, to read and shave. Delightful, spiritlike, kind Screamikin! And yet it was painful to me to take such pleasure; for I saw in it all the inevitable materials of a most wretched headache for the poor one herself. *Festina lente*, my Dearest; there is time enough to see London, and what good and evil there lies in it for us: do not

shatter thy poor nerves in pieces, for thou hast much to go through, and wilt need all thy strength. . . . As to Goethe's Letter,[1] it contains merely a copy of the two stanzas he sent to Fraser, on the one leaf; and then, on the third page, an announcement that the Parcel came all safe, and he had begun to read in it (*erfreulich*); further that the Seal was evidently very gratifying; also that he had gone into "a consideration of the shades (*Schattenrisse*)[2] and thereby an *incredible* Approximation of the Absent." Good old man! But I will now keep the Letter here, till I can get kisses for reading it!—This morning I went for a frank, and half incidentally saw the coronation procession, which seventy or eighty thousand woodenheads besides were looking at. It only detained me some five or ten minutes. Mourn not, Goody, that thou wert absent: it was not worth a walk to Stumpy[3] (even without the Gate, which I hope is broken) on a dry day. Quantities of

[1] See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 295.

[2] Silhouettes of Carlyle.—See *Id.*, p. 258.

[3] A little cottage, now demolished, which stood near the outer gate of Craigenputtock.—M. C.

caps and feathers, and *then* at last the royal carriage all made of glass and gilding, more like a huge glass Lantern than anything I ever saw; and there the poor old King and poor ugly Queen, dimly seen sitting like two foolish wax-dolls (which they were) letting themselves be trailed, in their lantern go-cart. What took me I know not: but I burst into the heartiest fit of laughter I have had for some time: and perhaps one ought rather to have cried; for it was the ghost of the Past perhaps taking *final* leave of a world, where as body or as ghost it has now walked for some three thousand years! Poor King! they will be consecrating him and *clothing* him even now in that old Abbey; and what avails it to him or to me or to any man or woman! *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* And so here I end my History.

The grand question now is: When, and How will Goody come? One thing becomes apparent to me, that without fretting herself into a fever, she should *lose no time*. . . . Here, as I doubt, there is no tolerable living (for a permanency) without a house of your own: and of that, no

rational hope offers itself at this juncture (eight months' hardest toil, you see, will hardly be accepted "without fee or reward")—nay the utmost that even Irving prophesies is that "in a year or two" I might fall into something. We will hope nothing, and fear nothing. For the present season we are passably secure; and shall accomplish somewhat by living here: neither after that will our united head and heart, by God's blessing, fail to help us forward in the way wherein we should go. Come then, Dearest, to my arms; and I will guard thee from all evil, and thou me; from the only real evil, that of losing our inward light. The outward is but a Golgotha at best, which that other has to make alive: let us feel ourselves above it, and bid it do its worst.

Now as to the things fit for being brought hither, it is pity that I have obtained no better knowledge about the expense of carriage, and I see now that corresponding either with Liverpool or Edinburgh will needlessly protract matters. Perhaps (if you have not actually

written) the best thing will be to make up your Barrel, and bring it to Liverpool, *coûte que coûte*, with such light as we have: your Uncle will get it forwarded by the *cheapest*, which must be far cheaper that 2d. a lb. Doubtless certainty were better, could it be had, but if it cannot? Besides meal, and a ham, and butter, think generally that whatever is scarce in any town is far scarcer here: also consider the nature of a Lodging-house; where many little things (jelly-glasses, butter-knife, for example) are not come-at-able, and yet were good to have. Dear Goody, I will leave it all to thy own prophetic judgment; for truly I have now lost all talent for housekeeping, and depend wholly on *thee*. *Warm* clothes in abundance bring for thyself and me (the old *frock* will perhaps be my best dressing-gown, but do thou judge); stockings, the black trousers; I think I have shirts enough; another night-shirt will be good. Nothing of that sort can be had so easily here. With Books I think at this moment I will not trouble thee. Bring me the *Blads* (blotting-paper Boards); thy Desk (wilt thou lend it me some-

times?): unhappily my dear old Table cannot be brought. By thy own "talent for silence," I think we shall sit here on separate sides of the fire, all forenoon, and I will write, and thou call to see it, as of old.—This is all very dim, dear Wifekin, but I *have* it no clearer as yet. Do thy best, and I will praise thee for it. What wouldst thou have more? Prophesy too when I am to look for thee? Which of these Letters will be the last! O my Darling, thou art half of me; and I am a poor half without thee. . . . And now "*must* I go?" God ever bless thee, Dearest Wife! Thy own,

T. C.

Write a little line to my Mother, to say that she is to see us again in Spring; that in the meanwhile all goes tolerably on; that I will write soon, at great length, when I get time and a frank. Do this, Darling, as if I were doing it. And now again, Dearest, I must kiss thee, and go. Get some sleep, for Heaven's sake do, and dream of ——. . . .

LXXV.—To his WIFE, Craigenputtock.[1]

LONDON, *Wednesday, 14th September* 1831.

DEAREST—I have lit my candle, and mounted up hither in the Autumnal dusk; minded, as usual, to take Occasion by the forelock. The folding window is partially open, but the curtains are drawn, and I sit behind the *cheek*[2] that my light may not blow. Hundreds of noisy urchins are sporting on the street; from the New Road comes that old unresting hum of carriage-wheels and quadrupeds and bipeds: if I look out I see upwards the beautiful top of St. Pancras Steeple against the sky; downwards a flagged snug little street mostly of shops; among which figures "the Cheapest Shop in the world for Combs and Brushes"—alas! with its windows closed, and inwardly a mere vacuum of Bankruptcy. Many a half-laugh, half-greet has that poor "Cheapest Shop in the world" caused me: here too was a little adventure, great as the finding of America, for its

[1] A small part of this letter is in Froude's *Life*, ii. 199.

[2] Side.

adventurer; with resolute daring, the poor little fellow bent him to the emprize; took the Devil also into partnership, and tried puffing: but it would not do; day after day the prospect grew darker, till it ended in utter midnight, and now, as we perceive, he has *bankraped and gone out of sight!*[1] Stands it not like a little *Siste Viator*, as a warning to us also? May the gods avert the omen! At all events, the Devil shall not be of our firm: neither will we wait till midnight, but retire at sunset. So fear nothing.

However it is not of my local environment but of myself and history that Goody is curious to hear. Listen then, Goodykin, and thou shalt learn Biographical facts unparalleled in importance since the times of P. P. Clerk of this Parish.[2]—And yet why should I mock even

[1] "To '*bankrape*' is to 'bankrupt' (used as a verb passive). '*And then he bankrapit, and gaed out o' sicht:*' a phrase of my Father's in the little sketches of Annandale biography he would sometimes give me."—T. C. in *Letters and Memorials*, i. 4.

[2] *P. P. Clerk of this Parish*, the feigned author of Arbuthnot's well-known satire burlesquing Bishop Burnett's *History of His Own Time.*

over myself and my doings? To one true heart they are infinitely important; in themselves therefore as great as Moscow Retreats and Battles of Austerlitz; or very little smaller, for the whole Planet is extremely small. My Josephine I reckon is the greater of the two. . . .

Tuesday morning my first work was to write off to the Longmans for a copy of that Hope's Book;[1] to which application I have yet had no manner of answer. . . . The poor Author is dead: he sent to his Publisher (Murray), some little time before his death, solemnly taking leave of him, and entrusting that Work to his friendly care. It is full of heterodoxy and scepticism. Whether it will do for a conduit to any of my meditations I doubt: but should like to know. Naso evidently wants me to write: so either on this or something I ere long will. It is my far best course for the time. By and by, I think,

[1] *An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man*, by Thomas Hope (3 vols. 8vo), which Napier had recommended Carlyle to review. "The perhaps absurdest book written in our century by a thinking man," forgotten now except as having furnished a text for the "striking paper" *Characteristics*.

there will a new seed arise to do the world service in quite another fashion: nay I can partly see it already sprouting. . . . —That same morning I saw the noble Lady[1] for a moment; learned that her Daughter was recovering; and got the Museum Letter from her, wherewith in few minutes more I had procured a ticket for myself, and was reading on my own basis. It is a quite capital Library: you shall go too, if you have "any talent." The *sights* in the place one can see without ticket. At night John Mill came in, and sat talking with me till near eleven: a fine, clear enthusiast, who will one day come to something. Yet to nothing Poetical, I think: his fancy is not rich; furthermore he cannot *laugh* with any compass. You will like Mill. Glen[2] is a man of greatly more natural material;

[1] Mrs. Montagu.

[2] Carlyle wrote to his Mother, 25th December 1831: "One of the most interesting sights we see is that of some young men struggling to escape from the general baseness: one of the strangest of them is a certain W. Glen, a friend of Jack's, born near Craigenputtock, but last from Glasgow, and now struggling forward here to be an Advocate. He has neither father nor mother, nor kith nor kin, but one young Brother, a Clerk in Glasgow. He is almost distracted with the perplexities that have encumbered him; a man of really wonderful gifts, which

but hitherto he is like a blind Cyclops, *ill* educated, yet capable of good education: he may perhaps reap great profit from us; as at least he is well-disposed to do. Three days ago he left me *six cigars*, and went off to the North: he will perhaps be at Craigenputtock! I said within *two* weeks he would find you there, and might ride over from Kirkpatrick (where he is to visit). . . .

Rejoicing in my Goody and her love and tidings of departure, I set out with a frank in my pocket to make another clutch at Murray. The Dog was standing on the floor when I entered, and could not escape me! He is the slipperiest, lamest, most confused unbusinesslike man I have seen. Nevertheless poor *Dreck* was in few minutes settled, or put on the way of settlement: I got a line to his printer (miles off! it is Clowes, who used to do the *Foreign Review*); found him;

he can no way turn to use. Perhaps I can do him some good: at all events he is unspeakably grateful, and looks up to me almost as his Prophet. Last night he was near kissing me!" Glen afterwards became insane, and was boarded at a farm near Craigenputtock. The Carlyles were very kind to him; Carlyle read Homer with him, and taught him geometry. He died some seven or eight years after this time.

expounded to him; and finally about two in the afternoon saw *Dreck* on the way to the Printing Office, and can hope to get the first page of him to-morrow! Perhaps a week may elapse (perhaps less, so *exceedingly* irregular is Murray) before we be fairly under steady way: after which a month or so will roll it all off my hands, and *Dreck* will lie in Sheets till his hour come. Murray speaks of the "beginning of the year" for Publication: *he* is the best judge of that, and will lose no time when the accounts are running on against him. For the present, as he altogether piteously waileth, not a Book, not a volume of any sort can he sell; it is all dead, and done, and gone to the Devil,—as it ought to be. I am even glad that I have got the poor Book sent to press on *these* terms: Irving, and many others, have *lost* considerable moneys by their Books! So stands it with the sect named "Literary Men" in this best of all possible eras. Happy that we have still a kail garden, fertile in potherbs, and a whinstone castle that resists the weather, let Bookselling go as it will! Depend on it, Jeannie, that is no

small blessing even now: one's heart might almost fail him, if he stood otherwise [than] we do. Poor Puttock! Castle of many chagrins; peatbog Castle, where the Devil never slumbers nor sleeps! very touching art thou to me when I look on thy image here, and fancy my Goody within thee. The Frankfort picture of Craigenputtock, and *Teufelsdreck* written there, under the eye of the Flower of Haddington! Be kind to the poor House, and charge Betty to take care of it. I shall always look upon it with a mixture of love, horror, and amazement; a quite supernatural abode, more like Hades than the Earth. Yet God be thanked: "my whinstone house my Castle is; I have my own Four Walls." Perhaps few living Authors have their position so curiously fortified and adjusted.

Properly speaking the History has now reached down to the present hour, and *must* terminate here. . . . Of the Bullers, of the Austins nothing. All the world "is out of Town."—Bring the flesh-brush (it is in the drawer of our dressing closet); and the poor *tin mull*[1] of tooth-

[1] Box.

powder. I love that tin mull more than I could a golden one; I assure thee *far* more: it was bought for three half-pence, in the West Bow, by Goody! Poor Goody, dear Goody! Ottilie's *Semainière*[1] might be of some *use* here, were you not afraid of spoiling it—which perhaps you ought to be. The Hatbrush you will remember. I think of nothing more.—Neither will I add any more. I daresay you are reading my Letter about this very time: at Craigenputtock or Templand? I cannot ascertain; but know that you are glad of it somewhere, and *thinking of me.* Think always of me, and remember that properly you are *part of me*, are *I.* God bless thee, Darling! Good night; and dream that I am kind to thee, happy or not.

Thursday morning. Dearest, on consideration I find nothing better that I can do than finish out my Letter, and so give you what you deserve, the top of the morning. I had thoughts of pilgriming down to the Strand first, in search of Hope's Book: but it lies at

[1] A gift from Ottilie von Goethe.—See *Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle*, p. 149.

such a distance, and will cut me up for the day; besides it lies partly on the road to *Dreck's* Printer, with whom I shall require one or more personal discussions before we get fairly afloat, and *Dreck*, whatever it may do, is not come yet. Perhaps, indeed, the Longmans, though that is not very likely, may send up the Volumes, or at least, as I requested, instruct me where they are best to be come at. On the whole, I say always, take thy way O World, and I will take mine; do whatsoever seemeth good unto thee, and I also will do the like. At present it is my sovereign will to write to Goody; in the course of a little while it is further my purpose to commence periodical writing (that I may live thereby), which commencement no Longman or Shortman or any other man or body of men shall finally succeed in obstructing. So let them look to it; for the edict is published *De par le roi!*

I mention first to avoid dubities, that Jack has got his Bill;[1] much to his joy, I should think. . . . I had some particles of business to touch

[1] Forty pounds, lent him by his brother Alick.

upon (as for example the bringing of my worthy *shaving-jug*); and innumerable trivialities to utter trustfully to my kind Goody's heart: but here enters the Doctor Fuseli (Painter Fuseli's nephew, whom I suppose you heard of before); he brings a ticket to go and see the *Mint*, at 11½ o'clock, and will take no excuse but a business one: so why should I not go? The Printer has failed of his hour; let him now wait for *me*. And cannot Goody go with us? *Ach nein!* not till she *come:* which, however, shall be soon. Adieu, then, Darling! I shall be back before Post time; and add a word.

Four o'clock. After three hours and a half of toilsome journeying, we return, *having seen* the Mint. The Keeper was a friend of Badams's, knew us when named, and was very civil. It is a strange thing, more especially the *stamping* part of it. You too shall see it all if you like. Fuseli who is the most copious of talkers, sat with us till we had dinner, in which under the name of lunch, he participated. . . .

Heaven grant that poor Goody take no feverish fits or other ailments till she get beside

me! You have really been leading a most unreasonable life, out of one ailment into another; enough to make any one sick. Do sleep, if it be possible. Why such hurry? There is plenty of time coming; long nights of winter, and what Time brings us in them. . . .

Edward Irving is not returned yet. He is graver than usual; yet has still the old faculty of laughter. On the whole, a true, sufficient kind of man; very anxious to have me stay here; where "in two years or so," I should not fail to find some appointment. What I lament is that such a mind should not be in the *van*, but wilfully standing in the rear bringing up the tagrag-and-bobtail, however well he do it. "Miracles" are the commonest things in the world here: Irving said to Glen: "*When* I work miracles." He and I have never fastened upon that topic yet; but by and by he shall hear my whole mind on it, for he deserves such confidence. . . .

But I have a little note to write for Jane,[1] and not another moment to spare, were my paper

[1] His sister.

far larger. Good by'e, my Dearest! Heaven send thee safe to me, and soon. Take every care of thyself, Wifekin: there is more than thy own that thou carriest with thee. A thousand kisses; and Farewells, which will soon be Welcomes!—Ever thy own Good, T. CARLYLE.

LXXVI.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

LONDON, *19th September* 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Jane, who I hope and believe has been a diligent correspondent to you of late, told me in her last Letter *not* to write to-day, that she might not have the pain of expecting with the risk of expecting in vain. I had previously been of mind to have a Letter waiting for her at Ecclefechan; fancying, as I still partly do, that she must be at Scotsbrig when this arrives: however, I will now address the whole to *you*, so that if she be *not* there, we may still find ourselves in the right. The little Note, which I put in along with this for my good Wifie, is not of any special moment: if she have left you, it can lie safely till we *come back* to seek it,—which period, I trust, is not at

any very great distance. Let us hope also that we shall come back with no evil tidings, and not to hear any!

These are strange wanderings and shiftings we have in this world; where indeed, as was long ago written, there is "no continuing city" to be looked for. At this very hour, as I calculate, my Jane, and my "little Jane," will be journeying (I hope under some sort of escort) towards Scotsbrig, to be there against tea-time; Jack is down below making ready for a Journey to Italy (getting his Italian lesson even now); Alick is somewhere between Craigenputtock and Scotsbrig, or at one or the other; the rest are perhaps thatching ricks, or perhaps there are several still to build, this fine day: and here am I, sitting towards the summit of this monstrous brick wilderness (for this is among the highest points of it) uttering a sort of "gathering cry" to remind us all of one another! Happily the great Father is near us all, unless we wilfully withdraw from Him.[1]

[1] The three following paragraphs are printed, less incorrectly than usual, but with unnoted omissions, in Froude's *Life*, ii. 201.

Jane will have told you how languidly everything proceeds here with me; how the "*people* are all out of town"; everything stagnating because of this Reform Bill; the book-trade in particular nearly altogether at a stand-still; and lastly, how I, as the best thing I could do, have been obliged to *give* my poor Book *away* (that is the first edition of it; whether there will ever be a second is to try for), and am even glad to see it printed on these terms.[1] This is not very flattering news of the encouragement for men of my craft: nevertheless I study to say with as much cheerfulness as I can, *Be it so!* The Giver of all Good has enabled me to write the thing; and also to do *without* any pay for it: the pay would have wasted away, and "flitted out of the bit,"[2] as other pay does; but if there stand any Truth recorded there, *it* will not "flit." Nay, if there be even no Truth (as where is the man that can say with confidence, The inspiration of the Almighty has given *me* understanding), yet it

[1] Even this scheme failed.

[2] Flitted away from the place.

was the nearest approach to such that I could make, and so, in God's name, let it take its fortune in the world, and sink or swim, as the All-disposer orders. True remains forever the maxim: In all thy ways acknowledge *Him.*

I am earnestly expecting Jane; that some sort of establishment may be formed here, where we can spend the Winter with more regularity and composure than I have hitherto enjoyed. This Lodging does not look to me as if it would do; but I form no positive scheme till she come and look at it. Some comfortable enough place can be had for about the same money: there we can look about us over this whirlpool; superintend the printing of our "bit Book"; and I, in the meantime, shall most probably write some considerable essay for the *Edinburgh Review;* that so, when we return, *mall* may not be altogether out of *shaft,* but capable of being wedged in again, and lustily beaten with. Of any permanent appointment here I as yet see (with my own eyes) not the slightest outlook: neither indeed is my heart set on such; for I feel that the King's Palace

with all it holds would in good truth do little for me; and the Prayer I ever endeavour to make is: Shew me my Duty, and enable me to do it. If my Duty be to endure a life of Poverty, and what "light afflictions" attend on it, this also will not terrify me. However I have some friends here, and reckon that there must be various capabilities in such a scene: all these I will endeavour to see better before I leave it.

Meanwhile I am not without my comforts: one of the greatest of which is to have found various well-disposed men, most of them young men, who even feel a sort of scholarship towards me. My poor performances in the writing way are better known here than I expected: clearly enough also there *is* want of instruction and light in this mirk midnight of human affairs, such want as probably for eighteen hundred years there has not been: if *I* have any light to give, then let me give it; if none then what is to be done but seek for it, and hold my peace till I find it?

For the rest be not afraid, dear Mother, that I am not well "taken care of." I have the

inestimable possession (for inestimable it truly is) to have a Wife that faithfully loves me, and faithfully loves what is Right so far as she can see it: assure yourself she will take good care of me; such care as was never taken by any but you. She is also a gleg, little, managing, orderly creature, beyond almost any other: doubt not she will sweep and garnish our little cell, and we shall sit as warm there as any pair can expect or require. The great duty for you therefore is to *forward her on her way:* if she is with you when this comes, help her swiftly and smoothly forward by the *first* steamboat, and let her hasten to me with your blessing. Perhaps about this day week I shall have her here!

So soon as we get into lodgings and see ourselves in any measure settled I will write to you again; and *regularly* through the winter; once in the month at seldomest, oftener if there be any occurrence of moment. What I want much to impress upon you, at the same time, is the great necessity of your also writing to me. I sent a little Note to Jane,[1] stipulating that *she*

[1] His sister.

was to fill me a sheet monthly, with such help as she could get, or with her own hand if she could get none: I beg of you to insist upon this, if it be practicable; however, *my* writing shall not depend on hers; for I know how she is situated, and how short the deed must fall of the will. Once a month nevertheless I think she may manage; and I know that if she undertake she will perform. From Alick I expect to learn all that passes at Craigenputtock: if Jamie were not a man among ten thousand, he also would take up the pen for me; tell him that he must and shall, it is a true shame for him otherwise.

There is little room here to tell you about any one save myself; Jack is now, his Italian master being gone, writing to my Father, as I understand, an account of all his goings, which I hope will prove satisfactory. I can still say that I think him much improved; grown indeed, in several respects, into a *man;* and that I look forward to much good for him. He seems to me to have in him the elements of a valuable Physician, which next to a Teacher or Priest,

who is a Physician of the Soul, I reckon the highest character in this world: what you will prize still higher, he seems to have some Reverence of the Highest in him, and has been looking into his eternal interests with much more seriousness than I had seen him do before. Let us hope good of poor Doil, and that all these aberrations and endurances, of which he has had his share, may turn to his great profit. His Countess still pleases him well, he has a pleasant prospect before him for the present, and some distinct outlook into the future.

My Leddy and I are talking of some trip into Cornwall, to see the Bullers for a week or two, till the Town get busy again: but this is very problematic, and will depend some little on the Letter I get from them; which, having written again, I now expect this week. At all events we shall go out to Badams's for a few days; it is only twelve miles off, and they are honestly desirous to see us. Edward Irving I meet with very often. He is kinder, stiller than usual; a very good man, and not at all what I can name an unwise one, though surely

but ill-informed, with such a crowd of crack-brained zealots and "silly women" about him, shrieking out at his prayer-meetings, and *clavering*[1] downright jargon, which they name Gift of the Holy Ghost, and Speaking with Tongues!

I must now, my dear Mother, bid you again good day. Fear not that I shall forget to write: it is among my best duties, and best pleasures. Remember me in kindest love to all of them from my Father down to Jenny. God bless you all, and be ever near you!—Your affectionate Son, T. CARLYLE.

LXXVII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,
LONDON, 15*th October* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . You are already aware that Jane arrived safe here; that we have got into new Lodgings, which I may now mention are very quiet and comfortable. My health continues much what it

[1] Prating noisily and foolishly.

used to be at Craigenputtock, tolerable enough: the only real ground of complaint is, that I can yet get on with no work. My whole affairs are so scattered hither and thither, the whole environment is so strange: however, I *must* gird myself up resolutely, and begin, "new bode new play."[1] I have two or three Essays on the anvil for Napier's *Review;* and *will* be through them one way or another. My poor *Book*, as you have perhaps heard, cannot be printed at present; for this plain reason, all Bookselling is *at an end*, till once this Reform Bill of theirs be passed. So, after duly vexatious trial, I have locked up my Manuscript here beside me; and mean to let it lie at least till next month before making any further attempt. So influential even on me are the follies of the noodle Legislators, with their prorogations and their stuff,—all which, it is to be hoped, will one day find their true place and value.

Meanwhile we have plenty of people to see and study: the Montagus, the Irvings,

[1] New stake, new play.

Badamses, Jeffreys; as well as sundry new acquaintances, the number of which must considerably enlarge as the Town gets peopled again in November. . . .

Of place or promotion, I think, there is little chance for me in London, or anywhere: however, I am still disposed to believe that I ought to lift up my voice among this benighted multitude, in the way of lecturing or otherwise; and may very probably do it, if no better may be, had I ascertained the ground a little better.—A Letter has come this moment inviting me to dine next week with the Editor of the *Examiner*, whom I am rather ambitious to know. I will tell you about him, if he be worth telling about. . . .

Now, however, I nestle down out of infinite Space, into one little corner thereof; and try to picture for myself some image of your being at the solitary Craig. I hope you and Jenny and your little Jane Welsh[1] are all thriving there; and doing whatsoever you feel to be worthy and best, which is the only true blessed-

[1] Alick Carlyle's wife and infant daughter

ness. O my dear Brother, keep a watch over your footsteps: man walks on the very brink of unfathomable abysses always; if he swerve but a little to the right hand or left, he sinks and is swallowed for ever! The good God has hitherto preserved us all in some measure: let us while we live front the world as *honest* men and as *wise*, be the rest how it may.

. . . One thing I must long for: to see you once more fixed with a home and employment; now that you have a family, it is doubly important for you, and may be doubly profitable. I trust the little Daughter whom Heaven has sent you may form the beginning of a new Epoch in your life. There is much good *in* you, and about you: do you faithfully study to bring it *out* purer and purer. Be humble and meek; we are all too proud, and Pride truly is of the Devil.—I shall be very anxious to know what you do with Dairlaw Hills: the neighbourhood to Scotsbrig is a great recommendation: farming truly is a bad trade; but which trade is better? A man must fight through it. . . .

LXXVIII.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Turin.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE,
LONDON, 21*st October* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . Napier writes that he "trusts to me for a striking Paper in the December Number"—and yesterday I was at length favoured with a copy of *Hope* from the Longmans: so that certainly I must at length bestir myself; but how or on what subject I shall write has nowise become clear to me. *Scribbling* (Notes upon Müllner, etc.) is what I have practised every day since you left us; but hitherto am quite out of sorts for *writing;* all hampered and hemmed in, not in the least at home. I know the disease of old, and know also the remedy. Doubtless, if I stay here, there is much to be *done:* I am even seriously turning over the scheme of *lecturing;* and think I *could* do it and with profit were my *lips once unsealed.* The gross groping ignorance in which I descry many, almost all, seems to invite and demand me. We shall look at the arena first, and then

measure ourselves with it.—As to *Teufelsdreck*, I may conclude this first section of his history in few words. Murray, on my renewed demand some days after your departure, forwarded me the Manuscript with a polite enough note, and a "Criticism" from some altogether immortal "master of German Literature," to me quite unknown; which Criticism (a miserable, Dandiacal *quodlibet*, in the usual vein) did *not* authorise the Publication in these times. Whereupon, inspecting the Paper to ascertain that it was all there, we (my good Lady and I) wrapped all up, and laid it by under lock and key, to wait patiently for better times, or if so were ordered, to the *end* of times: and then despatching a very cordial-looking note to Murray, wound up the whole matter, not without composure of soul. Now that the Reform Bill is all to begin again, it may for aught I know be months before the Trade experience any revival; thus *Dreck* may perhaps be considered as postponed *sine die:* with which result also I am perfectly contented. What I have written I have written: the reading of it

is another party's concern.—In the economical point of view, I know not whether this other small occurrence be worth mentioning: that Montagu (whom we see sometimes quite overflowing with "blessings") kept rather annoying me with urgencies that I would "apply to the Lord Advocate for the Registratorship in one of the Six new Bankruptcy Courts"; whereupon at last I did transmit one of the noble Lady's Notes on that subject to his Advocateship, and further formally called upon Montagu to testify by Letter (if his conscience permitted) that I was fitted for the station. Since which time I have at least been rid of the Montagu importunities (for the matter has never once been hinted at); Jeffrey engaged to speak of it, but seemed to think with myself that there was hardly any hope in it; and so there it rests, in all human probability nothing more than à miserable "chimera,"—with which, however, as I have *done* all that depended on myself, and did indeed care very little for success in it, I give myself no manner of uneasiness. . . . [Mill] and I were, last night, for the first time,

at Fonblanque's; dining there. Fonblanque lives far away in the Edgeware Road; and is still lame with his Gig-fall. He has a delightful *Housekin*, with offices, etc. . . . He himself standing on crutches, all braced round with straps (of what seemed cloth-listing) received me very handsomely: a long, thin flail of a man, with wintry zealous-looking eyes; lank, thin hair, wide, small-chinned mouth, *baggy*, wrinkly care-accustomed face; greatly the air of a Radical. I observed that he had a high forehead, and low crown; as in Müllner's head. We had a pleasant, discursive sitting; about Scotch scenery, Buonaparte, Cobbett, Immorality, and the Tax on Tobacco. I volunteered to call again (for he can call nowhere), which was warmly welcomed. Nothing great will ever come of the man; no genial relation will ever spring up between us: yet he is worth being known, and honoured in his way; *jeder an seiner Stelle.* Mill promises me two other friends: small deer, as I dread; yet will I see them gladly, being *niemals menschenscheu*, as was Schmelzle's case too. On the whole, this

London is the most *twilight* intellectual city you could meet with: a meaner, more utterly despicable view of man and his interests than stands pictured even in the better heads you could nowhere fall in with. . . .—Your faithful Brother, T. CARLYLE.

LXXIX.—To his MOTHER, Scotsbrig.

4 AMPTON STREET, MECKLENBURG SQUARE, LONDON, *Thursday*, 10*th November* 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . There is no doubt but these are threatening times, full of risk and distress: a country agitated with political discontent, with economical embarrassment; the lower orders, straitened by want, exasperated by disappointment, all ready for *any* kind of change, whether by revolt or otherwise; nowhere any Wisdom, any Faithfulness to give them counsel; and now while the dark Winter is setting in, a pestilential malady arrived on our coasts, to carry off doubtless many into the land of Silence! Truly may we say, God's judgments are abroad on the Earth: it behoves us all,

and each of us for himself to think deeply of it, and so far as strength is given us, with our whole heart, to "consider our ways and be wise." Nevertheless there is always this strong tower of Defence, that it *is* of God's ordering; that not a hair of our head, of the very meanest head, can fall to the ground without His command; and the Faith, which is the beginning and the end of Knowledge, teaches us that He commands all things *well*. The greater too ought to be our thankfulness, that *we*, as a household and kindred, are all spared; and still called only to sympathise with these miseries, not to share in them. Such thoughts, often or rather always more or less distinctly present in my mind, arm me as with triple steel against all the mad vicissitudes of this mad Existence; which I look upon rather as a heavy Dream, wherefrom, when the Night is past, we shall awaken to a fair Morning! God is great; God also is good: this is the sum-total of all the Wisdom I could ever learn.

LXXX.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Florence.

LONDON, 13*th November* 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER— . . . I fully agree with you that Employment would be the best of all medicines for ——: neither is Employment, or can it be in a world existing by Labour, impossible to find, whether for Peasantess or Princess. Unfortunately, however, it is often very difficult to find: thus Swing burns ricks, thus Byron writes Satanic Poetry. What man wants is always that the Highest in his nature be *set* at the top, and actively reign there. Did —— seem imbued with a religious feeling, were it only in the "lean and narrow" style of ——, the road to wholesome Activity (such as Beneficence, Self-culture, conscientious creation of the Good), and thereby to peace of mind, were easier; for there you have *a* vehicle, though now a somewhat crazy one. In any case, she *has* a moral nature, wherein lies the root of weal or woe: this could you but awaken and aliment with fit food, you were her lasting highest benefactor. Perhaps in German Literature (as Literature is

now our only symbol of the Highest, and German our only Literature) there may lie some hope. . . .

By no means neglect to keep a journal: you will understand everything the better as well as remember it the better. It is not every one that can see Florence; go at evening to the top of Fiesole, wander in Val d'Arno, or among the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa; or gaze on the Medici Gallery and the Moses of Michel Angelo and the Perseus of friend Benvenuto. Tell me a *little* about all this; but chiefly of your humane relations, of yourself and your *Befinden* and *Umgebung*, for "it is man only that interests man," much more brother that interests brother. I will send on your Letters to Scotsbrig, unless you wish otherwise: any secret thing you can put in some foreign language by your "gift of tongues."

I was much instructed by your sketches of Saint-Simonism; concerning which I do not differ far from you in opinion or prediction. It is an upholstery aggregation, not a Promethean creation; therefore cannot live long:

yet the very attempt to rebuild the old dilapidated Temple, were it only with deals and canvas, is significant. . . .

I have been endeavouring with some zeal to get a piece of writing done (on the "Philosophy of this Era"); but find my hand quite dreadfully out, and must still almost despair of getting honourably through it. I find myself to a strange extent the servant of Habits; wherein lies a Poverty, yet also a Wealth, for the chief price of anything is its *pretium affectionis.* I *will not* give in; once for all *will not:* that is the only course. *Ach Gott!* this is a thorny miry path one has to travel; and so dark, so intricate! Nevertheless, forward! forward! I am still meditating some sort of lecture-work: but as yet it lies at a great distance; my *tongue* is still *tacked:* could one but "cut it with a sixpence," as they do to speaking Birds, and so give me utterance!—Meanwhile I continue to look about me, and meet here and there with hopeful things. Chiefly among the young: the elder are hide-bound, and have ceased to grow or be green. Glen, as you heard, is returned;

and bids fair (in spite of the Montagu prognostication) to be a favourite with the Leddy here: I have appointed John Mill to meet him next Wednesday night, and shall see what relation springs up between them. I have also lent him *Teufelsdreck* to read; which wonderful Book I am again cautiously bestirring myself to get printed, for the "season" has begun, and in rather brisker style than was anticipated. By and by I shall take more decisive steps.—Buller also has come to town; in him too I have some hope. Mill I continue to like: I met with a fresh lot of youths last week by his intervention: one Taylor[1] (of the Colonial Office) was the centre of the group, and is to see me again; the rest were Hyde Villiers (a Member), his Brother, and one Elliot, all Diplomatists; wholly pleasant young men,—by whom the world will not be made or unmade. We had a gay breakfast however (from Taylor, in Grosvenor Street), and I did not regret my walk. . . .

[1] See *Autobiography of Henry Taylor* for his mention of Carlyle (i. 325), and for an account of some of these men (i. 73-80). See also Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, ii. 278, for a description of Henry Taylor.

LXXXI.—To Alexander Carlyle, Craigenputtock.

4 Ampton Street, Mecklenburg Square,
London, 24*th November* 1831.

My dear Alick—Your Letter arrived here duly, and was received and read with the heartiest welcome; as by persons long shut out from all tidings, and greatly in want of such. I would have written sooner in answer, had there been anything practical to tell that seemed worth postage: but the old Newspaper every Wednesday would indicate that we were "in the old way," which is the main business of a Letter; and I still waited for franks, for more time, etc. etc., and did not "put pen to paper this night." It is an evil habit; do not you imitate me in it: the Letter of a Brother is always worth its postage, so long as one has money left. To-day, however, there is an actual frank to Templand forthcoming (for Jeffrey, who at present lives in the country, called this forenoon): so you will get this even cheaper. I suspend my *Review* scribbling, for a far more pleasant

kind; and send you a hasty word before going to sleep.

. . . I think it every way desirable that you should soon be settled. Your late way of life has been trying for you in many ways: but now were you once set agoing there is a much fairer chance; you will be altogether free; and as a Husband and Father feel new obligation to do your best and wisest. Let us be of good courage: this ever remains true, *nothing but ourselves can finally beat us;* it is not want of good Fortune, want of Happiness, but want of Wisdom that man has to dread. God keep us all, and guide us all! A toilsome stern life has been appointed the most of us; let us not falter or fall asleep by the way, but struggle forward, be the road thorny or smooth.

You must have grown very still and even dead at Craigenputtock by this day of the year: often I fancy the sepulchral silence of the spot; it comes strangely into my thoughts in this soul-and-body-deafening tumult of the "noble city." News we hope you have *none* (for there *good* news seldom arrive); but that little Jane Welsh

is still brisk and noisy, her mother in motion and well; and you working, or profitably resting, and like "a constitutional king," nowise like a military despot, beneficently ruling over both. By the way, I could not but sympathise with the little creature, in her looking at you with recognition, but evidently with fear. Poor little foreigner! this is a very strange country it has arrived in, and it knows not what devilry may be abroad, or who means kindly, who unkindly. Be thankful for the mysterious little Present; and regard it as the message of God to you, and the pledge of new blessings and new duties.

. . . I wrote on the Newspaper a request that you would pay Betty her wages; which I daresay you have done or will do. I hope also you have settled with the smith, in some way that satisfies your own convictions: Currie's debt for the cart-shaft had been often in my head, and I am glad that you paid it. I remember also that I owed Hiddlestane some three shillings or so for raking the seed into the front green: if you have any opportunity, you might pay him: we will settle about all

these matters when you produce your list of outlays in spring. Jane finally bids me mention that she directed Betty to raise[1] the four beds of carrots, and send the produce of two of them over to Templand for Harry:[2] if Betty have not done this, will you "take that trouble" by your first convenience? This, I think, is all I have to remind you of about the Moorlands; from whose stern solitude I may now turn to more populous regions.

As for ourselves we are struggling on here without notable adventure of any kind. Our lodging and way of life continues quite passable; far better than one could hope. . . . The "Cholera Pestilence" [does not] give us much terror: we will fly from it, if it come into our neighbourhood, and grow perilous; but otherwise, as I often say, "What is the good of Fear? The whole solar system were it to fall together about our ears could kill us only *once*."—People are all quiet as yet; in great anxieties about their Reform Bill; and not unlikely, as I calculate, to get into some convulsions, one day,

[1] Dig. [2] Mrs. Carlyle's pony, wintered at Templand.

before all be done: but for the present there are no symptoms of it, neither is it I chiefly that need apprehend such a thing: so long as they leave *me* the head standing on my shoulders, my main possessions in this world are left uninjured. God knows what will be the end of all this; the end will not be seen in our day.

Nothing has been done yet about the Book, except speaking a little from afar. However, the publishing season is now begun, and I mean soon to make a new trial. I shall still be disappointed, if I do not bring it home to you *printed:* it will only be that I *could* not get a printer. Meanwhile, I am not altogether idle: we see plenty of people, and get some slight knowledge of their ways (though this is very difficult to come at). . . . Perhaps my best plan will be to spend the summer in writing out my "Notes" at Puttock, and then come hither next winter, and speak aloud in defiance of all men and things.—For the present I am busy enough with a Paper (of no great length) for the *Edinburgh Review;* which straitens me greatly; my

hand is quite out, and "this is no my ain house," where I can work as I was wont, in any sense. However, after struggling and floundering enough, I am at last getting on; and hope to be through in some three weeks. O that I were! . . . Of Irving I have got little good for the last two months; have not had so much as a sight for these three weeks: he does not come hither, and to go to him, and find the "Holy Ghost" raging about him like Bedlam is no inviting journey. Poor Irving! I am in real anxiety about him: it is thought that he will soon lose his Church (the sane part of his people being quite shocked); and actually runs a risk himself of ending in the Madhouse! God prevent it! One is struck with a painful mixture of grief, scorn, and indignation to think of the end he seems hastening towards, and the company he has chosen.—But now, dear Alick, I must draw bridle, for obvious reasons. Indeed, it is far in the night: I could not afford to wait till to-morrow, having a daily task to do, which of itself will perhaps exceed my ability. So good night, my dear Brother! May nothing

worse than poor little Jane Welsh Carlyle ever break your sleep. Also do not, like Selkirk, forget to *speak*. Write to me soon, very soon. Jane sends her kindest wishes to both of you. All good be ever with you all! Your Brother, T. CARLYLE.

. . . . . .

LXXXII.—To ALEXANDER CARLYLE, Craigenputtock.

4 AMPTON STREET, LONDON,
4th December 1831.

. . . With regard to that *Money*, about which you so vex yourself, let me beg of you once for all to consider it, what it was from the first, as a thing finally settled, and on which nothing more is to be said. The half of the sum you have, or the whole of it, or twice as much, would do nothing permanent for me; and to you it is of importance, as a beginning of Life: therefore, my dear Brother, let me hear nothing more of it; but set yourself agoing with it, and suffer me to enjoy peaceably the small comfort, that here for once I have contributed to do my

Brother a little good. We will settle up all little matters in Spring; then mark the amount on some paper document, and so have finally done with it. . . .

I have little to tell you of myself; but that little happily not evil. I am but in a *dwamish*,[1] weakly way here (so far as *spiritual* health goes), quite out of sorts for writing; and have had a most miserable, *feckless*[2] kind of struggle to get under way with writing. People come in upon me, and all that; then I have no privacy, as I was wont at Puttock, there to *lash* myself into a heat: here I must even hobble along sprained as I am. However I persevere, through good weather and through bad. The thing I am writing is a sort of second *Signs of the Times;* I expect it will perhaps be in the next Number of the *Edinburgh:* and I hope to have done with it, this day two weeks, when one gladdish man there will be in this city. I shall meddle with nothing more till I have a better *workshop.* As to Lecturing, the encouragement is small I find,

[1] Sickly. [2] Spiritless.

and nothing could be prudently ventured in that way as yet: none but quacks have ever been known to lecture here; so the whole thing has an unpromising aspect to all I speak of it with. In other respects my outlooks are exactly what they were: into Vacuity, into Nothingness. However, I am not without some Faith; some Faith in myself (be God ever thanked for it!); neither does it seem as if this world could be quite dead for me, but I have a thing or two to do here. I believe I *could* speak too; and shall perhaps one day actually try it; but not till I see what the meaning of it is.—I am again among the Booksellers with my Manuscript: but have yet got nothing fixed; not even my first *refusal.* You shall hear about it when anything occurs. These are ungainly times; and must be worse, for the like of me, before they can be better. Forward! Forward! Not the quantity of Pleasure we have had, but the quantity of Victory we have gained, of Labour we have overcome: that is the happiness of Life. Let us on, then, in God's name!—I am close on the

end of my sheet, dear Brother, and had innumerable things to say. Would I had a frank; but there is none within my reach.—Jane has not been very strong, with colds and what not; but is now better; and ever assiduous, clear and faithful, a very precious little Wifie; any other woman might have gone mad beside me. She likes London, and all my bits of friends, though some of them are not of the greatest sort of characters; and this City, especially in these months, is damp, raw-frosty and reeky beyond measure. Your very nostrils are filled with *soot*.—Give our truest wishes to Jenny; be glad and thankful and cheerful towards the little stranger; and all good and happy!—Ever your affectionate Brother, T. CARLYLE.

. . . Some wretches are "*burking*"[1] poor stragglers here: three miscreants are to be hanged for that crime to-morrow morning.

This is my birth-night; my thirty-sixth! May the worst of our days be over; at all events the foolishest!

[1] See *ante*, p. 188. Burke's crime added a word to the language.

LXXXIII.—To Miss JANE CARLYLE, Scotsbrig.

LONDON, 25*th December* 1831.

MY DEAR JANE—I borrowed a frank for you yesterday, expecting to have a little moment of time, when I might thank you for your punctual and so highly welcome Letters; and send a word or two in the shape of tidings which at Scotsbrig, I know, are never superfluous. It now turns out that I have very *little* time: however, I will make the most of it.

Your last letter gave us both very great pleasure: it brought gratifying tidings of the welfare of those ever dear to us; it was also most sensibly and well put together; wholly a thing creditable to you. Continue to *keep your eyes open:* what else has one any hope in, but to think as earnestly as we have power; and then having *thought*, and ascertained how matters lie, and what they mean, to *do*, with our whole might, and quickly, whatsoever our hand findeth to do. Properly, as I often say, there is no loss in this world, but even that same so frequent in it, the *loss of head.* An individual

without understanding, wandering about without light to his path, is a truly hopeless figure; other miserable mortal there is, strictly speaking, none. I expect great things of you, as I have often hinted: nothing less than this, that you will prove wise and true; and in what sphere soever you find yourself, act honourably the part assigned you there. This is the highest blessedness; found by few in these sad days; and yet, if we consider it, there is now or at any period no other possible for us. Be kind to our Mother and Father; be obedient, loving: bear with their infirmities, even when they seem unreasonable: are we not all here simply to "bear one another's burdens"? And whose burdens should we more cheerfully bear than those of our Parents, to whom we owe all that we have, all that we are? Your course is, what mine and every other reasonable creature's is: wherever you find Disorder, Disarrangement (be it external, of mere bodily things, or internal, as improper conduct, unreasonable feelings of the mind), to gird yourself forthwith, in all faithfulness and honest zeal, to remedy

such Disarrangement, by superior Arrangement springing from yourself. The *worse* that men or things behave to you, do you behave the better to them; this is the grand rule, the sum and substance of all others. I know the task is hard, very hard for flesh and blood: nevertheless *great* also is your reward. Let us think always, as the Poet Milton said, that "we are ever in our great Taskmaster's eye."—

I must send you some sketches of our situation here; though there is nothing very new since I wrote so largely, by the side of Jack's Letter from Rome. My own health continues good: I have finished off my *Edinburgh Review* Paper, and despatched it a week ago, within the appointed time: whether the Editor will dare to print it I cannot say; for it speaks out in plain English upon some things; neither, indeed, should I mightily care, for when I have once *told* the truth, my part with it is done, and if the world will not listen, the world will just do the other way. The business of writing comes rather awkward to me here: at the same time, now when my hand is in, I do not wish

to let it go out again; and so mean to begin to-morrow once more to the trade, and try a sort of sketch upon Dr. Johnson. With this I shall require less pains; perhaps a matter of three weeks will see me through it. Meanwhile *great* plenty of other work comes flowing in upon me; I shall certainly bring home enough to serve me through the summer, let me work as I may. Two or three Magazines more are chirping to me with open arms; even offering to raise their prices! Nay, a certain learned Doctor of this city[1] offers me a kind of outlet for my old *History of German Literature* (which went all awry the year before last); and I am not without hope of getting things arranged so that I may close with him. I am doing what I can that way; and shall soon see through it. Whether the *Book* (the already written one) will get printed is still very uncertain: I have partly resolved not to take under £100 for it; and at present everything is kept stagnant by their Reform Bill:

[1] Dr. Lardner, editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, in which the History was to appear. The scheme fell through.

indeed the whole business of Literature is a sort of Bedlam-broke-loose, and must soon alter, or utterly disappear; it takes a man with eyes in his head to walk through the middle of it and kick the dirt aside from sticking on him.

My good Wife has not been so well as I could wish. She made such a hand of herself, galloping and waking and feverishly fretting before she left Scotland that now she necessarily suffers for it. Her strength is smaller than usual; she does not lie in bed, is not even dispirited; but always in a sickly sort of way. I trust however she is now past the worst; I will take better care of her another time. She is at this moment lying at my back (I mean with her feet behind my back) on the sofa: she dare not promise to write you a word to-day (the time too is so near, and so uncertain for people coming in), but will if she can. We see abundance of things and persons, as usual; more and not fewer than are good for us. To-night I am to go and have tea with the Austins (Mrs. Austin was here the other day); the Goody

is quite out of case for going in such an evening as it looks to be: one of those horrible frosty fogs; as dark, now at two o'clock, as if it were twilight; smoke everywhere without doors and within, your very nostrils full of soot —wholly a London day! . . .

I grieve, my dear Sister, that the sheet is at an end (and the time with it) when I might have run on to such lengths. I must wait for another season. Tell Jenny that I owe her too a little Note for her contribution to the first Letter: tell "Mister Cairlill"[1] that I owe him none. Jane said he had promised to write: but has he ever done it?—I sent off a little Note for Alick, which he will get on Wednesday: I hope his new farm will do well, above all, that he himself will. Write to me very soon, with all manner of minuteness. The Newspaper has come these two weeks on the Saturday, which gives me the most *abundant* time to read it. If you should belate yourselves any day, do not mind much,—I can still get a glimpse of it on Monday.—And so for

[1] His brother James.

the present, dear Crow, I bid thee farewell!—
Ever your Brother,

T. CARLYLE.

LXXXIV.—To Dr. CARLYLE, Rome.

4 AMPTON STREET, LONDON,
10th January 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am not without anxieties on your account; for I cannot but recollect that you volunteered, in your letter from Rome, to write "every three weeks," and now I think it is almost five, and still no second comes to hand. These last ten days, accordingly, I have rather taken to "watch the Postman"; which you know is none of the most pleasant employments. However, I strive to banish apprehensions, and often say to myself, Why should any evil have befallen even *now?* Many risks have been happily run since you became a Traveller: I will hope that here also there is nothing but some trifling delay caused by irregularity of Posts, or the like, and boding no mischief. At all events, I will wait no longer for your letter; but write as matters stand, that I

may not drive you into the same embarrassment. Two letters of mine are still unacknowledged: one to Florence (*Poste Restante, Firenze*); another to Rome, despatched some day or two after yours announcing your arrival in that city had reached me. As I can speculate little about your proceedings, and only hope and pray that all may be well, I will here (in my smallest type) give you what light I can about my own, as if that were the only topic this world afforded: the *best* for you I well know it to be.

Not long ago we had a Letter from Scotsbrig (though I think it was *before* my last communication with you), indicating that all went well. I have written, at large, twice since then, and look for a specific detail ere long. Meanwhile, the *Courier*, which now goes to Scotsbrig first, and *finally* to Craigenputtock, brings us weekly a token of their existence, and last time had "all right" scratched on it in Jane's hand. I suppose Alick to be vigorously bestirring himself for his new Farm; I have written two Notes to him, but yet have no answer: the Scotsbrig people had been able without difficulty to "meet

him:"[1] all seemed to be proceeding in the usual fashion. May God be thanked for it! Mrs. Welsh also wrote to us lately: she is in a situation full of discomforts and difficulty; her Father so failed and helpless, herself so sickly and sad: however, she struggles through courageously, and not without effect does her best. This I think is all the Scottish news we have that can interest you.

For ourselves here, we are not in the most vigorous state, yet nowise entitled to complain. Jane, as was natural after such a tumult as she came through in her passage hither, has had but a weakly time of it, now and then quite disabled: Dr. Irving's medicaments too gave her no satisfaction; so she took the matter into her own hand; for the last four or five weeks has been living dietetically like a very Kitchener,[2] and is now growing decidedly better. She walks out every day, all wrapped in furs, cloaks and what not, lifted out of the mud-sea on "French clogs"; is quite resolute in her own way, and quietly

[1] The landlord on rent-day.—M. C.

[2] Dr. Kitchener, of *Peptic Precepts*, *Cook's Oracle*, etc.

perseverant, and indeed she begins to bloom up again, and look like her former self. She sees little company except what comes here; but that is enough. . . . It is a climate, this of London, against which all manner of objections might be made, its two great elements being unhappily *reek* and *glar*:[1] we have had "real London fogs too, the liveliest image of Pandemonium, torch-bearing spectres shouting through the gloom, an atmosphere that you might "dig with shovels." Then rains, and damp chill vapours, and frosts against which, in these gigmanic-fashioned rooms, there is no protection. But what is there in climate that by much vituperating you can alter? It is one of Heaven's ordinances, to be received silently, even thankfully: is not all weather so much *Time* that has been lent us? No Cholera, or other epidemic yet attacks us; nor except with very cowardly people is such greatly apprehended: that Cholera will arrive seems likely, but what then? Except the name, there are other far more frightful maladies which we

[1] Smoke and mud.

look on with indifference,—Typhus-fever, for example. At Sunderland, it seems nearly burnt out; also at Newcastle: two weeks ago it appeared at Haddington, where there have been between twenty and thirty cases, and several deaths (to us not known); it has not reached Edinburgh, but of course is dreaded there, where already there seems to be a Fever, much more fatal in its character, though being only *common* death, little heed is paid it. Did you see in the Newspaper that poor Dr. Becker had died of cholera at Berlin? Alas, it is even so; another friend is taken from us! Hegel also is dead of the same malady (the Philosopher Hegel): both these events are now of old date, though perhaps still unknown to you. Nor is my catalogue of mortality yet full: I went to call on Charles Buller the day before yesterday, and he confounded me by mentioning that his uncle Strachey was dead and buried! It had been a most sudden call: on a Tuesday night (exactly this day fortnight) poor Strachey came home complaining; the disease, treated by unskilful Doctors, proved

to be inflammation of the liver, which soon became inflammation of the lungs also, and on the next Tuesday Night, it was all over. Mrs. Strachey, it is said, bears it courageously: I design to write, and were I once in travelling order, to go and see her. I believe her to be a genuine woman, a *schöne Seele* such as there are few; and pity her much in her new lonely state. You spoke of writing: have you ever done it? I know not that she now cares much for me; but that does not alter my care for her: we have never met since you were there.

With respect to my personal occupations and outlooks, I will soon give you some light. I have corrected the Proof-sheets of the Article "*Characteristics*" for Napier, who receives it with respect, yet finds it "inscrutable" on a first perusal: my own fear was that it might be too *scrutable;* for it indicates decisively enough that Society (in my view) is utterly condemned to destruction, and even now beginning its long travail-throes of Newbirth. I believe it will be published in a day or two: if I can find any opportunity (of which I yet hear

nothing), you shall have it sent you. Meanwhile I have various other things on the anvil: first a Paper on Johnson, probably for *Fraser*, though that is no good vehicle: I have spent two weeks in merely reading Croker's five volumes,[1] and do not yet see my way: I design to be short and rather superficial. One *has* no right vehicle: you must throw your ware into one of those dog's-meat carts, such as travel the public streets, and get it sold there, be it carrion or not. Each age has its capabilities; these are the capabilities of ours. Perhaps they will mend; at all events, let us use them with our whole wisdom, our whole might. Then I have some trashy thing (I yet know not what) to put together for Bulwer;[2] whom I have not yet seen, but who writes, in sickness, cravingly. Cochrane[3] also engages for the old *Black'sche*[4] rate of wages, and wishes me to do him something on *Diderot*, which I have partly undertaken. Farther, there are one or two bits of pieces

[1] Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

[2] Then editing the *New Monthly Magazine.*

[3] Editor of the *Foreign Quarterly Review.*

[4] Black, Young and Young's (publishers of the *Quarterly*).

which I have in view for Napier: but these will probably lie till I *see* him. Lastly, I must tell you of something much more extensive than all the rest: no less than the *History of German Literature*. At William Gray's, I met a little Templar, named Hayward[1] (Editor of a Periodical work, "The Jurist," or some such thing), who took very much to me then and since; on his own motion, went to Lardner of the *Cyclopædia*, and made arrangements about the *History of German Literature* (concerning which I felt indifferent enough); and now, after two interviews between Lardner and me, I think it is nearly settled that I am to have such a thing ready, against next November. I am to have two volumes (and £300) to incorporate all that I have already published in *Reviews* (Black grants me his permission in the handsomest way); and to produce 170 pages of new matter, binding up the whole into a *Zur Geschichte*, to which I can put my name. Lardner, I understand, is a sure ready-

[1] Mr. Abraham Hayward, whose *Memoirs* have been lately (1887) published.

money man; offers to get me Books, etc.: so I think the business will come to a bearing; indeed it had come to one apparently last time we met (a week ago), only nothing has yet been written about it: I have not even sent him my list of "Books wanted," having been too busy and *catarrhal* to think maturely of it. There will be much labour here; but also a kind of remuneration: moreover, I shall thereby get my hands washed of German, and my whole say about it honourably said.

It is our present purpose to get on with everything belonging to London with all despatch; to take the Steamboat for Edinburgh about the month of March; arrange what is arrangeable with Napier, perhaps also with Tait (whose projected "Liberal Periodical" gives no further note of being); and then fix ourselves once more at Puttock for the summer; and be ready to start anywhither (if hope offer) with the ensuing winter, and set the Printers in motion. We both reckon it an all-too hazardous enterprise that of taking up house here; and lodgings, even of the best as we have

them here, are full of annoyances and drawbacks. Besides there *is* nothing in London at present but stagnation and apprehension, and Radical Reform: *the Bill* will not pass yet for months, and then—what better shall we be?—With *Teufelsdreck* I believe I can do nothing: I took it back from Dilke last Saturday, who could give me no light but a sort of dull London fog, or darkness visible (though I find him a kindly and not altogether obtuse man); and now it lies in the hands of Charles Buller, who seemed anxious to see it. My chief comfort is in the effect it appears to produce on young *unbestimmt* people like him: Glen was even asking for a *third* perusal of it. The whole matter is none of the weightiest: yet also is it not wholly a Lie that Lucubration of Dreck's; it can rest for twelvemonths and will not worm-eat. British Literature is a mud-ocean, and boundless "mother of dead dogs": nevertheless here too there is stilting (with clean boots), and steering towards true landmarks or false. God give us more and more insight into our Duty; ever new strength to perform it! I have

no other prayer.—Of preferment, in any shape, except that of being maintained alive for writing my best indifferent Prose, there is not the faintest symptom: indeed I scarcely care twopence about it: once get your footing in Eternity, all "Time-vestures" are but a cobweb, and the Chancellor's jupe like any other beggar's blanket. The day is at hand when it will be asked us, not, What pleasure and prog hadst thou in that world? but, What work didst thou accomplish there?

Thus, dear Brother, have I given you the minutest possible description of our whereabout; you can see in some measure what we are doing, and like to do. You may perhaps get two Letters out of London yet; or perhaps something new may turn up in the interim, and detain us longer. Either way, I am content enough. I do not rue my journey to London; but already feel my mind much stimulated, and as it were filled with new matter to elaborate. It will be very useful for me to come back from time to time: though I think I have hardly found a single man that has given me a new idea, and I have on the whole been called to talk far

oftener than listen, yet the very view of such a huge phenomenon as London life works deeply on you, and will have its fruit.— . . . Of Mill (who maintains his place here), the Bullers, the Examiner[1] (whom I mean to see soon), Jeffrey (who comes skipping over twice a week), etc. etc., I shall say nothing this time; for our space is done. Accept this scrawl in good part, my dear Brother; and soon send me another as long and as strictly biographic. I will hope for all good news of you: be wise, be resolute; there is *nothing* outward that one has to dread. . . . Keep your Journal, think often of me, or rather always: and may God be ever with you, and with us all! Amen!—Your affectionate Brother, T. CARLYLE

. . . . . .

[1] Fonblanque.

END OF VOL I

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